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E. KRUISINGA, P. J. H. O. SCHUT AND R. W. ZANDVOORT

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CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

Page

A. ANSCOMBE,	The "Greeks" of Lincolnshire	74, 107.
W. VAN DOORN,	Vers Libre in Theory and Practice	1.
— ,	Mainly About the Prose-Poem	129.
J. A. FALCONER, M. A.,	Sir Walter's Edinburgh	33.
DR. E. KRUISINGA,	Affective Sound-Changes	7.
— ,	Critical Contributions to English Syntax	46, 97, 168.
— ,	<i>Ward</i> in the <i>Christmas Carol</i>	172.
W. VAN MAANEN,	Defoe and Swift	65.
W. A. OVAA,	Dekker and <i>The Virgin Martyr</i>	167.
J. H. SCHUTT,	The Study of Grammar	69.
L. SNITSLAAR,	Some Plays by Barrie	137.
A. C. E. VECHTMAN-VETH,	Lancelot and Guinevere	161.
PROF. H. C. WYLD,	The Surrey Dialect in the XIII th Century . .	42.
R. W. ZANDVOORT,	The Messenger in the Early English Drama . .	100.

REVIEWS.

J. L. CARDOZO,	The Story of <i>Our Mutual Friend</i> transcribed into Phonetic Notation (Rice)	92.
W. A. VAN DONGEN SR.,	Exercices in Eng. Pronunciation (Annakin) . .	116.
W. VAN DOORN,	An English Course for Schools (Mais)	
— ,	Books and their Writers (Mais)	26.
— ,	Studies of Contemporary Poets (Sturgeon) . .	60.
— ,	Philip Massinger (Cruickshank)	87.
— ,	Spanien and das elisabethanische Drama (Grossmann)	89.
— ,	The Chapbook, 15—21	90.
— ,	Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism (Gayley and Kurtz)	120.
DR. W. VAN DER GAAF,	Selections from Early Middle English (Hall) .	112.
PROF. DR. J. H. KERN,	Die Beowulf Handschrift (Förster)	91.
A. G. VAN KRANENDONK,	The Captives (Hugh Walpole)	24.
— ,	On the Art of Reading (Quiller-Couch) . . .	123.
— ,	The World's Classics, 228, 219, 220	123.
DR. E. KRUISINGA,	A Contribution to an Essex Dialect Dict- ionary (Gepp)	28.
— ,	The Year-Book of Modern Languages, 1920 (Waterhouse)	29.
— ,	The Sounds of Standard English (Nicklin) .	30.
	Negation in English (Jespersen)	56.

	Page
DR. E. KRUISINGA,	The Characters of the English Verb and the Expanded Form (Poutsma) 85.
— ,	Readings in English Social History (Morgan) 114.
— ,	Manual of Modern Scots (Grant and Dixon) 115.
— ,	A Note on the Teaching of 'English Language and Literature' (McKerrow) 190.
— ,	Assays and Studies (Members English Association) 191.
W. VAN MAANEN,	A Tale of a Tub (ed. Guthkelch) 17.
— ,	The Historical Sources of Defoe's <i>Journal of the Plague Year</i> (Watson-Nicholson) 19.
FR. A. POMPEN,	The Percy Reprints (ed. Brett-Smith). 15.
— ,	La Pensée de Milton (Saurat) 180.
PROF. DR. J. PRINSEN J LZ.,	Daniel Webb (Hecht) 20.
IR. H. L. VERNHOUT,	Little Essays (Santayana) 22.
P. V.,	From the Log of the Velsa (Bennett) 119.
C. J. VAN DER WEY,	Two Plays from the Perse School 157.
R. W. ZANDVOORT,	Society for Pure English, Tracts IV & V 117.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Translations	11, 52, 80, 109, 153, 175.
Translation M. O. 1921	151.
Notes and News.	
English Studies: Editorial, 11, 150, 172; English Association in Holland, 9, 50, 79, 107, 147, 173; A-Examination 1920, 51; B-Examination 1920, 10, 79; B-Examination 1921, 51; Keats Memorial House, 50; Vereniging van Leraren in Levende Talen, 79; Academies Statuut, 108; Modern Humanities Research Association, 108; Modern Studies at Amsterdam University, 174.	
Brief Mentions	61, 94, 124, 159.
Bibliography	31, 62, 95, 126, 160, 192.

Vers Libre in Theory and Practice.

I.

The impulse to write this article came to me from F. S. Flint's Preface to his *Otherworld: Cadences*, published in 1920 by The Poetry Bookshop (5/— net). This preface is a remarkable piece of work and well worth reading, weighing and considering, though it certainly does show the author's limitations and idiosyncrasies (a thing that it was bound to do) together with a lack of general information and literary equipment, which I venture to think was by no means so inevitable. Nevertheless, it shows itself on the very first page of the Preface. Because Mr. Flint uses the word *cadence* in a Pickwickian or Flintian sense, does it therefore follow that Chaucer, in the *House of Fame*, (Second Book, lines 112—115) does so likewise? And is it justifiable to base one's opinion of Old-English metre on a translation from Cynewulf, containing the phrase 'with a cadenced song' and a few not very effective alliterations? The Greek choruses, to whose scansion Mr. Flint refers, were certainly not what he would term cadences. On the other hand, I think any negro hearing such a chorus, say the well-known one with which Euripides closes quite a number of tragedies — *o mega semnê Nikê &c*, a march! — would prick up his ears, blow out his chest, and, unable to keep his haunches still, involuntarily join!

But why should Mr. Flint resort to such questionable arguments, when his position is sufficiently strong as it is? He has written rimed poems himself, and has himself composed verses whose metric scansion will do; he knows the tricks of the trade quite well. And so do many others nowadays, far too many. Our literary groves harbour hosts of songsters, who starling-like are content to repeat and repeat picked-up melodies *ad infinitum*. Every warbler 'has his tune by heart', now as in the dispassionate times of the couplet-stringing 'Augustans'. This fact is a proof to Mr. Flint that our traditional rime-schemes and metrical patterns are outworn. 'The history of English poetry in verse is the story of the exhaustion of the effects to be obtained from rhyme and metre, — of the exploitation of a mine in which the main lodes have at last given out. It may or may not be foolish to deplore that poetry should have been tied down so long to such a task, but it can hardly be denied that, except for a few poets who have discovered an odd vein that had not been worked, there is no writing nowadays in metre and rhyme that does not echo with all the feet and all the rhymes of the past, so much so that some poets break up their metres and smother their rhymes, until neither metre nor rhyme has any other function than to ruin the style of their poems: Swinburne gave the *coup de grâce* (and the *coup de Jarnac* too) to English rhyme and metre.'

To which one might allege that in all likelihood the percentage of literary starlings nowadays is not so very much higher than it was in the past. Our ears, deafened by multitudinous songs that yield us no delight, would have us believe it was otherwise in the days of good king Cole, but in this our ears are wrong. I suppose that rimes like *fire* and *desire* will grate upon Mr. Flint's ear, much as Dutch *hart* and *smart* grate upon mine, but that such things annoy is no present-day discovery, nor did it take centuries to find it out. Artistic tricks or stunts antiquate with incredible swiftness. Who

among living rimesters would now think of using the dodge that poor Oliver Goldsmith affected: *busy train — pain; trade's unfeeling train — swain; harmless train — pensive plain* etc. etc.? And yet, are they likely to produce a single poem that will stand the test of time as *The Deserted Village* has done? And is not the tyranny of the dead, against which Mr. Flint declaims, more especially a tyranny of the *recently* dead or even — of the living? Surely it is living authors who create fashions, often, it is true, after plenty of toil and moil to obtain recognition for their methods, and such fashions have a knack of lingering on, — even in Mr. Flint's work. A reviewer, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, has pointed out certain lines in *Otherworld* whose only begetter was Walt Whitman. I think that strong and sincere personalities will always contrive to express themselves in a sincere and markedly personal way, no matter what forms they choose, adopt or invent. But there is another side to the question.

II.

In the beginning, as soon as gregarious man was *man*, there was poetry; and this poetry was undivorcably wedded to rhythm; and this poetry was rhythm. It used words, but more often than not these words were mixed with plenty of meaningless shouts, grunts, or wails. It used tones, but only incidentally and without much striving for the harmony that we now call musical, the first rude accompaniment being invariably that of instruments of percussion. It was art, because its exhilarating, exalting or soothing effects were produced and undergone intentionally. And it was community-art, not only because it made its appeal either to the whole tribe or to an organic unit of it: to a body of men engaged in dragging away a tree, or in driving piles into muddy soil; to a company of girls tilling the fields or pounding corn into meal; to a hunting-party marching out to kill a bear or to set pitfalls for some blundering hippopotamus; but chiefly because it claimed the participation of each individual in its performance. It was dancing and singing; it was work and play; it was dumb show, magic and ritual; it was the inspiring, the alacrifying helper of the toiling body, and the divinely intoxicating liberator of the wing-flapping spirit. It was all these things, and yet it was one.

It was community-art, but the community as such could no more create art then than it can now. Its work consisted in accepting (and acceptance implies the possibility of rejection) whatever some artistically gifted individual would offer it; in remembering the words of such a creation; and most especially in preserving its rhythmical pattern. This pattern would remain the same, year after year, century after century, whereas the words, never very clear perhaps, would soon become unintelligible and be gradually supplanted by others. Every occurrence that concerned the tribe would not simply be an excuse for a choric dance and song, but would positively demand one, and then some tribal *praecentor* or rather *chorêgos* would show his gift of improvisation, his fellow tribesmen and (or) tribeswomen supplying an *enthusiastic* — i. e. an Orphic or Dionysiac — chorus, which left the *chorêgos* time to collect his thoughts and invent some new lines. *The lineal descendants of these tribal poets are: the chantyman on board a vessel, the foreman of a body of rammers, and the man who, at a wedding-feast in North-Brabant, treats his delighted audience to the ever-varying horrors of the Raamsdonk murder.*¹⁾

¹⁾ See Appendix.

Rhythmical patterns were rigid from the first and continued to be so. They necessitated inversions, mutilations of words, syllables elided and lopped off as well as syllables added.¹⁾ All the things that make Homer difficult, his many synonyms, his bewildering use of verbal forms, are characteristic of the poetry of primitive communities.

Rime was a natural development. It must have originated in the repetition of words by the chorus. But among the lines improvised by the leader there must have been, from the very beginning, lines that rimed as well as lines that did not rime. The chime of the riming lines would of course appeal to the listeners, and at the same time its mnemonic value would be a powerful help to rhythm in preserving old 'songs' celebrating the prowess of a hero or the deeds of a god or lightening the labour of treading out wine and of grinding corn in querns. At the same time its regular use, aided no doubt by the invention of stringed instruments and flutes, must often have tended to make rhythmical patterns less rigid, and inversely the observation of this tendency may occasionally have led to rime being tabooed by masters in the craft. But in both cases, as civilisation progressed and performances became less noisy, greater attention would be paid to the words and greater demands would be made upon the poet as a word-artist. *The worship of the cultured would be transferred from Dionysus to Apollo.*²⁾ But Dionysus persistently refused to be completely discarded.

III.

It is doubtful whether any literary art is possible which is purely Dionysiac; it is equally doubtful whether any poetry can be exclusively Apollo's. The essence of art is compromise. An artist not only strives to express himself, but he strives at the same time to impress the minds of others, and the whole difference between community-art and individualistic art resolves itself into a matter of more or less. Purely individual experiences and feelings are incommunicable, and cannot, therefore, furnish the raw material for a poem. On the other hand, that which is common to everyone will not be worth talking or singing or writing about, and can never be sufficient incentive for a poet to make himself heard. The wordartist may invent some new terms and may pervert some old ones, but the bulk of his vocabulary he holds in common with millions of others. Now these others are accustomed to certain forms of art which time has gradually evolved. Entirely unfamiliar forms will repel, but too familiar forms will fail to appeal. And next, every artist must try to draw his hearer or hearers away from every-day life and its humdrum concerns. In doing this he cannot avoid making use of rhythm for its *enthusing* effects, but the stronger the rhythm, the greater its intoxicating power and the wider its appeal, whereas *Flintian cadences* are simply intended to be just strong enough to lure their reader away from reality.

¹⁾ The later makeshift of music which neither Purcell nor Handel disdained, viz. prolonging one vowel in singing a succession of tones, was unknown and syllables were repeated instead.

²⁾ It need not be objected here that in Greece Apollo was the elder god: in the nature of things Greek Dionysus-worship must have been a reversion, and so must that of Cybele. For the effect of instruments of percussion compare Lucretius: *tympa tenta tonant palmis et cymbala circum*.... (*De Rer. Nat. II 618*.)

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
 Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
 Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
 Pounded on the table,
 Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
 Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, Boom,
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.
Then I had religion, Then I had a vision,
 I could not turn from their revel in derision.
Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,
Cutting through the forest with a golden track.
 Then along that river bank
 A thousand miles
 Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
 Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
 And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong...

This is by the American Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, than whom there is no more Dionysiac poet living. I think his *Congo* a very good thing. It is art, but it is noisy and — it cannot do without the noise. What is the harm? With unsophisticated listeners it produces the effect it was meant to produce. That makes it community-art. And is there anyone who can detect any note of insincerity in it?

Eau-Forte.

On black bare trees a stale cream moon
 Hangs dead, and sours the unborn buds.

Two gaunt old hacks, knees bent, heads low,
 Tug, tired and spent, an old horse tram.

Damp smoke, rank mist fill the dark square;
 And round the bend six bullocks come.

A hobbling, dirt-grimed drover guides
 Their clattering feet —

their clattering feet!
 to the slaughterhouse.

This is by F. S. Flint, and it has merits of its own. But besides that it is *not* community-art (and was not meant to be) it is *not* sincerer than Lindsay's tom-tom minstrelsy. And it is not wholly Apollonian! For one thing the rhythm is quite regular, with one intentional exception towards the end, and for another there is the repetition of this very exception: *their clattering feet.*¹⁾

Similar observations might be made concerning

Devonshire.

The little Heddon roars over its stones towards its mouth
 Between two cliffs mounting up, one with the grey-brown haze
 Of the budding oak-woods and the line of the path athwart them,
 As though cut with a knife;
 And the other grey with loose shale, and here and there
 The gorse in bloom over the dead, brown bracken,
 That springs again, green once more, from its death.
 The little Heddon roars over its stones between
 Its violets, primroses and celandines to the sea.

¹⁾ The word *sours* in the second line I think rather far-fetched.

And, friends, what am I doing here beside you and the Heddon?
 Why did I come to you with my heart-ache and my cares,
 Falsely to brighten your life with the foil of my darkness?
 Why did I come to your pine-woods?

The little Heddon roars over its stones to the sea.
 My life grated on in its groove, and that groove
 Brought me to you, but see! the little Heddon roared over my brain,
 And for a day washed the mist from it, cleared the clog of it,
 And the groove is no longer there.

Yet I shall leave you; I shall take back my groove,
 With a keener edge to my heart-ache and a different tune:
 The little Heddon roaring over my brain to the sea!

I like this poem very much, but maintain again that its effect is to a considerable extent Dionysiac. Again it is the varied repetition of one memorable line that accounts for about half the beauty of the poem. And what a simple device after all! And so easy to imitate . . . And the mischief is that without some such device it is impossible to give *shape* to a poetical thought. This method of F. S. Flint cannot be named the discovery of an odd vein that had not been worked: it is a mine that has been worked from the first and is in no danger of ever giving out before 'God burn up Nature with a kiss.'

And where in F. S. Flint's work, as e.g. in the title-poem of *Otherworld*, these simple devices are altogether absent,¹⁾ the result is not satisfactory. There are many pretty lines, but no expectations being raised and none fulfilled (or partly fulfilled, just enough to give a zest to a partial disappointment) our imaginations are not set free. Line after line we must discover a new cadence; the rush is not great and full and strong enough to sweep us along with it; Dionysus, slighted by the poet, has been revenged. When, after finishing the poem, we set ourselves to recollect what we have read, there are no memorable lines haunting us, we have not been given any tune 'for the blood to jig to'. We shall remember a certain number of pictures, but the pictures will be unable to call up the words that produced them. The cadences were too free and too loosely strung.

'Clarity and sincerity of speech and purpose are the perennial qualities of all good poetry, and those who will strive after these qualities (since none of us is absolutely clear and sincere, they can only be obtained by

¹⁾ Here follows a typical bit:

And now in the afternoon,
 When the children are at their school,
 Three meadows away,
 Hidden by hedges and a row of Lombardy poplars,
 And their mother is teaching them and their playmates,
 I sit dreaming on the verandah in the shade.
 The warm sun falls on the crowfeet and buttercups
 In the field before me;
 The golden flowers nod and wave and kiss
 As a light, warm wind passes over them.
 The leaves are singing;
 And faintly behind their monotone,
 I hear the singing of children.
 Mournfully, a cuckoo calls "Cuck-oo!"
 A blackbird scuttles from a spinney;
 And I sit in a dream
 And drink my coffee
 And smoke my cigarette.

hard work), and who will disburden themselves of the lumber bequeathed to them from the past, are the men who will be heard, and who will lift the word poetry out of the contempt in which it is held by the many who do not understand, or despise, or smile tolerantly at the meaningless rituals of verse.' This is what Flint says, but I wonder. I wonder whether the poet will be more of a poet by being a Hamlet, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, as regards the sincerity of his feelings and the scientifically exact rendering of them. I wonder whether he will make his art more acceptable by stating — instead of 'I can't forget you, Clara!' — : 'I have not yet been able to forget you; it may take me three years, or even four.' It is one thing to be entirely sincere and another to convey the impression of absolute sincerity. But excessive sophistication is an enemy to both, and therefore an enemy to art.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Appendix.

Compare the following passage from Ernest Poole's novel *The Harbour* (Macmillan; p. 45.)

"There she lay, the long white ship, laden deep, settled low in the water. I could see the lines of little dark men heaving together at the ropes. Each time they hove they sang the refrain, which, no doubt, was centuries old, a song of the winds, the big bullies of the ocean, calling to each other as in some wild storm at sea they buffeted the tiny men who clung to the masts and spars of ships :

"Blow the man down, bullies,
Blow him right down!
Hey! Hey! Blow the man down!
Give us the time to blow the man down!"

But what were the verses? I could hear the plaintive tenor voice of the chantyman who sang them — now low and almost mournful, now passionate, thrilling up into the night, as though yearning for all that was hid in the heavens. Could a man like that feel things like that? But what were the words he was singing, this yarn he was spinning in his song?

I came around by the foot of the ship and walked rapidly up the dockshed toward one of its wide hatchways. The singing had stopped, but as I drew close a rough voice broke the silence :

"Sing it again, Paddy!"

I looked out. Close by on the deck, in the hard blue glare of an arc-light, were some twenty men, dirty, greasy, ragged, sweating, all gripping the ropes and waiting for Paddy, who rolled his quid in his mouth, spat twice, and then began :

"As I went awalking down Paradise Street
A pretty young maiden I chanced for to meet."

A heave on the ropes and a deafening roar :

"Blow the man down, bullies,
Blow him right down!
Hey! Hey! Blow the man down!"

Some Books to be Consulted.

Francis Gummere,	<i>The Beginnings of Poetry.</i>
Karl Bücher,	<i>Arbeit und Rhythmus.</i>
Frank Sidgwick,	<i>The Ballad.</i>
T. F. Henderson,	<i>The Ballad in Literature.</i>

Affective Sound-Changes.

It has sometimes been suggested that exceptions to laws of sound-change may be due to the emotional value of a word, which affects its pronunciation. Phoneticians do not seem to have taken to the idea. In the third edition of my *English Sounds* (§ 262) I have proposed affective lengthening as the explanation of the statements made by English phoneticians, that *glad*, *mad*, *sad*, *bad* have a longer vowel than *cad*, *lad*, etc.

In Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 2, § 1, p. 20, I found the following example.

Mrs. Bagshot-Fawcett gets positively lush about him. It was George she always *lurved*, Mrs. Bagshot-Fawcett says, but she (i. e. the Princess) accepted his brother for Reasons of State.

In this case *lurve* seems to be an example of affective (and at the same time affected) lengthening.

A case of affective rounding is supplied by Dutch [n^o] for [ne] *nee*. The rounding and pointing of the lips, characteristic of indifference, causes the change.

It seems to me, however, that the theory of affective sound-changes may explain more than such occasional deviations from regular development. In order to explain this I must first discuss the question of breath and voice.

In old-fashioned grammars, if they treated of sounds at all, such consonants as *p*, *t*, *k*, *f*, etc. were often called *hard*, in contrast to *b*, *d*, *g*, *v*, which were called *soft*. A definition of the difference was not given, for the distinction was based on a rather vague acoustic impression, as was usual before the advent of modern phonetics. The distinction of hard and soft came to be pushed into the background; indeed, the success of the English school of phoneticians seemed to have finally disposed of it as unscientific. There is not a word on it in Sweet's books on phonetics. Continental phoneticians, however, were bound to consider the difference, for they found that hard and soft in the languages they studied was by no means invariably equivalent to breathed and voiced. Rousselot, to begin by quoting a Frenchman, in his *Précis de la Prononciation française* (1903) p. 50 explains: "Une consonne est *douce* ou *forte* en raison de l'intensité relative de l'effort articulaire nécessaire pour la produire. . . . Comparez encore, en plaçant le doigt entre les lèvres, *v* et *f*, *b* et *p*: *v* et *b* sont des douces; *f* et *p*, des fortes. Comme, dans la sonore ¹⁾ l'effort se partage entre le larynx et l'organe articulateur (lèvres ou langue) la sonore est toujours une douce. Mais la douce n'est pas toujours une sonore. De même, la forte est naturellement sourde, l'effort articulaire s'opposant à l'action du larynx."

The distinction is of practical use, as is shown on p. 85: "La forte qui devient sonore se transforme par le fait même en douce. Mais la douce

¹⁾ i. e. voiced consonant.

qui s'assourdit devient-elle de même une forte, en sorte que *d*, par exemple dans *médecin*, se transforme en *t* au contact de l's [metsɛ], et *v* en *f* dans *pauvre femme* (pof fam)? Cette seconde étape est voisine de la première, et elle peut être franchie aisément. Cependant elle ne l'a pas encore été, au moins dans le Centre de la France."

The same explanation of the difference is given by Meillet (*Langues indo-européennes*), but he seems to limit the distinction to stops: "Si la pression exercée par la langue ou par les lèvres pour réaliser l'occlusion est intense, les occlusives sont dites *fortes*, ainsi *p*, *t*, *k*, en français; si la pression est faible, elles sont dites *douces*, ainsi *b*, *d*, *g*, en français.... Les sonores sont toujours douces et les fortes sont toujours sourdes mais l'inverse n'est pas vrai; les Alsaciens par exemple ont des douces qui ne sont pas sonores."

The distinction is easy to observe. Indeed, it is possible to see from the position of the lips whether a person is going to say *p* or *b*. Perhaps, too, the distinction is clearest in the stops. This would explain why it is far more usual for phoneticians to make the distinction with regard to these only; in this case the usual terms are *fortis* and *lenis*. The best treatment of these sounds is by Jespersen in his *Lehrbuch*.

It seems to me, however, that the distinction should be made with regard to the open consonants as well. As *fortis* and *lenis* suggest stops, it would be better to use other terms. Hard and soft are not quite satisfactory because they are also used in other meanings. The terms *strong* and *weak* seem to be suitable, as they suggest that the difference is in the energy of articulation. To prevent misunderstanding it may not be superfluous to point out that strong and weak are not meant to supersede breathed and voiced. The systematic examination of the glottis is one of the advantages of the English phoneticians, and it is an advantage that should not be given up. But the acoustic distinction of *strong* and *weak*, even if of secondary importance, should be made use of. This can be done in Dutch. It is usual, in Dutch, to distinguish breathed *f*, *s* from voiced *v*, *z*. This is perfectly clear when the sounds are medial. But initial *v* and *z* are half-voiced; yet they are clearly different from *f* and *s*. Is this really due to the voiced part of these consonants? ¹⁾ Besides, there is another pair of open sounds: [x, ɣ] in *lach*, *wagen*. But initial [ɣ], as in *goed* is certainly not voiced, nor does it seem to me half-voiced. I believe it is completely breathed. Yet, the sound is not the same as [x]. I think [ɣ] in *goed* must be called a weak but breathed back open consonant. We also have weak but breathed stops in Dutch in the first part of a compound ending in a breathed stop if the second part begins with a voiced (weak) stop: *zetbaas*, *dikbuik*.

If we accept the existence in Dutch of strong (breathed) and weak (breathed or voiced) consonants, it seems possible to account for some facts that have not yet been satisfactorily explained.

Although *vies*, like other words beginning with *v*, is generally pronounced with a weak (half-voiced) *v*, it is pronounced with *f* in the exclamatory *Hoe vies!* It seems natural to explain the strong *f* as the result of the strong stress. Similarly strong [x], instead of the weak [ɣ], is often heard in the exclamation *goeie hemel!* and in the oath *godverdomme!*

It has occurred to me that there is another case that can now be explained. The emphatic imperative is expressed in Dutch by the particle *toe*: *Toe, zeg het me nou*. The word is not to be found in Van Wijk's *Etym. Woordenboek*.

¹⁾ In this respect (i. e. voice) English initial *d* is practically, perhaps even completely, identical with Dutch *t* (see *English Sounds*, § 107). Yet the sounds are different.

But it seems quite probable that *toe* is nothing but the imperative *doe*¹). If this can be shown to be correct, it would be possible to explain the *t* as a case of affective unvoicing. Of course, it would also be possible to account for *t* differently. For it is usual in cases of initial unvoicing to call in the help of sandhi. And a combination like *och toe* is soon found. In the same way *toch* (instead of the regular *doch*) is explained, also *toen* (instead of *doen*, which occurs in older Dutch). But I must say that this explanation seems hardly satisfactory, for it is not easy to see why these forms with a preceding word ending in a consonant should have driven out the forms with initial *d*. It is hardly likely that *och toe* is more frequent than *toe*, in the imperative.

Since writing the above I had occasion to look at Scharpé's *Nederlandsche Uitspraakleer* (Lier, 1912). In § 119 he states a change of "normally lax" consonants to "tense" owing to "intensive" pronunciation. Among the examples are *dagelijks*, pronounced [da:xələks], and even [ta:xələks]; also *doe dat* [tu' dat].

If the explanations offered are accepted, we shall have to speak of affective lengthening, affective rounding, and affective strengthening.

E. KRUISINGA.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. The first series of lectures, delivered by Mr. John Drinkwater in the latter part of November, at The Hague, Haarlem, Groningen and Rotterdam, was very successful. All accounts received are highly appreciative, alike as regards contents, form and delivery. Mr. Drinkwater has been good enough to place a précis at the disposal of the Association, which is here reproduced.

"His subject was the nature of art — the arts in general, not one art in particular — and the value of the artist's work to the world at large. This, he said, was a subject that had no national frontiers — it was of universal significance. Every artist had to ask himself what was the virtue in art that would justify a man in devoting his whole life and energy to its service, and in claiming that his work was of sufficient importance to enable him to demand that society should support him in return for it. Mr. Drinkwater's own answer to the question was that every mind in the world is engaged all the time in absorbing great volumes of experience from contact with men and women and the affairs of life. This experience as it comes into each mind is chaotic, unshaped, and while it is so it remains unintelligible. The deepest hunger in every mind, suggested Mr. Drinkwater, was to understand its own experience, and it was at this point that the artist's work came in. The artist was in no way different from his fellows, save that in him this hunger for understanding experience was more acute than was common, and he realised that the only way of making the confusion of his mind intelligible was to find for it clear and definite shapes or forms. That was what art was, a poem or a picture or a symphony was just a piece of shapeless experience put into definite shape. The artist in the first place

¹) I seem to remember reading this form, but cannot verify it. I hope my readers will excuse me if I leave this part of the question to historical students of Dutch.

made these shapes to satisfy that hunger in himself, but once his work was done he could send it out into the world in the belief that every time another mind came into sympathetic contact with it, that other mind would be quickened, and made a fitter instrument for the shaping of its own experience in turn. That was the function of art in the world — to help the mind of man, through the contemplation of another man's perfectly shaped experience, in the problem of understanding his own particular experience.

And to-day it could especially be claimed that the creation of minds that courageously wanted to understand their fellows instead of minds that being afraid wanted to dominate their fellows, was more needed, perhaps, than anything else for the hope of the world. And the kind of mind that was most easily able to shape and understand its own experience was the kind that most wanted to understand its fellows and not to dominate them. In helping to create this type of mind, art was performing a service to society that could not easily be measured."

Towards the end of January the second series of lectures was delivered by Mr. Walter de la Mare, who read on the subject of *Life in Fiction*, before the Groningen, Haarlem, and Hague branches; on *Magic in Poetry* before the Amsterdam and Utrecht branches; and on *Christina Rossetti* before the Rotterdam branch. Reports will be inserted in the April number of E. S.

A third series, on *Public School and University Life*, is being arranged to take place either before or after Easter.

Particulars concerning the membership of the Association may be found on the second page of the cover.

Degree and Certificate. It is generally expected that the *Academisch Statuut*, which is to include the regulations for graduation in modern languages, will be issued and put into force by the beginning of the next academical year. It may not be superfluous to point out that there are not to be any new degrees in French, German, English, etc., but one general degree of *Doctor in de Letteren*, the candidate having the option of the language in which he wishes to specialize.

Students reading for the B-certificate will be interested in the following passage from the *Memorie van Antwoord, Staatsbegroting 1921, Hoofdst. Va, Onderwijswet*: „Gelijk in de jongste troonrede is medegedeeld, ligt het in het voornemen nog dit zittingsjaar een wetsontwerp in te dienen tot algeheele herziening der wet op het middelbaar onderwijs. Of het wenschelijk zou zijn daaraan een wetsontwerp te laten voorafgaan uitsluitend strekkende tot splitsing van de B-examens, een maatregel, die op zichzelf de instemming van ondergeteekende (i. e. the Minister of Education) heeft, mag worden betwijfeld": (Cf. E. S. II, pp. 17, 48, 114, 126).

B-Examination 1920.

CANDIDATES	Number of those who							
	sent in their papers	did not present themselves	withdrew before the oral exam.	withdrew before the lit. essay	withdrew after the lit. essay	took the whole exam.	failed	passed
Female	31	1	0	4	5*	21	5	16
Male	16	0	0	3	1	12	1	11
Total	47	1	0	7	6	33	6	27

* Two female candidates withdrew during the oral part after the essay.

English Studies : Editorial. For practical reasons the continuous numbering of successive issues, hitherto followed, has been abandoned, so that each volume will henceforward be numbered from 1 to 6. This issue is, therefore, to be referred to as vol. III, no. 1, not as vol. III, no. 13. In the indexes to the complete volumes the references will be to the pages, as this is the only convenient method when the volumes are bound.

Translation.

1. The death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. 2. His frame was naturally strong, and it did not appear to have suffered seriously from the excesses in which he had indulged. 3. He had always been careful of his health, even in his pleasures, and his habits had been such that a long life and a robust old age seemed in store for him.

4. Indolent though he was on all occasions which demanded the powers of his intellect, he was active in bodily exercise. 5. As a young man he had made himself a name as a tennis player and also when he advanced in years he was an indefatigable walker. 6. He used to walk so fast that those who had the honour of his society during his walks, had considerable difficulty in keeping up with him. 7. He rose early and generally spent three or four hours a day in the open air. 8. At peep of dawn he was frequently seen walking in the royal park, playing with his dogs and feeding the ducks in the pond, and these scenes endeared him to the people who always like to see the great put off their dignity.

9. At last, towards the end of the year 1684, he was prevented from taking his customary walks, by a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout. 10. He now spent his mornings in his laboratory where he beguiled the time by making experiments with mercury. 11. His temper seemed to have suffered from confinement. 12. Yet to all appearance he had no reason to be uneasy: he was not pressed for money, his power was greater than it had ever been, the party which had long thwarted him had been beaten.

13. But the cheerfulness which had supported him in adversity had now deserted him. 14. A trifle now sufficed to ruffle the temper of the man who had so bravely borne up against defeat and exile. 15. Nobody, however, suspected how seriously his health was shaken.

16. On the second of February Charles had risen early, as usual, when his servants to their dismay perceived that the king's utterance was indistinct and that his thoughts were wandering. 17. He was immediately helped to bed and although he soon recovered his senses it presently turned out that his condition was critical. 18. All the physicians of note in the capital were summoned to the sick-bed, but they could not save the patient. 19. It is true, after a few days there was a change for the better, but on the evening of the fifth of February the king relapsed and it was clear to everybody that the end was near.

20. The next day when it had become known that the king was dying, the people went to church in large numbers to attend the morning service. 21. The loud sobs which were heard when the prayer for the king was read, showed how much this sovereign, in spite of his many faults, was loved by the multitude for his affability. 22. The end came that very day. 23. Towards the afternoon the report was spread that the king had gone to his rest.

Observations. 1. *Was an unexpected blow to the nation* = *Was een onverwachte slag voor de natie*. *Struck the nation all of a heap*. Avoid vulgarisms or familiar phrases especially in more or less dignified style. *Hit the nation* can have a literal meaning only. *Overtook the nation*; *Came upon the nation unexpectedly*. Not: *Unexpectedly came upon the n.* because the adverb is stressed.

2. *By nature his constitution was strong*. -- *Suffer from the excesses*. *From* should be used after the verb *suffer*, not *by*. *The excess*: Bradley says that the word is usually plural in the sense of dissipation. *Dissipation*. *The excesses he had indulged himself in*.

3. *Mindful of his health*. *Careful of* (not *for*) *his health*. *Careful about*: She is tidy and careful about her clothes. A person suffering from the stomach must be careful about what he eats. Be careful of your watch = see that it is not stolen. Be careful with your watch = Don't spoil it in any way (Krüger, *Syntax*, § 3793 a.) *Take care of*. — *Mode of living*. — *His habits were such as promise a long life*. *A long life was reserved for him*.

4. *As indolent as he was . . . so active he was . . .* To denote more or less exact correspondence or similarity or proportion the order ought to be *As . . . so*, not *so . . . as*, which is obsolete (Craigie, *So*, 18 b and 22 a). See also Kruisinga's *Grammar and Idiom* § 274. *Slow though he was in everything (= to do anything) requiring mental exertion*.

5. *He had, when young, been renowned as a tennisplayer*. *Had got (made) (himself) a name as a tennisplayer*. After *as* the indefinite article is required before the noun. — *In the decline of life*. *In after life* = in zijn later leven. *When he reached a certain age*. This euphemism has a comic effect. Cf. a lady of a certain age = a lady of quite uncertain age. — *Untired* should be *untiring*.

6. *His ordinary pace was such that . . . Had the honour of being allowed to accompany him; the honour to be allowed . . .* This is rather cast-iron grammar! We accompany our equals, we attend those we wait upon or follow. The word *attend* conveys the notion of subordination (Webster.) This view is also held by Smith and Crabb. — *On his walks*. The correct preposition is *during*. *Had considerable difficulty in keeping up with him* = *Had no little trouble to keep up with him*. *Found it difficult to keep up with him*. *It was all they could do to keep up with him*. In itself the last rendering is correct, but it could not be worked into the context. It was all he could do to walk straight (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1914, p. 148). It was all I could do to keep from laughing (*Idem*, May 1916, p. 530). It was all his conductors could do to protect him. (Fijn van Draat, *Sidelights*, p. 64) = *noode, met moeite*.

7. *He rose betimes (at an early hour)*. — *Each day; each* cannot go with *day* because of its strong distributive force.

8. *Not seldom they saw him*. Negative expressions at the head of a sentence require inversion of the order subject + verb. Moreover the Dutch *men* is to be rendered by a passive voice whenever possible. *They* is impossible here. *He was seen to walk*. *He was seen walking*. The difference in meaning between these two passive sentences is the same as that existing between the corresponding active constructions. See Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*, § 238 (4) and Krüger, *Schwierigkeiten*, § 2563: The two were seen attacking a huge bear (to attack a huge bear). The latter construction implies the completion of the action. — *Foddering the ducks*. To *fodder* is to feed cattle, the term is not applicable in this case. *Slough (off) their dignity, cast off their d.* The professor, recognizing what he owed, sloughed his

temperamental reserve. (*Strand Magazine*, Sept. 1916, p. 360). — *Gravity – Dignity*. *Gravity* is opposed to *levity*; the word *dignity* denotes a quality suited to command respect. He maintained his gravity by an effort (= it was all he could do not to laugh). Captain Bonneville sat listening to them with Indian silence and gravity (Washington Irving, *Captain Bonneville*). He would live in silence, solitary, proud, avoiding his fellow-men, who would have nothing to do with him except he made the surrender of his dignity (Gilbert Cannan, *Mendel*, Chapter II). To stand upon one's dignity. —

9. *At last – At length*. What is done *at last* is brought about notwithstanding all the accidents or difficulties which may have retarded its accomplishment; what is done *at length* is done after a long continuance of time (Graham). A distinction without a difference! A (*s*)light attack of (*the*) gout. — *Prevented to take*: Prevent is never followed by an infinitive; the preposition *from* may be omitted, but a gerund must be used. — *He was prevented from taking his usual walks by a slight attack of gout which it was supposed to be*. A hopeless mix! It refers to nothing at all. Read: *a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout*. —

10. *He killed the time by trying experiments*. To kill time is to pass or consume time idly. This hardly includes undertaking experiments. Their only labour was to kill the time; And labour dire it is, and weary woe (Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, I, Stanza 72). He killed some time by scraping the addresses and stencil-marks from the box: (*Cassell's Magazine*, September 1903, p. 396). *Trying experiments* must be changed into *making (performing, undertaking) experiments*. — *Quick-silver* is the popular name, the scientific term is *mercury*. *Beguile the time by* = *den tijd korten*; *Spend the time in* = *den tijd doorbrengen*. Shelley beguiled the time by telling the tale of the seven sleepers (Dowden, *P. B. Shelley*). I spent the first two days in searching for rooms.

11. *His temper seemed to have suffered from his having been obliged to keep his room*. Grammatically accurate, though far from elegant.

12. We may say *cause for alarm, cause of alarm, cause to be alarmed*. — *Disquiet*. — *Was not in pressing want of money*. *Short of money* = *kort bij kas*. *Hard-up* is too colloquial; this phrase ought not to occur in a piece of serious writing. — *Might-Power*. The former word is now somewhat rhetorical, according to the Oxford Dictionary. *The party which had long opposed him*. *Faction* is always used in a bad sense (*partij-schap, kliek*).

13. *Cheerfulness* requires the definite article, because the word is used in a restricted sense. — The cheerfulness which had borne him up against adverse fortune. *Prop(up)* in a figurative sense could be used only in relation to some weak or failing cause or institution: An ingenious writer toiling to prop a mistaken principle. Justice should not be propped up by injustice, disinterestedness by rapacity. In literal use. Propped up by (with) pillows.

14. *The man who had done so well in misfortune*. This is absurd, because *to do well* happens to mean *to prosper, to thrive*: He has opened a shop. Is he doing well? (*Windsor Magazine*, Sept. 1899, p. 479). I hope you are doing well, bodily and financially. He is doing well = *Hij maakt het goed* (Poutsma, *Do You Speak English*, 2^{en} ed. p. 36). They do you well in this hotel. (*Grand Magazine*, June 1918, p. 347). The last sentence contains an example of the transitive use of *do well*.

15. *It was not supposed, however, that his constitution was seriously impaired*.

16. *The second of February*. The preposition *on* is rarely omitted before adjuncts denoting a date. — *Charles had risen in time (in good time) =*

early enough, not too late! [op tijd]. — *As was his wont.* — *His servants noticed.* Notice is too weak a term here (to perceive in passing).

17. *He was laid on his bed. Brought to bed* = delivered of a child! *Recovered his faculties.* *Came to his senses* is ambiguous 1) recovered consciousness, 2) recovered from his excitement, passion. Cf. Fielding's *Tom Jones*: But at last, having vented the first torrent of his passion, he came a little to his senses. — *He was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.* —

18. *All talented physicians of the capital were sent for to come to his sickbed.* We do not speak of a doctor as "talented". *Sent for to come to his s.* sounds harsh and is a very ugly construction. *Come at the sickbed* is no longer good English. *Pull the patient through* is too colloquial for our purpose.

19. *In the evening of the 5th of February.* When the adjunct of time is qualified by the name of a day or by a date the preposition *on* is used. Early *on* the Thursday morning Captain Bretton was roused from a short and uneasy sleep. (Edna Lyall, *Knight Errant*). *On* the evening of the same day. . . . (Oxford Dictionary). *On* the evening of the 9th March (Freeman, *Red Thumbmark*). — *The King relapsed again.* An instance of tautology. The word *relapse* contains the notion of *again*, so that the latter word had better be struck out.

20. *(On) the next day.* *Next day* refers to a future time: den volgenden dag, *the next day* refers to a day in the past: den daarop volgenden dag. He stayed away for a single night, and came back the next day (*Strand Magazine*, 1894, p. 291). See however Kruisinga's *Accidence & Syntax*, 1st edition, § 379. *Matins may* mean the daily office of morning prayer in the Anglican Church, but the primary sense is vroegmetten.

21. *He was loved for (not by) his kindness.* — *Affability* is particularly applied to persons in a higher condition; princes and nobles are said to be *affable* when they converse freely with those not in the same condition. — *Crowd-Multitude.* A *crowd* is always pressing, a *multitude* may be either in a stagnant or in a moving state. Cf. "Far from the madding crowd". There are always pickpockets in the lion house at feeding time, and in any place where there is a crowd.

23. *Tidings* (usually plural) is a rather old-fashioned word.

Good translations were received from P. B., Tiel; B. B., Leeuwarden; B. de W., Moordrecht; A. H., Flushing; P. A. J., Bolsward; T. B., Kollum; K. de V., Dokkum.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, Maerlant 60, Brielle, before March 1. Corrected translations will be returned if a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed.

1. De zomer van 1563 neigde ten einde. 2. De eikenbosschen van Gelderland begonnen het eerste bruin van den herfst te vertoonen, en de avondzonnestralen, die de grijze torens van het klooster van Ilmenoude verguldden, zeiden het bevallige landschap, dat zij beschenen, reeds vroeg vaarwel. 3. De smalle, tusschen donker geboomte zich kronkelende weg, die tot het oude gebouw leidde, was hier en daar met dor loof bedekt, en de lucht had dien klaren, doorzichtigen tint, die voor- en najaar zoo bekoorlijk maakt.

4. Geen ander geluid dan het getsjilp der vogels stoorde het diepe zwijgen, dat onder de eeuwenoude eiken heerschte, tusschen wier hooggewelfd bladerendak slechts een enkele lichtschijn kon dringen, en geen spoor van woningen riep het beeld der groote menschenwereld met al haar strijd en leed voor de ziel op, die binnen de zware, maar reeds vervallen muren der abdij een toevlucht zocht.

5. Ilmenoude was geen door vorsten of aanzienlijken begunstigde plek van weelderigen lediggang. 6. Gelegen in een afgelegen streek van Gelderland was het vrouwenklooster zelfs bij naam niet buiten de onmiddellijke omgeving bekend; het geratel van wielen, dat bezoek uit een der kasteelen in den omtrek aankondigde, was zulk een zeldzaamheid,

dat het al de bewoonsters naar het hek lokte. 7. Op het voorplein groeide tusschen de steenen welig gras en dichte klimopranken dekten haar groen kleed over de breede poort, welke ze bijna geheel aan het gezicht onttrokken. 8. De plek scheen voor iederen indruk van de wereld daarbuiten beveiligd en was een waar lustoord voor de vogels, die hier ongehinderd hun nesten konden bouwen en hun lied zingen.

9. Het was een uitstervend klooster, want sedert jaren hadden zich geen nieuwe leden meer aangemeld en de weinige nonnen, die er zich nog in bevonden, toonden geringen ijver voor het onderhoud van het gebouw. 10. De abdij was vóór eeuwen gesticht door een rijke edelvrouw, die in berouwvolle stemming na een leven van genot, binnen deze muren rust zocht; maar haar diepe afzondering had allen afgeschrikt die nog eenig belang stelden in wereldsche dingen. 11. Abdijen als die van Rijsburg, waar rijkdom, eer en onbeperkte vrijheid te vinden waren, waar vorsten hun bezoeken aflegden en staatkundige intriges gesponnen werden, waren spoedig gebleken meer in den smaak te vallen dan een rustoord zooals dit klooster, dat van het leven niets kende dan een omgang met de bewoners van het op een half uur afstands gelegen dorpje Ilimenoude.

12. De beide vleugels van het klooster waren sedert lang onbewoond en aan de macht der elementen prijs gegeven, terwijl men alleen het middengebouw nog met eenige zorg trachtte in stand te houden, ofschoon het verval zelfs hier zijn merk op de sombere muren geschreven had en het net van klimop zich langs dak en raam ver genoeg uitbreidde om de kleine ruiten in gevaar voor haar licht te brengen. 13. Het was den onbescheiden ranken, die het oude gebouw reeds voor een ruïne schenen aan te zien, echter nog niet gelukt, zich over de ruiten zelf heen te slingeren, en de openingen, door den storm gemaakt, waren nog niet zoo groot, dat zij haar een toegang tot de kamers konden verschaffen; een bezige hand weerde ze af, en ook de spin, die overal elders van een zoete eeuwigheid scheen te droomen, kwam hier tot de ergerlijke ervaring, dat zij tot een zeer vluchtig leven geboren was.

Reviews.

The Percy Reprints, ed. by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH. — No. 1.
The Unfortunate Traveller, by THOMAS NASHE. — No. 2. *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, by MR. S. Mr. of Art. [5/— and 4/6 resp.]

Mr. Brett-Smith has started rendering an egregious service to students of English literature. The Percy Reprints, the new collection under his able editorship, have at least made a very good beginning. *The Unfortunate Traveller* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* figure large in the history of the English novel and of the English drama. Every B-candidate knows all about them. The one shares with *Ralph Roister Doister* the honour of being usually mentioned as the first English comedy, the other is called one of the first English novels and the very first picaresque novel. Yet it is hardly presumptuous to suspect that only a very small percentage of our students have ever read more than short extracts from these curious old works. The reason is not that they are afraid of them. Both are very short and very lively to read. But they were rather difficult to come by, and the editions that could be had were not of the best.

The Unfortunate Traveller was to be found only in R. B. McKerrow's five-volume edition of Nash (1904—10) or in the limited and private editions of E. Gosse (1892) and A. B. Grosart (1883—5). —

Gammer Gurton's Needle had been reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays* and in other old-fashioned collections, and more recently only in two American editions, viz. Manly's *Specimens of the Pre-Shakspearean Drama* (1897; 2nd ed. 1900—3) and Gayley's *Representative English Comedies* (1903).

Among these editors only McKerrow deserves high praise for his scholarship and critical minuteness. And even on this edition the first Percy Reprint represents an improvement in so far that the original spelling is for the

first time preserved. The work of the American editors has been improved upon a great deal more, as they had modernized punctuation and taken various liberties with the two existing copies of the original edition of the play printed by Thomas Colwell in 1575.

Mr. Brett-Smith, who could make use of the collotype facsimile of this edition produced by Farmer in 1909, has given us in both booklets models of conscientious editorship.

But textual criticism is not the principal recommendation of these little volumes. They find their justification for existence — as the editor expresses it — in the need, long felt both by students and by the literary amateur, of an accessible separate text. They are designed to meet the wants of both classes of readers.

At the end there are a few notes — in my opinion a bit too few. The Early Modern text of *The Unfortunate Traveller* presents various difficulties that will puzzle the modern reader, at least in the beginning. The dialect used by Gammer Gurton and her rustic gossips is even more deterrent. The editor remarks that it is “a conventional rustic speech common to the literary stock-in-trade of the time, as may be seen from Edgar’s assumption of it in *King Lear* for the deception of Oswald”. Our students will recognize in it that curious south-western dialect which in the 16th and 17th centuries enjoyed such considerable popularity among dramatists ever since it had been successfully employed in the Towneley Mysteries by Mak, the famous sheep-thief of the *Secunda Pastorum* ¹⁾ Nevertheless a few more explanatory notes would have been far from superfluous.

There is also a short Introduction to each work. In the one to *Gammer Gurton* the ed. agrees with Dr. Bradley in ascribing the play to William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ’s College, Cambridge, from 1551—4 and 1559—61.

From the Introduction to *Jack Wilton* I note with satisfaction that the picaresque nature of this book is recognized to be only very slight. “The little Spaniard of Tejares [Lazarillo de Tormes], the first *picaro* of literature, would hardly recognize Jack Wilton as a nephew; they are not of the same blood.”

We cannot *a priori* deny that Nashe, who published his book in 1594 — and not in 1584 as a Biographical Note on p. XVII has it — knew Rowland’s translation of Mendoza, which had appeared in 1586 ²⁾. But for half a century Mendoza had hardly any followers even in his own country, and the real founder of the picaresque novel in Spain was Aleman with his *Guzman de Alfarache*, the first book whose hero is frankly called “El Picaro” ³⁾. It was translated into English by James Mabbe in 1623 ⁴⁾, and not until 1665 did the picaresque novel make its formal entry in English literature with Richard Head’s *English Rogue*.

Jack Wilton, therefore, is a predecessor, but not quite an ancestor of Humphrey Clinker and Tom Jones.

The editor points to a different and more striking resemblance and relationship. Nashe did one thing which even by itself would give him a

¹⁾ See ERNST BUSSMANN, *Tennysons Dialektgedichte mit einer Uebersicht über den Gebrauch des Dialekts in der engl. Literatur vor Tennyson*. Weimar 1917; reviewed in *Englische Studien*, LIII (1920), S. 445.

²⁾ This is the year usually given. But the *Cambr. Hist. of Lit.* IV, 9, gives 1576, and repeats it on p. 446.

³⁾ cp. DR. JAN TEN BRINK, *Dr. Nicolaas Heinsius junior. Eene studie over den Hollandschen Schelmenroman der zeventiende eeuw* (Rotterdam 1885) blz. 51.

⁴⁾ *Cambr. Hist.* IV, 441.

permanent niche in the history of English literature, for whether or no he was our first true picaresque writer, he certainly founded our historical novel. To him belongs the credit of placing an imaginary hero among real personages of the past, and it is no such long way from the Earl of Surrey and Geraldine, Jack Wilton and Cornelius Agrippa, to the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, Sir Richard Varney and Alasco. Naturally, in attempting 'some reasonable conveyance of historie' in his 'phantasticall Treatise', he takes plenty of liberties with fact, but Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, Jan of Leyden and Luther and Pietro Aretino lend colour and interest to a tale that leads us from Tournay to Windsor, from Marignano and Wittenberg and Rome to the close at Bologna and Guisnes."

This parallelism between Nashe and Scott has been noted before and is, after all, quite obvious. But it is well that our attention should be drawn to it with special emphasis. The obvious is easily overlooked.

Our students will be grateful to the editor for making these two pioneer works more accessible to them.

Heerlen.

FR. A. POMPEN.

A Tale of a Tub, to which is added *The Battle of the Books* and the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*. By JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited with an Introduction and Notes Historical and Explanatory by A. C. GUTHKELCH and D. NICHOL SMITH. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 24/—.

There is perhaps no other English classic which it is so tempting and at the same time so hazardous a task to comment upon as Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. Lured by its magical wit the keenest of critical intellects have lost themselves in its mazes: so pregnant with meaning and yet so incomprehensible are its paragraphs. Nothing daunted, however, the late Mr. Guthkelch ¹⁾ "planned and in outline completed" the present edition, his labour being continued by Mr. Nichol Smith, who, according to the Preface "has revised and supplemented the introduction and added much new matter to the notes." As it is not signed, we do not know whether this Preface was written by the publisher or by the editor, but we quote the foregoing sentence because we were struck by its naïveté. Indeed, "much new matter" has been added to the notes, and we venture to presume that Mr. Smith will be able to add as much again if he is really the most industrious and indefatigable footnote scribbler that he proves himself in this work. In avoiding the fault of explaining too little, Mr. S. has fallen into the other error: that of explaining too much. This, I am loath to say, must be considered a serious blemish on an otherwise extremely valuable book. To give an instance ²⁾: when treating, in the Introduction, of the origin of the title of the book, he winds up the section in this way: "In calling his work '*a tale of a tub*' Swift thought quite as much of the proverbial phrase as of the seamen's custom, of which nothing more is heard after the beginning of the Preface. To change either '*a*' into '*the*' in the title is to give a wrong turn to its meaning." Thanks so much for the grammar lesson!

¹⁾ Mr. Guthkelch previously edited *The Battle of the Books*, in the series entitled *The King's Classics*. Chatto & Windus. 1908.

²⁾ Cf. for other instances *Times Lit. Supplem.* of Sept. 9th, 1920.

The Introduction is divided into 12 sections, the most interesting of which treat of the authorship, the allegory, the date of composition, the *History of Martin* and the Pate Ms., the latter being a Ms. in the possession of a certain Will Pate, a "learned woollendraper" who is mentioned in the *Journal to Stella*. The last section gives a full list of the editions of the *Tale* from 1704—1755 together with the translations. To Dutch students it will be flattering to learn that the first translation was a French one made by Justus van Effen in 1721. In 1735 it was translated into Dutch by P. le Clercq, whose translation is entitled "Vertelsel van de Ton, Behelzende het Merg van alle Kunsten en Wetenschappen. Geschreven tot Algemeen Nut des Menschelijken Geslachts. Mitsgaders een Verhaal van den Strijdt der Boeken in de Boekzaal van St. James. Door den beroemden Dr. Swift."

The *History of Martin*, which in some editions is still affixed to the *Tale* "must be attributed to an imitator of Swift who was hostile to the Church of England." (p. LIX) It was again van Effen who was the first to cast a doubt on the authenticity of this continuation. In the *Apology* for the *Tale*, which Swift wrote in June 1709 (it is included in the present edition), he says that the greater part was finished in the year 1696. Mr. Nichol Smith opines that on the whole there is no reason to doubt Swift's statement. His evidence leads him to believe that the *Tale* was written between 1696 and 1699 and that the Dedication to Somers and "The Bookseller to the Reader" were added between 1702 and 1704. On one point he surmises wrongly: the Introduction (1st Section) cannot have been written at an earlier date than May 1703, which I soon hope to get an opportunity of proving elsewhere. — The text of the *Tale*, the *Battle*, and the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* is followed by six appendices, the first of which affords: New Matter in the *Miscellaneous Works* published in 1720; the second: Wotton's *Observations*, the third: Curll's *Complete Key*, the fourth: Letters between Swift and Tooke, the fifth: Notes on Treatises wrote by the same author, and the sixth: Notes on Swift's *Dark Authors*, which shows the extent to which Swift satirised Mysticism, Cabalism, Alchemy and Rosicrucianism. A very full index at the end of the volume proves that there is a good side to the editor's love of trifles.

It stands to reason that in a book of this kind much room is left for speculation. We must credit the editor with not overdoing this, nor does he fall into the error of asserting things for which there is no sufficient evidence. When, for instance, speaking of the Allegory in the *Tale*, he carefully considers the possibility of Swift's having borrowed from John Sharp's Sermons and other writers, but very mildly and wisely winds up with these words: "Every writer borrows more than he is aware. Ideas pass into the mind, and grow and transform themselves without our knowledge." If every editor understood this not so much nonsense would be written about probable sources and originals and supposed plagiarism.

Before ending this review a word must be said about the illustrations and their original designs which form a very attractive feature of this edition. The original drawings were found at Narford Hall, the seat of the Fountaine family, in 1831, and are for the first time reproduced in this volume. They differ widely from the eight engravings made by Bernard Lens and John Sturt, which as a whole are disappointing. Only five of the original designs correspond in subject to the engravings.

Naturally the question is raised whether the designs were altered by the original artist or by the engraver. Mr. Nichol Smith does not venture to answer it; certain only is: "that the designs are markedly superior to the

cuts in life and grip and freedom of treatment." It does not require a highly cultured taste to recognise the truth of this statement.

Who drew the designs is not known. At one time it was supposed that Sir Andrew Fountaine, one of the greatest art critics and collectors of the period, was the draughtsman. Unfortunately the correspondence between Swift and Fountaine has been lost, which would certainly have thrown light on the matter. The Fountaine family does not possess any drawings that are attributed to Sir Andrew, and nothing has been discovered to show that he was ever a practising draughtsman: a riddle which would be worth solving. Who ventures? —

W. V. MAANEN.

The Historical Sources of Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year.
By WATSON NICHOLSON PH. D. 1919. Boston, Mass. The Stratford Co. \$ 2.—

Literary traditions are not so easily rooted out. A case in point is the general assumption that Defoe's *Journal of the Plague* is fiction, based, of course, on historical facts. A slight wavering in this belief is noticeable in Lee's biography. where, on page 359, it says: "I believe... the latter (i.e. the *Journal*) is much more an authentic history than has been credited." Yet the same author does *not* wonder that the celebrated Dr. Mead, who wrote *A Discourse on the Plague* (1744) was 'deceived' by its gravity! Thomas Wright, one of the latest of Defoe's biographers and one of the least biassed — though he is also apt to trip — repeatedly states: "that the *Journal* is veritable history, there is not the least doubt," but he nowhere proves his statement, wanting probably in curiosity. This curiosity, coupled with the painstaking zeal of an honest literary historian, it is that went to the writing of Dr. Nicholson's book, in which abundant and irrefutable proof is given of the fact that the *Journal* is history pure and simple, with only a very slight flavour of fiction.

In four sections, covering 100 pages, the author treats of the Originals and Parallels of the stories in the *Journal*, of the Historical Sources, of the Errors, and finally gives a Summary of his investigations, arriving at the conclusion that the *Journal*: "is a faithful record of historical facts, that it was so intended by the author, and is as nearly correct as it was humanly possible to make it from the sources and time at his command" (p. 97). In twelve appendices, covering 76 pages, excerpts are given from authentic works relating to the Plague, conspicuous among which are the excerpt from Vincent's *God's Terrible Voice in the City* (1667), and the one from the Autobiography and unpublished Letters of the Rev. Symon Patrick, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Admiration is due to Dr. Nicholson for his scrupulousness and diligence in reading and sifting the large bulk of writings that bear on his subject, as well as for his impartial treatment of it. His book is not an attack upon Defoe's person or methods, nor does it show him up as a wilful deceiver; it merely points out how easily partial critics are misled as to the shortcomings of their idols. For it is obvious that Defoe did not compose the *Journal* when "moved by the spirit", nor with any artistic object: he wrote it, because he wanted remuneration, the subject being actual enough, there having come rumours from Marseilles of a new epidemic. His making use of the first person serves as a trick to render the narrative more lively and attractive. Not quite a month before Moll

Flanders had captivated the public with her personal narrative — a witness of the horrors of the Plague Year was sure to have as interested an audience. Yet such difficulty he experienced in filling a marketable book that he had to take recourse to several inferior means, such as uncalled for digressions, incoherencies, tiresome repetitions etc. The story of Solomon Eagle is made to do service three times. How the pest originated in Long Acre and spread from hence is retold four times; the discussion of shutting up ten distinct times. An account of the distractions of victims roaring at the window, etc., appears 16 times, etc. etc. These tiresome repetitions comprise two thirds or more of the volume, which leads Dr. Nicholson to say: "Viewed from the point of style and art, the work is execrable", an utterance that I dare and will not subscribe to, for whatever Defoe did, however hurriedly he did it, was more or less touched by the hand of genius. The man that created *Robinson* in 1719, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* in 1720, *Captain Singleton* in the same year, and *Moll Flanders* in 1722, could not, a month afterwards, write an execrable style, nor wholly deny the artistic sense that pervades his greater works. To call his way of telling the story of the sailor, soldier and joiner "methodless fashion" is another instance of straining the proper aim of literary criticism: the fashion was quite common in the days of Defoe and surely there was method in it, if only for its making the reader look eagerly forward to the issue.

Divested from its fictitious apparel, the *Journal*, in its nakedness, is still one of the most interesting tales of the terrible visitation that befell England in the year 1665 and, though "authentic history", will always be more highly appreciated than other specimens of the kind, it being history told by a man of genius.

W. v. MAANEN.

Daniel Webb. Ein Beitrag zur Englischen Aesthetik des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Mit einem Abdruck der *Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry* (1762) und einem Titeltupfer. Von HANS HECHT, Professor an der Universität Basel. Hamburg, Henri Grand, 1920. M. 10.—.

The touchstone of the new Renaissance in Western Europe during the XVIIIth century is the reviving understanding and valuation of Shakespeare's genius. The way to the discovery of Shakespeare leads from Young to Lessing and Goethe; but before it temporarily leaves English ground, it reaches, in Daniel Webb, a little hillock affording a wide prospect. It is the merit of Prof. Hans Hecht to have directed our attention to this rather unknown aesthete.

Dryden calls Shakespeare "the largest and most comprehensive soul of all modern and ancient poets" (1668). Addison already shows some romantic sentiments in admiring Shakespeare's magic world of fairies, elves and ghosts. Pope in his edition of 1725 asserts: "If ever any author deserved the name of original, it was Shakespeare". He goes so far as to compare the modern poet with the holiest of the ancient world: "Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature". But there is as it were a slight warning in his addition: "The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature". So we come finally to Young: Shakespeare inimitable, a wonder fallen from heaven.

The same first part of the XVIIIth century reveals the new modern aesthetics.

From the days of Ben Jonson Poetry was Learning; Art is to be obtained by Labour, as in our Societies of Art such as *Nil volentibus arduum* in the later half of the XVIIth century. But the remembrance came up of Horace's: "Ego nec studium sine divite vena, nec rude quid possit video ingenium". According to Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (1709) there was a "nameless grace" to be attained by no method: where laws and rules fail the poet, some lucky licence will answer the purpose and "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art". Addison goes further (*Spect.* No. 160) by distinguishing between the natural genius formed without any assistance of art or learning such as Homer, Pindar, Shakespeare and the artificial genius formed by rules such as Plato, Virgil, Milton. To him the natural genius gives not only the free imitation of reality, but "something nobly wild and extravagant, a heat and life of the imagination, greatness and daring".

In his later essays he signalizes beauty, greatness and novelty as the three pleasures of Imagination. And finally Sam. Johnson (*Rambler*, 1750) claims for the heroes of Poetry "to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by discovering and conquering new regions of the intellectual world". To him "the essence of Poetry is invention; such invention as by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights".

It is in this light we have to view Young's treatise *On Original Composition* (1759)¹⁾, which is not so original as is generally believed. He, too, distinguishes the two species of genius which Addison indicates. He, too, maintains the principle of imitation of the ancient authors, but by a happy formulation he terminates the battle between the ancient and the modern poets, he for ever delivers the art of his times from the dead French classics. "Must we then," he asks, "not imitate antient Authors? Imitate them, by all means, but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine Iliad does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the same method which Homer took, for arriving at a capacity of accomplishing a work so great. Tread in his steps to the sole Fountain of Immortality; drink where he drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the breast of Nature: Imitate; but imitate not the *Composition*, but the *Man*. For may not this Paradox pass into a Maxim? viz. "The less we copy the renowned Antients, we shall resemble them the more." "

This is the new Renaissance, the conscious return to what the French Pléiade had already vaguely and uncertainly formulated in the middle of the XVIth century. It is Young's merit that, conscious of the value of his words, he has, in his Letter to Richardson, put all this in a form that attracted attention.

Webb's two Dialogues *Remarks on the Beauty of Poetry* (1762) must be considered in connection with all these theories. The first part of the first dialogue compares Milton's and Pope's metrics, defends blank verse against rhyming couplets. But it is especially the second part and the second dialogue that bear frequent relation to Young's Letter. The author drops Milton: "Here I am tempted to change my author; principally, as it gives me an opportunity of doing justice in this particular, to the most extraordinary genius that our country, or perhaps, any other has produced. It seems then to me, that, Shakespear, when he attends to it, is not only excellent in the mechanism of his verse, but, in the sentimental harmony, equal, if not superior to any of our English poets".

Webb shows a clear understanding of the metric refinements in Shake-

¹⁾ I followed A. Brandl in his introduction to Young's *On Original Composition* in *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, XXXIX, p. 1 sq.

speare's art, and to him the great Elizabethan is not (as he was to Pope) an "instrument of nature" but a wholly conscious artist in search of noble beauty.

The second dialogue treats of general ideas: taste, wit, genius: "The distinctive property of Genius is to surprize, either by original Beauty, or Greatness in the idea. — A superior genius will so dress the most common thought, or familiar image, as to give it some unexpected advantage; by which it becomes apparently, if not really, original: the result is the same; we are surprised; every such effect implies a degree of novelty, and, consequently, of Invention. — The man of wit has a limited view into the relations of ideas; and from those which he does see, his feelings direct him to choose the most singular, not the most beautiful. He works upon us by surprise merely; but the man of genius surprises by an excess of beauty."

Most likely Young had no influence on Webb's *Remarks*. Hecht says: "In seiner mutigen, fast uneingeschränkten Bewunderung der Kunst, nicht nur der genialen Naturkraft, Shakespeares geht er über die Auffassungen der zu seiner Zeit noch üblichen Grundsätze der Shakespeare-Beurteilung weit hinaus und stellt sich in dieser Beziehung neben Young. Nur lässt er es nicht bei allgemein enthusiastischen Aussprüchen sein Bewenden haben, sondern er belegt seine Behauptungen reichlich, und zwar charakteristischerweise mit Beispielen, die vorzugsweise den Romanzen entnommen werden."

Another new factor in Webb's treatises is the influence of Winckelmann and Mengs and their new views of the ancient world and modern painting. It is uttered in some remarkable observations on the analogy between Poetry and Music, Poetry and Painting, which are the precursors of Lessing's *Laocoon* (1766). Webb lived in the intimacy of Winckelmann and Mengs at Rome in the year 1759. He is even accused of having plagiarized the ideas of Mengs in another dialogue *Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting*.

Regarding the life of Webb we possess only few data, which Hecht has gathered in his very attractive study.

J. PRINSEN JIz.

Little Essays, drawn from the writings of GEORGE SANTAYANA, by Logan Pearsal Smith, with the collaboration of the author. XI+ 290 pp. Constable, 1920. 12/6 net.

These 114 essays, divided into five groups: On Human Nature, On Religion, On Art and Poetry, On Poets and Philosophers and On Materialism and Morals, were chosen from Santayana's work by Mr. L. P. Smith, for which task he was fortunate enough to secure the advice and assistance of the author himself.

In a preface Mr. Smith tells us, that in his works "it has been Santayana's aim to reconstruct our modern, miscellaneous, shattered picture of the world and to build, not of clouds but of the materials of this common earth, an edifice of thought, a fortress or temple for the modern mind, in which every natural impulse could find, if possible, its opportunity for satisfaction and every ideal aspiration its shrine and altar."

It seems to me, that this edifice of thought, this fortress or temple for the modern mind will in several places not be proof against the attacks of philosophical criticism, however much the architectonic beauty of Santayana's prose must be admired. "It is no longer the fashion among philosophers to decry art," Santayana says rightly, but this does not mean, that for the sake

of the artistic beauty in which a philosophical treatise is clad, its essence of thought should be accepted without critical examination. The philosopher Santayana must be considered apart from the artist Santayana. And in his system of philosophy there are, besides many sound and original observations, a few very weak points, especially in his aesthetics. These are largely due to his pragmatism, which occasionally betrays itself in this book, that is to say the doctrine that all truth, all knowledge is useful only as it serves for happiness and welfare. In other words, that theory is subject to practice.

In his first essay we read: "Things are interesting because we care about them and important because we need them. Had our perceptions no connexion with our pleasures we should soon close our eyes on this world; if our intelligence were of no service to our passions, we should come to doubt, in the lazy freedom of reverie, whether two and two make four."

Of course there is such a connexion, nobody can deny this, but what is connected with something else or useful to it, may not be identified with this something else. Contemplation of philosophy or art is quite different from acting with a purpose. Contemplation is the reflexion of that which *is*; an aim is always an act of the will which has a change in view, which wills that which *is not*. Desiring truth or wisdom (*φιλοσοφία*) means desiring to attain a state of mind which does not yet exist. When this has been attained, when one possesses truth or wisdom, the state of mind is no longer one of desiring. This distinction is recognized by Santayana:

"In philosophy itself investigation and reasoning are only preparatory and servile parts, means to an end. They terminate in insight, or what in the noblest sense of the word may be called *theory* — *θεωρία* — a steady contemplation of all things in their order and worth" (p 140.).

But art too is contemplation or theory; from a practical point of view the value of a work of art may consist in 'making people happy, first in practising the art and then in possessing its product,' but it is wrong to say as S. does, that "the greatest difficulty and nicety of art is that it must not only create things abstractly beautiful, but that it must conciliate all the competitors these may have to the attention of the world and must know how to insinuate their charms among the objects of our passion. But this subservience and enforced humility of beauty is not without its virtue and reward. If the æsthetic habit lie under the necessity of respecting and observing our passions it possesses the privilege of soothing our griefs." He forgets that this soothing depends only on our will which strives in this direction, because "to discriminate happiness" is not "the very soul of art," but the very soul of will itself, which from the chaotic whirl of unsatisfied yearnings creates a synthesis which brings satisfaction, calm and happiness. Only by the conquest of the will can be obtained that calm by which the enjoyment of a work of art is made independent of passion which might prevent unprejudiced criticism. And so: "beauty makes happy" has the same meaning as: politics or mathematics or tennis make happy. In his last essay: *Beauty a hint of pleasure*, S. says "It (beauty) is an affection of the soul, a consciousness of joy and security, a pang, a dream, a pure pleasure". It appears from this quotation again that the author has not been able to distinguish sharply between the practical activity of the mind with its two poles: joy and sorrow, and the purely theoretical, contemplative activity, which may be *attended* with joy or sorrow. The two are concomitant, not identic.

What may further interest the reader is Santayana's judgment of Shakespeare: "Shakespeare's world is only the world of human society. The cosmos eludes him, he does not seem to feel the need of framing that idea. He

depicts human life in all its richness and variety but leaves that life without a setting and consequently without a meaning." "Homer is the chief repository of the Greek religion, and Dante the faithful interpreter of the Catholic. Nature would have been inconceivable to them without the influence and companionship of the Gods. These poets live in a cosmos . . . Their universe is a total . . . they have a theory of human life . . ." "It is remarkable that we should have to search through all the works of Shakespeare to find half a dozen passages that have so much as a religious sound and that even these passages upon examination should prove not to be the expression of any deep religious conception." "The silence of Shakespeare and his philosophical incoherence have something in them that is still heathen; something that makes us wonder whether the northern mind, even in him, did not remain morose and barbarous at its inmost core." (Essay 76)

But surely Shakespeare as an artist should not be judged according to his philosophical, religious or moral opinions, but only according to his poetic sentiment. This has been called universal, objective, impersonal, impartial and cold — "the exalted coldness of a sovereign mind which has gone through the whole parable of human existence and survived sentiment" (Schlegel). Tolstoi's antipathy on account of Shakespeare's want of ideals may be placed over against the sympathy of German critics as Ulrici, Gervinus, Kreyssig, Visscher and others, who praise him as a master of morals. These criticisms are based on prejudice (sympathies, forms of the will, inclinations) and wrong the poet. Hazlitt has remarked, that Shakespeare is the least moral of poets and at the same time the greatest of moralists. Does not something similar hold good of his religion? Though Shakespeare never reveals his God in his religion, his works are permeated with the consciousness of the existence of a Deity, an unknown Power, the subtle suggestion, that the life of man would, without that God, be meaningless, that man's passions and inclinations are a dream which must end in a more solid and higher reality.

Santayana's judgment of Shakespeare emanates from his antipathy of works of art which lack a prominent clearly defined view of life (*Weltanschauung*) or religion. This antipathy we consider a fundamental mistake which mars Santayana's philosophy of art.

On the whole, however, this collection of beautifully written essays may be strongly recommended to the philosophically minded who will find in it many original observations provocative of reflection.

Delft.

Ir. H. L. VERNHOUT.

The Captives. A Novel in Four Parts. By HUGH WALPOLE. 470 pp. Macmillan & Co., London, 1920. 7/6 net.

The Captives, the latest novel by the author of *The Secret City* and the famous *Green Mirror* will not damage his great reputation. The simple story is admirably told, the style clear and sound, the background graphically depicted, last not least most of the characters, even the minor ones, are distinctly alive. Yet somehow it fails to reach the supreme region of those masterpieces that immediately and irresistibly captivate the reader and make him wonder at the depth, the mysterious power of the mind from which they sprang. We are struck by its excellent workmanship rather than by its spontaneity, by its extreme soundness and precision rather than by its originality.

The Captives tells the love story of Maggie Cardinal, the daughter of a sordid miserly country-vicar and Martin Warlock, the son of a religious enthusiast, leader of the Kingscote Brethren, a London sect, believing in the second coming of Christ upon earth. When Maggie is only nineteen, her father dies and she goes to London to stay with two aunts, strong supporters of the Brethren. There she meets with Martin and the awakening of their love and the happiness of their first meetings is touchingly told. But the reverend Warlock dies of heart failure and Martin considers himself the cause of his father's death by his wild ways and outspoken unbelief. He labours under the impression that he will also do Maggie harm and resolves to leave her. "Everything I touch I hurt," he says, "so I must not touch anything I care for." He goes abroad and Maggie — after a dangerous illness — drifts into other surroundings. There she meets with a clergyman twenty years older than herself, who falls in love with her and they soon marry, though she frankly confesses him she cannot love but only like him. The marriage turns out a bad failure and when Maggie learns that Martin is ill and has returned to London she flies to him and nurses him through his severe illness. Martin then finds out that after all he cannot live without her and she is happy because the man she really loved, at last "needed her."

Mr. Walpole has been at great pains to create a realistic atmosphere around the characters and as regards the ordinary "local colour" he has succeeded very well indeed. The environment, be it London or the country, makes itself clearly felt.

But he has tried to do more.

Firstly he wants to show the strong influence of the intensely religious atmosphere in which his heroes live, an influence they feel as something against which they battle in vain. But, strange to say, this motif — which gives the book its title — leads to nothing. We are indeed again and again assured by the author of its importance, but neither in the spiritual life of Maggie or Martin, nor in the development of the story are we made to feel it as an essential factor and towards the end of the book it seems almost entirely forgotten.

Secondly the author tries to show the mysteriousness lying behind all things as a constant, living presence and especially its influence on Maggie who is given to think and dream of it. Here he fails to convince us. Maggie's pondering on the incomprehensible mystery of life, her faculty to feel a hidden power behind things, does not strike us as emanating naturally from the very essence of her being, but rather as the desire of the author to add this one characteristic to her personality. This at times betrays itself in reported reflections, purporting to be Maggie's, being suddenly interrupted by a thought, a remark which clearly could not proceed from Maggie's mind at that particular moment, but only reveals the author's point of view, as e. g. in the following quotations, where the parts put in italics by us disturb the unity of the passage and shake the reader's conviction:

Maggie as a girl of nineteen, a short time after her arrival in London, is reflecting on the reason why she has been careless in little household matters: (p. 38).

"She could explain it quite simply to herself by saying that behind the things that she saw there was always something that she did not see, something of the greatest importance and just beyond her vision; in her efforts to catch this farther thing she forgot what was immediately in front of her. It had always been so. Since a tiny child she had always supposed that the shapes and forms with which she was presented were only masks

to hide the real thing. *Such a view might lend interest to life*, but it certainly made one careless; and although Uncle Matthew might understand it and put it down to the Cardinal imagination, she instinctively knew that Aunt Anne, unless Maggie definitely attributed it to religion, would be dismayed and even, if it persisted, angered. *Maggie had not, after all, the excuse and defence of being a dreamy child. With her square body and plain face, her clear, unspeculative eyes, her stolid movements she could have no claim to dreams.* With a sudden desolate pang Maggie suspected that Uncle Matthew was the only person who would ever understand her. Well then, she must train herself."

And again on page 53: "Maggie was sorry for Aunt Elizabeth.... Why did she tremble and start like that? She should stand up for herself and not mind what her sister said to her. Finally there was something about the house for which Maggie could not quite account, some uneasiness or expectation, as though one knew that there was some one behind the door and was therefore afraid to open it. *It may have been simply London that was behind it.*"

These higher spiritual realities: the obsession of the atmosphere of bigotry and the subtle influence of Maggie's consciousness of a mystery behind things, have not become convincingly true, because they are not naturally and completely fused with the other more ordinary elements of the novel, but forced or stuck on to them, as it were, with laborious effort, as heterogeneous matter.

But though the author has not quite reached the high aim he saw before him, *The Captives* remains a very interesting book, a clever study of middle-class life, vivid and graphic, with several intensely living characters.

A. G. V. KRANENDONK.

A Doubtful Guide.

An English Course for Schools, by S. P. B. MAIS, Assistant Master at Tonbridge School and Examiner in English to the University of London. — Grant Richards, 1920. — 6/—. Sec. Ed.

Books and their Writers, by S. P. B. MAIS, Author of "From Shakespeare to O. Henry". — Grant Richards, 1920. — 7/6.

Though number one was sent me for review by mistake, I eagerly welcomed the opportunity of getting acquainted with a book that I had often seen advertised. I was disappointed by its contents, however.

Its 'Grammar and Syntax' — thirteen pages of its four hundred and ninety-six! — is little more than a roughly grouped collection of *taboos*, which the master himself breaks on occasion. Here is one:

'The word *once* is an adverb: it cannot therefore be used as a conjunction in the place of *when* or *if* — e.g. "The team will do well *once* they get together," ought to read: "The team will do well as soon as they get together.'

This is a delicious bit of logic, on the analogy of which we might go further — and fare even better. The word *pepper* being a noun it is manifestly absurd to use it as a verb, and the word *good* being an adjective Milton added to his Satan's iniquities by making him use it as a noun in 'Evil, be thou my good!'

And what is Mr. Mais's opinion concerning turns like: "*the moment he*

saw me he came up to me?" Is this wrong, too? I have heard it in England hundreds of times. I have heard poets and professors use it. I have used it myself, and taught it to the luckless pupils entrusted to my care. Oh, what is Mr. Mais's opinion?

Bother his opinion, I say. Here is a sentence written by the man skilled in taboo-craft, when he was nodding, like Homer... On page 303 of his book we read: 'just as Euphuism was a passing phase, a fashion of the moment, so this habit of punning, so dear to the heart of Shakespeare, *once* it reaches its zenith in Sidney Smith, ceases to have any claim upon our attention: it has become the very lowest form of wit...' This time the italics are mine. But though, for more than one reason, I do not like the sentence I have just quoted, yet the use of 'once' here is not the thing to which I chiefly take exception.

Having written this I draw breath, for I have had a narrow escape of writing *the thing I chiefly take exception to*. What says our medicine-man? '*The relative pronoun may be omitted when it is in the accusative case*¹⁾ and is governed by the verb — "There is the boy I saw." But "*There is the boy I gave it to*" is awkward, and should be avoided!

By everyone, Mr. Mais? Somehow I cannot help thinking that "*There is the boy to whom I gave it,*" coming from a juvenile speaker sounds both awkward and bookish.

And what are we to think about this: 'A very common error is the use of the relative pronoun without an antecedent in the main clause:

"He fell heavily, *which* caused him great pain," is wrong.'

Oh, Mr. Mais, don't I pity the candidates you are called on to examine! And, speaking of awkward sentences, could not the following one be improved upon?

"It is an absurd story for a dramatist so versatile as Shakespeare to harp on, but he somehow cannot get away from it, as he would not, were he recalling an episode in his own life." (page 302).

On page 40 a kind of genealogy of Aryan languages is given, in which Latin and Greek are grouped together as a *classical* branch between the Keltic and Teutonic branches, and in which English is represented as a descendant of German.

And in this way I could go on, pointing out inaccuracies here, inconsistencies there. I think Mr. Mais writes too much²⁾, and reads too much likewise. He has already about a baker's dozen of books to his 'credit', and try as he may to disarm a critic by candidly stating (in his preface to *Books and their Writers*) that he lays no claims to be thought a literary critic, and that the garden of his mind is by no means a fruitful soil, and that he has but little creative genius, I really refuse to be thus disarmed. I have no patience with a man who can write in all seriousness: "I suppose there are not less than fifty writers whose books one eagerly devours year by year." (page 17) Fifty writers! My stars! — And he has moods when Charles Marriott's are 'the only novels [he] can rely on to restore [him] to mental health' (page 13). And he writes about Stephen Mckenna that 'his dialogue is always clever, if at times unnaturally artificial and stilted,' after first stating that 'the joy of discovering that [his titled people] do actually

¹⁾ Is there such a thing as an accusative case in modern English?

²⁾ Slipshod sentences abound everywhere. Cp. page 107 of *Books and their Writers*: 'We are grateful to him... for making accessible to the general public a poem *about which every one had long been talking, but few had read.*' (My italics)

talk as titled people do talk — that is, like every one else above the local grocer — is a very real one.' — How, in the names of Bottom and Quinse, shall we find the concord of this discord? — And how can a man who asserts that Robert Nichols is among the 'major poets of the day' fortify his case by quoting the following wretched lines committed by that same Robert Nichols...?

There is something in me divine
And it must out. For this was I
Born, and I know I cannot die
Until, perfected pipe, thou send
My utmost: God, which is the end.

And how can a teacher of English — and an examiner! — quote Shakespeare's one hundred and twenty-ninth sonnet — *The expense of spirit in a waste of shame*, &c. — as the work of John Donne?

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

A Contribution to an Essex Dialect Dictionary. By EDWARD GEPP, M. A. London. Routledge. 1920. 5/—net.

To judge from authoritative statements by many of the foremost students of English philology there is a general conviction that it is a most necessary and useful thing to study what is left of English dialects. It is curious, however, that the work is practically left to two classes of writers: beginners in search of a subject for a thesis and dilettanti. The number of theses is necessarily limited, although a goodly number of dissertations treating the sounds, and less fully the accidence, of a dialect from a historical point of view, have appeared since professor Wright's *Dialect of Windhill* (1892). For the northern English dialects we have books by historical experts on Kendal and Bowness (Westmoreland) Lorton (Cumberland), Oldham and Adlington (both in Lancashire), Stokesley (Yorkshire).

For Scotland the chief contributions are those of the late Dr. Murray and of Dr. H. Mutschmann (in Bülbring's *Bonner Studien*). For the South of England we have historical studies of the dialects of Pewsey (Wiltshire) and of West-Somerset. For East Anglia we have Albrecht's treatment of the dialect of the dialect poet Benham at Colchester. This list, even though incomplete, shows that we cannot do without the help of outsiders. These often do not give exactly what we want, no doubt; the information they supply is often not so exact as we might wish, especially in describing the sounds in general, or the pronunciation of individual words, but they are often fuller on what after all is quite as important: the vocabulary, and if they supply trustworthy specimens we ought to be grateful indeed.

The present contribution by a recent vicar of High Easter, Essex, does not, it is true, give specimens, but it contains a good deal that is interesting. The arrangement is just the opposite of what we may expect to find in the work of philological students: it begins with a glossary, then gives some notes on accidence, and ends with the treatment of sounds.

The glossary contains a good many words that are not peculiar to Essex, or even are not dialectal at all (such as *trapes*, *trumpery*, *dustman*). Some words give a glimpse of social conditions: the importance and frequency of meals is illustrated by the entries on *eleveneses*, *fourses* and *seveneses*. The entry under *big* is also instructive: "What, they goin' to be married? Why,

she ain't big yet." Those who know Dutch country life will recognize a familiar sentiment. If the author had not applied the method of excision, there would no doubt be more such notes on country morality. In *coverlid* for *coverlet* we have a good instance of popular etymology. The book may also increase our knowledge of the history of sounds, although its vagueness in sound-description, and its scanty lists will leave many questions unanswered. We find *end* pronounced [i : nd], *lice* and *mice* with [i :]; [a :] in *early*, *earnest*, *earth*, *heard*, *herb* [ja : b], *earn* [ja : n]. Ml. ē or ê and ME. ē seem to be

both represented by [e :], or [ei], as in *peace*, *scream*, *weave*; *beseech*, *thee*, *we*, *people*. But *feet*, *field*, *seed*, *sheep*, *street*, with *i* seem to point to earlier [i :]. As in other dialects *f* and *p* seem to be sometimes mixed up; thus we find [pæra] and [pərin] for *furrow* and *foreign*.

In *Accidence* it is worth noting that nouns of measure remain unchanged after numerals: *two hour ago*. "*Beast* (cattle) is often similarly treated, as are *sheep*, *deer*, etc., in literary language." Such a remark seems to show how important the collective function of these words was in the development of the neutral form (see Ekwall, *The Unchanged Plural of nouns*). It is interesting to find that the possessive substantives (*mine*, *yours*, etc.) are also used to denote buildings, a use unknown in standard English: he ain't been to mine (i.e. to my house) this ever so long. The relative *who*, *whom* and *which* are clearly literary; the genuine dialect-pronouns are *as*, *that* and *what*; in many cases, of course, there is no pronoun or conjunction at all: "twas the master give me that, there! the missus." Coordination where there is subordination in meaning is frequent: them there plums was good and ripe; that there war bread was beautifully and white last week. "Negatives are doubled and redoubled and multiplied—"I never took nawth'n, nor nobody else nuthr."

In the Introduction the author enumerates what had been written on the dialect by his predecessors. Most of it is the work of literary people of varying ability with "a taste for dialect," so that Mr. Gepp's contribution is the most valuable for students of language.

E. KRUISINGA.

The Year-Book of Modern Languages, 1920. Edited for the Council of the Modern Language Association by GILBERT WATERHOUSE, Litt. D., Professor of German in the University of Dublin. Cambridge University Press, 1920. 15/— net.

The study of modern foreign languages is making progress in England. It is not, indeed, of actual achievements by English scholars that we speak — in this bibliographical account of work done for French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Celtic. the names of English scholars are *rarae aves*¹⁾ — but of the promise that is held out. The article on *The Civil Service and Modern Languages* shows that able students of modern languages have now other careers thrown open to them than that of a secondary teacher — Class I. of the Civil Service, and the University appointments that are now sufficient in number to count, especially since it has become the general practice to appoint Englishmen to these posts instead of foreigners. And it would seem that the English universities will aim at a standard of scholarship in modern languages that is not so much higher than is usual on the

¹⁾ The same applies to Dutch scholars.

Continent as essentially different. The study of French, German, or other modern languages differs with us from the study of the classics in being essentially limited to a study of language and literature. The English aim is to take classical studies as the pattern for the study of modern languages, in a word to study the culture of foreign nations as fully as possible, their art, science, politics, history, literature, and to study language as a means towards this new humanism, not an end in itself. It may be said that such an interpretation of modern studies is not unknown on the Continent, but I believe that there is no continental university that has thus subordinated the study of language and literature to the whole of the culture of the foreign nation concerned, and it remains to be seen whether English universities will be able to do it without ceasing to be centres of original research as well as centres of higher education. If they succeed they will do a great service to the study of modern languages, for it is generally felt, both in Germany and in our own country, that the present condition of these studies is not quite satisfactory. —

As to the performances in this first year-book, it would be presumptuous if I pretended to estimate their value, i.e. their completeness, for the review of the work done in the last five years is not critical, such as we are accustomed to in the *Jahresberichte* for Germanic philology by the Berlin Association, but really descriptive. The net seems to have been cast very wide so that a book like the *Archives* of the House of Orange is mentioned in a bibliography of French history. The only really unsatisfactory section is that on Phonetics, which does not succeed in its three pages in mentioning anything of real interest, indeed does not mention any work of phonetic nature at all; it does not even mention English work, Mr. Wilfrid Perrett's work being completely ignored, and that in spite of Mr. Perrett's many anti-German witticisms.

The German section seem to be one of the most thorough, even though we may object to the inclusion of Dutch under the heading *Low German*. It mentions several books and articles of interest to students of English.

As a whole, therefore, the book is promising, and it seems quite certain that a second year-book, produced after reasonable preparation, and without the handicap of the present state of international communications, will be a still more valuable tool for English and other students of the languages and nations concerned.

K.

The Sounds of Standard English. By T. NICKLIN, M.A. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1920. 3/— net.

The title of this book suggests the work of a pioneer whose work was, and is, an honour to English scholarship, the *Sounds* by Henry Sweet. Both the present book, however, and its writer, are as widely different as is possible. The book is properly a collection of notes on the relation of English spelling and pronunciation. Its aim is, as the author explains in the Introduction, 'to help, in however humble a measure, towards the propagation of this dialect (i.e. the standard dialect) in all counties and in all classes'. It is not easy to see for what class of readers it is intended. Foreign students of English will not find much in it to interest them. It may be worth while to note that the author gives a rule for the pronunciation of names in *wich*: when one consonant-symbol precedes it is [īdʒ], otherwise [witʃ]. This

explains *Greenwich*, as compared with *Nantwich*, and *Middlewich*. — In again the author says [ei] is far more common than [e]; this agrees with my own experience, but I do not think the same applies to *against*.

The last twenty pages are accupied by notes on Accidence and Syntax. A few remarks on dialectal usage may interest some readers. On p. 91 the observation is made that in Northern and North-Midland speech the present participle is used for the past participle. 'Thus, while Standard English says *Do you want this parcel taken to the post?* these dialects say *taking*'. Is it really true that the construction is unknown in Standard English? Is it dialectal speech, when in Bennett, *An Old Wives' Tale*, a young man, who is certainly described as a gentleman, says, "Now, mater, it's a pity you don't want that cake cutting into"¹). Whether it is dialect or not, the explanation is simple enough: the participle is used in precisely the same way as in *The house is building*, etc., i. e. it is neutral with regard to voice.

The author is not really acquainted with modern philology. To enable the reader to judge for himself if this statement is correct I will simply quote two passages, without comment. On p. 37: 'The reader may have observed that our own tongue — like the Flemish — has a final sound other than French for many words common to both languages. We say *letter*, French *lettre*: for the French *les autres arbres* the Flemish say something like *lā zoter zarber*'. And on p. 67 the author suggests that Milton when writing

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?

may, in the last line, have meant the verb *with* or *withe*, not the préposition *with*.

It is a pity that the Press which had the privilege to publish the works of Sweet should condescend to give its *imprimatur* to unscholarlike productions such as these.

K.

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Some Contemporary Poets (1920). By HAROLD MONRO. 7½ × 5, 224 pp. Leonard Parsons. 7 s. 6 d. net.

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The First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Edited with an introduction by FRANK G. HUBBARD. 9¾ × 6½, 120 pp. Madison: University of Wisconsin. 50 cents.

Text, introductory matter (pp. 30), and notes by the Professor of English at Wisconsin. The chief aim of this edition is to make a contribution to the question of the relation of the three versions of the play (Q 1, Q 2, and F 1) to each other; though no actual solution of the problem is proposed. [T.]

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The manuscript of this play is in the British Museum. Mr. H. A. Bullen included it in his "Collection of Old English Plays". Professor Schoell (of Chicago University), who now edits it with full critical apparatus, accepts Mr. Bullen's attribution of the play to Chapman. Introduction and notes (at the end) are in French. [T.]

¹) Poutsma, *Participles*, § 5, c, iii, (E. S. I, p. 133) gives an example from *Punch*.

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The Evolution of Parliament. By A. F. POLLARD. Longmans. 21/- net.

The XVIIIth century in London. An account of its social life and arts. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. 10¼ × 7¾, vii. + 275 pp.

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Sir Walter's Edinburgh.

The spell of Edinburgh is woven of many and subtle charms, of whose variety the tributes of her admirers are eloquent. Tennyson, I think it was, spoke of her as "the old grey city by the sea"; her natives, thinking of the thin haze of smoke that overhangs her in daytime, fondly call her "Auld Reekie"; scholars have named her "the Northern Athens" from her literary reputation and Acropolis-like build; and finally Scott, whose peculiar perquisite Edinburgh surely was, thinking of her as she stands out against the northern sky, the grim castle crowning the height in dusky grandeur, the city piled high and close along the dropping ridge, calls her "mine own romantic town".

The city has a witchery for everyone, stranger and native. The secret lies in its situation and architecture and story. The Castle must have been built before the town as a chief's stronghold, impregnable on the furthest point of a massive shoulder of rock; the town accumulating not only, as towns did in the good old days, for safety's sake round the base of the Castle Rock, but along the shoulder which gradually slopes down from it, thus forming the single main street. Hence comes the striking impression you get from the south, of an aerial city — it is built on the skyline. Even more the romance lies in the character of the streets — the towering "lands", as the houses are called their quaint gables, and the bewildering aspect of streets in the air above you and far beneath your feet.

Walking unconcernedly on to the Dean Bridge, you discover a deep valley under you which, for wild beauty, rivals a highland glen; on the South Bridge in the busy centre of the city you are startled to find yourself above the roofs of an underground town. The place, says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is full of theatre tricks in the way of scenery. You turn a corner, and there is the sun going down into the Highland Hills. You look down an alley, and see ships tacking for the Baltic." Or you walk down the High Street and, glancing through a close, find you are gazing into sheer space — the rest of the town vanished as if you and your street were poised in mid-air! If, on an August evening, you climb Arthur's Seat at the bottom of the Canon-gate you may discover that while your back was turned, the autumn mist has thrown a pall over the city below and that you stand solitary, facing across a snowy sea the twinkling lights of the Castle.

Then too the bewildering tallness of the "lands". They are high enough from the front — usually six or more stories; but viewed from the back, from the Cowgate for instance, they form a vast pile of gables and turrets fifteen and sixteen stories in the air above your head. No wonder that the streets which intersect these lands, look mere lanes. Edinburgh is not medieval like Nürnberg, for the old town was destroyed by the English in the sixteenth century and the oldest houses date from that period. They are built in a combination of French and Flemish style distinguishing them from English houses and reminding us of the long-standing alliance with France against the "auld enemy of England". The gables are corbie-stepped in the manner so familiar in Holland and Flanders, project and

point at all angles, and not infrequently over-hang the pavements like a ship's stern. Add to this, the tall round night-cap towers, the steep roofs with their long chimneys, the numerous outside stairs, and you have the union of sublimity, quaintness, and soft charm which is Edinburgh's characteristic. There is nothing of the old wealth and power and cathedral grandeur which marks London; it is an effect at once homelier and more aesthetic.

If the City itself is a gem of rare price, it nestles in an appropriate casket. Had Edinburgh stood in the midst of hills, the long ridge and jutting crags would have been dwarfed and lost; placed as it is in an open landscape, Edinburgh is not only visible far and wide but commands a glorious view in every direction. Standing on the highest bastion of the Castle wall, facing southwards as the watchman on that bastion must often have done, you see the heather-clad Lammermoors lining the horizon, and on the south-west, if it be clear, far away in Galloway you will just make out the rounded cone of Tinto Tap. To the West, is the smiling wooded strath which stretches to Linlithgow, home of kings; to the East, the view is closed by Arthur's Seat, from which the British King is reputed to have watched the defeat of the Picts in the valley below. To the North at your very feet, the Forth, studded with sails and islands "like emeralds chased in gold", opens out to the sea along the white Fifeshire cliffs; and low against the north-western sky rise the blue Grampians, peak after peak,

"That like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

Over all broods the spirit of the past. It is impossible to imagine a city more haunted by history; even to the least imaginative, the sense that these old gray walls have looked down on strange, grim events, is irresistible. They tell no troubadour's tale of dainty squires and love-sick ladies dancing in gardens bright with may; nor is this the cloistral mood of dreaming spires that pervades Oxford. For nothing debonaire must you look on this stage of history; alone in all that story rises the gracious figure of Queen Mary with her winsome smile and gay jest; but the sunny girl-queen of the French Court was soon changed in the harsh antagonism of Scotland into an avenging fury, and a fury in the toils. The story of Edinburgh is one of reddest human passion, of masterless barons, ruthless kings, the clang of arms, the howl of an infuriated mob.

Every stone in Edinburgh has its story, they say, and it is almost literally true. Every step you take through the Old Town is over historic ground. The High Street and Canongate form perhaps the most historic street in Europe. In it or at the Castle and Palace which form its two ends, was enacted for centuries almost the whole of the feudal drama of Scotland. The City was the seat of kings, and this long street one string of baronial residences. Scott more than all the historians has charged city, streets, and houses with meaning. There is no national event from 1500 onwards in which Edinburgh played a foremost part that has not been conjured up before us by the Wizard of the North.

For Scott was national to the back-bone; his pride and boast was Scotland; his chief interest was Scottish life and history. Unlike Campbell, who sang the Mariners of England, he sang the deeds of Scotland. He never loses his individuality as a Scot in his nationality as a Briton. His patriotism speaks in every word he writes. When, for example, he

describes the fatal error at Flodden by which the English were able to inflict on the Scots a defeat as overwhelming as that which the Scots had inflicted on them at Bannockburn, one hears how, three centuries later, Scott's heart is bursting with passionate regret:

"Oh for one hour of Wallace Wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight
And cry — 'St. Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

He never submerged his Scottish point of view. It was "the harp of the North" the last Minstrel wished to awaken, and the good old times before "a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne" that he sang. To the end of his life Scott was unable to free himself entirely from the old Scottish antagonism to England. George IV, indeed, won his heart; but then George IV put on a kilt when he visited Edinburgh.

This intense love of country, however it might be in some respects a weakness, was Scott's poetic strength. It largely inspired the beauty and truth of his writings. He saw Scotland, even with the bodily eye, as nobody had ever seen it before. Whereas there had been before Scott no general taste for scenery even in Scotland, Burns for example ignoring the grand features of landscape for the humble daisy or timorous field-mouse, Scott is never tired of gazing at the straths and mountain-sides of his beautiful country, forgetting the detail in the bolder features. His heroes and heroines traverse the Highland glens or sail along the wild West Coast only as foreground figures in a canvas, to lend animation to the picture.

His strongly national feeling accounts also for his choice of subject. All the first novels and poetic romances originated in this feeling for Scottish scenery, life, and history; they were avowedly written to celebrate Scottish beauty and Scottish character. Only when he felt the need of variety, did he turn his eyes at last wider afield and repay the popularity which his Scottish romances had won in England and elsewhere by *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth* and *Quentin Durward*. Yet fine as these undeniably are, they occupy the second rank among the Waverley Novels. He was not at home either in foreign history, character, or scenery, as he was on his native heath. There is a convincing truth and actuality about his Scottish landscapes, Highland raids, Jeanie Deans' and Edie Ochiltrees, that is sometimes absent from his pictures of English parks and Norman crusaders. He knew these last only from books, by hearsay; they were part of his antiquarian museum. *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, on the other hand, will always appeal not by the ephemeral interest of adventure but by the humanness of the men and women, the whole-hearted humour and pathos, the vividness of the scenes, the unmistakable effect of truth. Here you have the people Scott lived among and belonged to with every fibre of his being, whose blood, tastes, and spirit he shared; here are the scenes he knew by personal experience and loved so passionately; here is the history on which every Scot is brought up as on his native brose and porridge. *Ivanhoe* is a simulacrum; *The Heart of Midlothian* is real life.

Yet it is no paradox to say that Scott's real theme was not life but history, not the beauty and sadness and folly in daily life as George Eliot and Dostoevsky shew them. Scott describes such things over his

shoulder, in haste to be with the big historical events and figures again. For his heroes and their loves he had notoriously only impatience and bundled them out of the way as often as he could. A mind preoccupied by life finds such phases of it too interesting for perfunctory treatment. It was not the romance of life, it was the romance of the past, Scott's mind ran on. He was interested in kings and clans, in astrologers and tournaments, less for themselves than as embodiments of bygone orders of society with picturesque characteristics, views, dress, and manners. He never looked forward; novels and Journal reveal but the slightest interest even in his own highly critical time; his mind lived in the past.

This is, as I have indicated, quite especially the case with the Scottish past. He was not only saturated with it, but felt as if he had himself played a part in it. He came of an old and noble Border stock. His ancestors were the Scotts of Harden and Branksome celebrated in border ballads like that of *Kinmont Willie*; one of them had suffered persecution as a Covenanter; while his great grandfather had been "out" with the Pretender in the rising of the '15, had been captured and nearly executed. Then again Scott as good as knew Rob Roy personally, for as a boy on his holiday visits to the Highlands he had often listened with delight to an old chief's description of his broadsword duel with the redoubtable outlaw. In Invernahyle's oft repeated account of his doings in the '45 and of his hiding in a cave after Culloden, he had lived the campaign through till he had only to put old Bradwardine and young Waverley in the chief's place to make a novel. Out of the exhaustless store of a vivid memory, he was able to summon back for us the old life of bygone centuries and to repeople the Edinburgh streets of the past, the palaces of kings and barons with their quondam inhabitants.

Many of the spots Scott has described exist to this day as he pictured them; almost all did when he wrote.

There is, first of all, at the foot of the Canongate, in the King's Park under the lion-shaped mass of Salisbury Crag, the weather-beaten old Palace of Holyrood with the roofless and ruined Abbey on the northern side from which it gets its name. You are in sanctuary here, for you are in the Abbey precincts and even at this day are safe from creditors — only there are no debtor's prisons to make it worth while. But Scott at the darkest crisis of his bankruptcy made plans to take refuge here and poor De Quincey actually did, from a wholly imaginary landlady.

No one can escape an instinctive feeling of reverence here, I should think, It is indeed "a veritable romance in stone and lime". In Queen Mary's time the wide space in front of the castellated façade in which the fountain plays, was the palace-yard, accessible from the town only by a vaulted and portcullissed gatehouse. Here Ronald Graeme and the old falconer entered on their way to the all-powerful Regent Moray, to be immediately caught in the net of faction and intrigue. This courtyard was then the busy antechamber of princes, and exhibited the motley crowd usual there, anxious suitors, ruffling soldiers in buff and steel, priests in cassock and mock humility, perhaps a serving man hurrying through or a messenger getting to horse in haste. It was by the private stair in the turret on the right that the young page was ushered into the great Regent's presence — a private stair of sinister memory. For it was here, just a year before, that Mary's jealous husband had admitted his fellow-conspirators to his wife's apartments in search of Rizzio, her secretary and favourite; and it was at the end of this

stair that, by the glare of torches, having dragged him screaming from the queen's skirts, they plunged their daggers into his body. It is said that Mary refused to allow the blood to be removed, that it "shulde remain as ane memoriall to quycken and confirm her revenge". But revenge begets revenge and the murder of her husband a few months later, whether she was privy to it or not, resulted in her ruin at Carberry Hill. She had to ride up the whole length of the Canongate on her way to prison, amid a populace reviling her with yells and execrations as the Babylonish woman and adulteress.

In the Canongate it was too that Ronald Graeme, amid his first bewilderment at the towering houses of the capital and the swarming crowd and bustle of the streets, became involved in the street fight which was to lead him to fame and fortune. A simple pretext was never wanting in the royal city of a country torn by a hundred bitter factions and feuds, since, as the gutters ran down the two sides of the street and the middle was raised, it became a point of honour with rival gentleman or their serving men when they came face to face to keep the "crown o' the causeway" and force the other party to "take the wall". Not far up the Canongate is Galloway's Entry, the actual lane down which young Graeme saw someone suspiciously like his lady-love disappear and after whose roguish eyes and twinkling ankles he sped with true page-like precipitation; while at the end of it, where now is Whitefoorde House, stood the court across which Catherine Seton "flashed like a hunted doe", and Lord Seton's mansion into which young Graeme pursued her.

The very next entry to this — did I not say that every stone in Edinburgh has its story? — is the White Horse Close, which you will find well worth your while to turn into. One of the quaintest of old hostels occupies the opposite side of the roomy paved quadrangle you enter on passing under the low archway from the Canongate. In the middle of the white-washed wall a broad flight of stairs leads to the first story, branching right and left on the landing to two picturesque porches which project like large dove-cots from the wall of the house. It was probably in a house at the entrance of this close that Clavers lodged his prisoner after the battle of Bothwell Bridge and from the window of which Morton saw the ominous procession of Covenanters pass up on their way to trial and torture. It was certainly in this hostel that the officers of Prince Charles' army, and among them Waverley, had their quarters.

A few steps further up on the other, the left, side of the street, your eye is caught by a peculiarly attractive mansion. It is clearly of more recent date than most of the historic buildings of Edinburgh, being in the dainty domestic style of the 17th century. The gate in particular with its pillars like long candle-extinguishers pleases with its simple grace. The point of historical interest, however, is the balcony, for this is Moray House and here one day the son of the Earl of Argyle was being married when word was brought to the banqueting-hall that the hereditary enemy of the Argyles was passing on his way to execution at the Cross. It was Montrose, the Great Marquis of Scott's novel; he had championed Charles I against Argyle when all seemed lost and in victory after victory over his rival had almost restored the king's fortunes. Now through the single error of a brilliant military career he was a prisoner in the hands of his mortal foe. Argyle's hour had come. He stepped out upon the balcony with the bridal party to gloat over his foe as he passed in the tumbrel below. But the Marquis' look was so calm and high that the party was baulked of its triumph.

Only a few years later and, with the frequent turn of the tide in those days, Argyle was to go the same way and die as heroic a death as his rival. Thus it was in Old Edinburgh.

Five minutes further up just outside where the old Netherbow Port used to be, Coutt's Close lies on the left, the traditional scene of the sinister incident on which Scott based Edmund's ballad in the fifth canto of *Rokeby*:

"And whither would you lead me, then?"
 Quoth the friar of orders gray;
 And the ruffians twain replied again,
 "By a dying woman to pray".

The incident was this. In the beginning of the 18th century when the houses of the Scottish nobles were still frequently the scenes of strange and lawless deeds, an eminent Edinburgh minister was called up late one night to attend a deathbed. He got into a sedan chair waiting at the door but was amazed when the bearers, who, he now noticed, were in livery, insisted on blindfolding him. He protested, but in the end gave way. After some time the chair was borne upstairs into a lodging and when the bandage was removed the minister found himself in a bedroom in which lay a beautiful young woman with a new-born child by her side. He was ordered to say the prayers for the dying and no heed was paid to his objection that the lady seemed to have every chance of recovery. Having with difficulty acquitted himself of his task he was once more blindfolded and carried out in the chair but was not more than halfway downstairs when he heard the report of a pistol. Arrived home, he was warned to make no allusion to anything he had seen or heard or it would cost him his life. After a night of troubled slumber, he was aroused by the news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of a well-known family at the head of the Canongate — in fact in Coutt's Close — and that not only the entire mansion had been destroyed but the beautiful and accomplished daughter had perished in the flames. Not till many years after did the timid clergyman divulge his suspicions of the real meaning of the fire.¹⁾

Crossing the site of the Netherbow Port, you see the picturesque pile of gables and overhanging windows which (there is considerable evidence to prove) was John Knox's manse. It has been renovated and restored but remains substantially the same as in Knox's day. Is it by chance or is it of set purpose that Scott, (though he gives a picture of a Calvinist in *The Monastery*) has nowhere introduced the great reformer into his works? One can hardly believe it chance; Knox bulked as largely as Queen Mary herself in the history of the time. But Scott's artistic feeling and political sympathies were enlisted on the royal side. Though the man admitted Mary's faults, the novelist and Jacobite was her partisan. The absence from his works, however, of so eminent and dramatic a figure is regrettable.

Beyond Knox's house you are immediately in the thick of historic life. Right in front of you the Gothic pile with its fine lantern tower is St. Giles, where tradition has it that Jenny Geddes one Sunday in 1637 flung her cutty-stool at the minister for attempting to read Laud's Prayer-Book, and so set alight the conflagration of the Civil War. Behind it is the Advocates' Library well known for its treasures to scholars who, while

¹⁾ Scott's *Note* to ballad in the *Poetical Works*, 1869, p. 371.

curiously turning over the pages of the original MS. of *Waverley* which lies here, would perhaps be surprised to learn that the very hall in which they sit, was the torture chamber of the Bloody Council in the terrible Killing Time of 1680. Here it was that Henry Morton appeared before his judges and witnessed the application of the boot to one of his less fortunate fellow-prisoners.

Just above this again, close beside the cathedral, was the Tolbooth, the ill-famed city jail. Only a stone in the pavement now marks where it stood ; every vestige of the building has long disappeared, the doorway alone being preserved at Abbotsford to do duty as the kitchen gate. For Scott had an interest in that door. Had he not immortalized it in perhaps the finest chapters he ever penned, those in which he described the act of rude justice performed one wild night by the Edinburgh mob ? Just beyond, down the steep lane under the Castle Rock, is the actual spot of the Porteous-hanging in the Grassmarket, a place already notorious for the witch-burnings and the sufferings of the Saints.

We are almost at the end of our pilgrimage. For as we return up the steep ascent to the Lawnmarket, we find ourselves close to the Castle-yard and about that rock-born fortress Scott has, by a curious chance, nothing to tell us. But directly facing us is one of the most interesting and best preserved closes in all the town. You will go through the entry all unwitting and unexpectant and stand amazed to find yourself in a fine court facing night-cap towers which would do justice to a baronial castle. Perhaps too a little voice at your knee will begin to pipe the moment you stand still : "Please, sir, this is where Leddy Stair lived and Sir Samuel Johnston stayed here in 1673 and in 1796 Robbie Burns lived up thae stairs on the third flat." For you cannot stop in an Edinburgh street without some ragged urchin instantly volunteering a string of misinformation for a penny. This is indeed Lady Stair's Close though Johnson did not live here but in Boswell's house in the neighbouring close, previously David Hume's. Burns lived up the turnpike stair here in 1786 ; and what is more, Dick Steele too somewhere hereabouts nearly a century before gave his famous supper to the Edinburgh caddies,¹⁾ who, he declared, had given him more fun with their sayings and doings than could be derived from the drollest of comedies.

But it is the turreted house occupying the whole back of the close that is connected with Scott, the house of the Countess of Stair. For she was the heroine of the incident told in *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*,²⁾ though Scott has for once done justice neither to her character nor to the possibilities of the story. It related to the Countess' first marriage as a mere girl to Viscount Primrose. The Viscount, a rake of the first water, after treating her with great cruelty and even attempting to murder her, at last deserted her. She heard nothing of him for years ; till, a foreign magician coming to Edinburgh who professed to be able to disclose the whereabouts of absent friends, she determined to have recourse to his art. One evening, disguised, she called at the Italian's lodging, was bidden look closely into a large mirror, and there she seemed to see a marriage progressing in what was obviously a foreign church. The bridegroom, she instantly saw, was her husband. As she looked, the ceremony was suddenly interrupted by the hurried entrance of a man in whom she recognized her brother, then abroad

¹⁾ The ragged messengers of the city, not yet associated with golf.

²⁾ *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

on military service; and with that the scene faded from the mirror, leaving her in great agitation and doubt. On her brother's return some time after, Lady Primrose found out that all had happened as she had seen, her brother being just in time to stop her husband's scoundrelly union with a Rotterdam heiress.

In the outskirts of Edinburgh there is much more connected with Scott's writings. We might go to Ravelstone House in the northwest and see the original of Tully Veolan's loopholed towers and terraced gardens. A little further in the same direction, we might try if they still have such excellent claret at the Old Hawes Inn on the Forth at South Queensferry where the Antiquary alighted with his mysterious young friend. Or we might strike out for a stiff tramp in the opposite direction to the back of Salisbury Crag where Jeanie Deans' cottage may still be seen, with the garden and stone seats which play their parts in *The Heart of Midlothian*; as well as the gruesome scene of Jeanie's midnight meeting with her sister's lover, at Muschat's Cairn close by.

That however would take us too far afield. Here, in the Lawnmarket and Canongate, the glamour Sir Walter has cast over us is most potent. There is no doubt that much of the romance of Edinburgh emanates from Scott's genius alone. Who now would think of Bonnie Dundee, if Scott had not immortalised him in a fine novel and finer song? Who nowadays would remember Rob Roy? Bonnie Prince Charlie himself and even Mary Queen of Scots would probably have been half forgotten if Scott had not reinvested them with tragic interest. I wonder if Burns would have been known so widely if Scott had not drawn all eyes to Scotland in the succeeding generation. So too Edinburgh would, even to those who feel a sentiment for her on other grounds, have been unquestionably devoid of much of the magic she now possesses if Scott had never animated her wynds and closes with his romantic figures and scenes.

He gave to the city however no figure so interesting as his own. For many of us Edinburgh would lack one of its chief charms if it lacked the memory of Scott's own life there. He was born in the very midst of the old-world town, within ten minutes of the Netherbow Port and John Knox's house, and as a boy knew the city almost as it had been in royal days. That is a point worth remembering. For him Edinburgh then consisted still of the one long street running down from the Castle to Holyrood, with the Cowgate running parallel to it in the southern valley below. The "palaces" of the nobles, as their mansions were euphemistically called, still stood; the Old Tolbooth still reared its grim face in the High Street; the obnoxious City Watch or "Town Rats" still went their rounds and announced the official close of day by tuck of drum.

Even during Scott's youth, however, the Old Town had burst its bounds. The evils arising from the unspeakably congested condition of life there had at last wrought their own cure. First of all a new quarter was built to the south, and Scott's father, alarmed by the death of his children, went to stay in George Square, the most fashionable part of it. It is this square that figures in *Redgauntlet* as the home of the Fairfords. Then a little later, the New Town proper sprang up on the opposite side of the city, in every sense the antithesis of the Old Town — like a mail-clad warrior and a smug mercer. Here you have broad rectilinear streets, spacious squares, and in the place of towering "lands" and medieval gables, houses "within themselves", as they then called self-contained houses, in the solid Georgian style.

Thus there was in Scott's later life as today a double town — the New

Town consisting of modern houses and streets and occupied mostly by the better classes; and the old romantic Edinburgh sunk to a rabbit warren of dirty mean alleys. Gone from it are the days of splendour. Where once a lord lived, is now the hovel of a porter or a sweep; a Lord Justice Clerk's house is now the salesroom of a rousing - wife. The old houses, the old streets are there but as the sarcophagus of the brilliant past.

The New Town received its consecration. Here Scott began his married life, taking his pretty young wife to 39 Castle Street, the pleasant four-storied house with the Georgian bow windows and the striking view across the valley to the citadel on its crag. It still stands as when Scott occupied it. This is "poor No. 39", as he sorrowfully called it on that mournful day in 1826 when a ticket of sale appeared in the window. This was Scott's home. It is difficult to feel any sentiment for Abbotsford. That was his show-place, his museum. But this was the house intimately associated with all the sunshine and shadow of his wonderful career; here was "the cosy fireside" so often mentioned by friends in their letters; and here Charlotte and he — still only the Sheriff, not the great poet — had the brethren of the Mountain or his fellow hussars to cosy suppers. Here was the magician's cell where the wizard wrought most of his wonders, from *The Lay* down to *Woodstock*. Here were those delightful Sunday evening dinners to which only intimate friends were asked — the dinners "without the silver dishes" as Scott used to call them — and at which he was at his best. It was here that he came to pass the blackest hours of his life when he thought himself even in danger of prison. No house in Edinburgh, not even Holyrood, excites more varied emotions of pride and sorrow than this.

The student of literature who is also the student of human nature, sees that Scott was not only a great writer but a great man. He is one of the two or three great figures in English literature who, we feel, were bigger than their books; whose characters and lives were more complete, spacious, impressive. One thinks immediately of Philip Sydney and Dr. Johnson; and Scott had much kinship with Sydney. Though devoid of all celestial aspirations, he had the golden knightliness. There is much imperfection in Scott's writings; I do not know that one would wish anything added to or taken from his character. His biography is his greatest work. His robustness, high spirits, humour, courtesy, and cheerful helpfulness are finer than anything of their kind in the novels. He created no hero comparable to himself. If we regret his business negligence for the heavy sorrow it brought upon him, it was part and parcel of his large-hearted nobility. If we regret that the man who brought sunshine into so many lives, was not himself granted a golden sunset to his days, that awful calamity, which meant that he had to begin life anew at fifty-five, brought out the courage to endure and resolution to overcome as nothing else could. We should not have known all his greatness otherwise. Nothing in all literature surpasses the manner in which Scott lifted his head to meet the blow. Beyond all doubt he is Edinburgh's greatest citizen — honoured not only as the *genius loci* whose spirit pervades every close and wynd, but for himself. No one has ever met with such veneration or possessed such authority among his townfolk. On the occasion of George IV's visit to Edinburgh in 1822, Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, walked through the crowded streets in Scott's company. He afterwards gave this description of the experience. "On the day on which his Majesty was to pass from Holyrood House, Sir Walter proposed to me to accompany him up the High Street, to see whether the arrangements were completed. I said to him: 'You are trying a dangerous

experiment. You will never get through in privacy'. He said: 'They are entirely absorbed in loyalty.' But I was the better prophet: he was recognised from the one extremity of the street to the other, and never did I see such an instance of national devotion' expressed.'" When the city, amid universal approval, erected in Princes Street the delicate Gothic pinnacle of white marble canopying the statue of Scott in his plaid and with his staghound at his feet, it was the recognition of what Scott meant for her in his daily walk and conversation as well as of what he was to the wider world through his books.

J. A. FALCONER.

The Surrey Dialect in the XIIIth Century.

In Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* there is a small collection of charters which Kemble, in Vol. VI, p. XVII, describes as 'A register on vellum of the Charters of Chertsey Monastery, Surrey'. The title of the MS. is Cott. Vitellius A. XIII. I enquired of the authorities in the MS. Department of the British Museum their opinion as to the age of the MS., and Mr. J. P. Gilson informs that on p. 77 of the volume is a document dated 15 May 1259, which is in the same hand as the Charters with which I am now concerned. In Mr. Gilson's opinion, the character of the handwriting points to a date very little later than that just mentioned — say 1259—1280.

The following are the Nos. of the Charters in Kemble: — 151, 222 (in Vol. III); 812, 844, 848, 849, 850, 856 (in Vol. IV); 986, 987, 988 (in Vol. V).

Nos. 844, 848, 849, 850, are in English; No. 987 is in Latin, but has the boundaries in English, and this Charter is the most important of all, since we have here two and a half pages of English which, while being slightly archaic in spelling, as is natural, seeing that it is apparently based upon an older model, nevertheless makes the impression of exhibiting the language of the latter half of the 13th century pretty faithfully. The Latin Charters in the collection contain several Surrey Pl. Names which offer important criteria of dialect.

In an article recently published, in Vol. VI of *Essays and Studies* (Oxford 1921) I discussed (pp. 139—142) the dialect of the ME. poem *The Owl and the Nightingale*, and arrived at the view, purely on linguistic grounds, that we have here a fairly pure specimen of the West Surrey dialect of the period. This result is reached partly by a process of elimination whereby the easterly areas on the one hand, and the more extreme westerly areas on the other, are excluded by the application of linguistic tests which, so far as our knowledge now goes, seem to be reliable; partly also from a comparison of the main dialectal features of O. & N. with what information concerning the Surrey dialect was available.

The Surrey sources which I used for the purposes of comparison were the O. E. Surrey Charter of 871—889 printed in Sweet's *Oldest English Texts* pp. 451 etc., and in Kemble II, p. 120 etc., and M. E. forms of Surrey Place Names.

So far as the chief phonological tests are concerned, the O. E. Surrey Charter and O. & N. agree very largely, and the differences which exist — e. g. [ē] for O. E. æ² (*dēle*, etc.) in O. & N. as against [ē] in the Charter, may be explained from the fact that the former, for reasons presently to be

mentioned, was attributed to West Surrey, while the Charter belongs to East Surrey, and not unnaturally has some features in common with Kentish which disappear as we go further west.

The credit of calling attention to the important additional information concerning the Surrey dialect of approximately the same date as the *Owl and Nightingale*, which is found in the Chertsey Chartulary, belongs entirely to Miss Serjeantson of the University of Liverpool. Miss Serjeantson had already discovered an important point connected with the treatment of O.E. *eo* in Surrey which enabled me with some confidence to locate the dialect of O. & N. in West Surrey. This point, as we shall see, is now further confirmed by the fresh evidence which she has discovered.

The two special points which I asked Miss Serjeantson to investigate further were the treatment of O.E. *ȳ* in Surrey, and the treatment of O.E. *eo*. As regards the first point it appeared from my investigation on the subject published in *E. St.* Vol. 47 (1913), that Surrey was mainly what I called an 'u-area' (i. e. one which O.E. *ȳ* was written *u* in M.E.) with a small sprinkling of *i*-spellings, but no *e*-forms. Now O. & N. always writes *u* in *cunne*, *sunne*, *cunde*, etc., but in spite of the dozens of *u*-spellings there are two or three instances where words thus spelt are made to rhyme with words that can only have had *ē* in O. & M.E. Thus *cunde*-*schende* 273, *worse*-*m(er)she* 303, *mankunne*-*þenne* 1725, *wrste*, 'worst' 121 rh. — *berste*. These rhymes make it certain that the poet was at least acquainted with the *e*-forms. In spite of my place-name results I was not disposed, on the strength of these few rhymes, to rule Surrey out. Still less was I disposed to admit that the poem was composed in an *e*-area, and written out by a scribe from an *u*-area who had altered all the spellings from *e* to *u*, though he was unable to alter the rhymes. *Bihedde* 102 rh. *bredde* may possibly stand for O.E. *behȳdde* 'hid'; in which case we should have another example of *e* in O. & N. Miss Serjeantson's new material proved conclusively that Surrey was overwhelmingly an *u*-area, but contributed the fresh information that the *e*-forms were not unknown, since a faint sprinkling of them actually occurs in the Chertsey Chartulary. Thus this point is set at rest, and as regards these particular forms, the dialect of O. & N. agrees with that of the other Surrey documents of the same date.

The second point is to some extent bound up with the first. In O. & N. line 849 we find (in Cotton MS.) *mankunne* rhyming with *honne*, while the Jesus MS. writes *cunne*-*heonne* in the same passage. In 863 Cott. writes *sunne*, 'sin', and rhymes it with *honne*. Again, in the same place MS. Jesus writes *sunne*-*heonne*. The same rhyme is found in both MSS. in 65. In l. 311, the MSS. write *rorde* and *reorde*, 'voice', respectively. How are we to interpret these *o*, *eo* spellings? If we believe that the dialect of the poet had [y], written *u*, for O.E. *y*, we shall assume [hynne, ryrd]; if we believe that he spoke an *e*-dialect, then clearly we must pronounce [henne] to rhyme with [kenne, senne], and [rērd]. Here again Miss Serjeantson came to the rescue at the time my former article was being written. She found a M.E. Surrey Pl. N. *Hurtmere*, in which the first element was clearly O.E. *Heorot*. This place is near Guildford, and the form with *u* (in *Feudal Aids* V. p. 127) established at least a probability that this characteristic treatment of O.E. *eo* extended at least as far west as this part of Surrey. I accepted this evidence at the time as confirming that of the rhymes in O. & N. Miss Serjeantson has now further confirmed the existence of the *u* (for *eo*) forms in Surrey by pointing out three more, in independent words in the Chertsey Chartulary

— *nuðer* for O.E. *neoðor* and *binuðe* (twice) for O.E. *be-neoðan*. Further, she has found four examples of *Hurtmere*, one of *Hortespole*, all in Surrey documents of the 13th century quoted in the *Calender of Ancient Deeds*, and one *Hurteswode* (Surrey) in *Calender of Inquisitions* of K. Edw. II, p. 248. To these may be added, representing *eo*, *frondliche* and *infangenðuef* Chertsey Ch. No. 848.

It comes to this then: if *O. & N.* were written by a Surrey poet *cunne*, *brugge*, etc. would be the normal forms and spellings; further he would also be acquainted with the pronunciation [y] for O.E. *eo*, might write *u* or *o* in words containing this vowel, and might also rhyme such words with others containing O.E. *y*. The poet of *O. & N.* does both of these things. On the other hand it by no means follows that in Surrey [ȳ] was the only current pronunciation for O.E. *eo*. It is merely claimed that this form was in occasional use there.

A few details will show the agreement of the language of the Chertsey Ch. with that of *O. & N.*

I include in the following lists both Pl. Ns. which exhibit the M.E. development of O.E. vowels, and independent words.

1) To begin with O.E. *ȳ*. I find in the Chartulary 26 *u*-forms in all: — *brugge* eight times; *Waigebrugge* (2), *Weibrugge* (1), *Woburnbrugge* (1), *Mimbrugge* (2), *brugge* (2); *hurst* three times: *Wuhurst* (1), *Hasulhurst* (2); *griðbruche* (4); *hulle* (1); *mulle* (2); *munstre* (3); *muchel* (2); *rugge-strate* (1); — *buri* (2) *Aldeburi*, *Ealdeburi*. The only *i*-forms are *Weybrigga* (2). It may be noted that *O. & N.* has *bugge* 'buy' rh. *ofligge* 1506, and *pinche* Cott. 46, *pinchest* 578 C. & J., etc., showing unrounding before front cons. The only *e*-forms are *wertwalen* 'roots', and *menechene* 'nun'. *Cherche* occurs once, but it is doubtful whether we ought to include it here.

O.E. *ȳ* occurs thirteen times with *u*: — *ich cūde*, *kūde* (4); *Fischuðe* (1); *Glenthūde* (2); *Wheleshūde* (2), *Wealeshūde* (2); *to ðare huðe* (2). The *i*-spellings are *gelitlað* (1), *ilitlade* (1); *kīde* (1). Note that *O. & N.* has *lītel* by the side of *lūtel*. There are no *e*-forms.

2) Fracture of O.E. *ǣ* before *l* + cons.

The old Surrey Ch. has an absence of fracture in *haldan*, *halde*, *half*. The Chertsey Ch. agrees with this in having, *Chaluedune*, *alle*, *westhalf*, *Aldeburi*, but has also traces of fractured forms — *eald*, *helden* (Subj. Pl.), *helden* (Inf.), *onwealde*, *Ealdeburi*, *Cealfdune*. *O. & N.* generally has unfractured forms: — *hōlde* etc., *half*, *salve*, *bōlde*, etc., but has at least two fractured forms — *bēlde* 1715 (both MSS.), and *iweld(e)*, 'responsibility, power' 1543, both MSS.

3) O.E. *ǣ*. Chertsey Ch. has generally a front vowel — *weteres*, *herefterward*, *knepe* 'hillock', but also *ðat*, *at*. The old Ch. generally has *e*. *O. & N.* certainly shows a vastly preponderating number of *a*-forms, but has *wes*. This may however be an unstressed form. MS. J. has *qued* 1177, 1729, etc., where Cott. has *cwað*. Both MSS. have *e* in *zef*, *yef* 'gave', Pret. S. 1176.

4) O.E. *æ*¹. The evidence is not very clear. The old Ch. always writes *e*; Chertsey has *stræte*, *strete*, also *strate*, *made* (O.E. *mæd*), *ðare*, *rade*, on which spellings see Heuser, *Alt London* p. 34, and Luick, *Hist. Gr.* § 362.

In shortened forms both *Stretham* and *Stratham* occur. The evidence from *O. & N.* is also not at all conclusive (see *Essays and Studies* VI, p. 142), but Chertsey would appear to have both tense and slack forms. The quality of the representative of *æ*¹ in *O. & N.* remains an open question.

5) O.E. *æ*². In Chertsey such spellings as — *imere* 'boundaries', *erest*,

ærest, *hēde*, 'heath', *Clenedone* (now *Clandon*) are not very enlightening. The evidence from *O. & N.* points to a slack vowel. *Brēde* 'breadth' rh. *stēde* 965-6; the spellings *sea*, *teache*, *neauer*, may be noted.

6) O.E. *ēō*. The evidence for [y] spelt *u*, occurring in Chertsey, in other Surrey documents, and in *O. & N.* has already been given.

7) O.E. *ēā-i*. It is often difficult to find examples of the small group of words containing this vowel (long or short) in charters and Pl. Ns. Fortunately Chertsey contains a typical form of O.E. (W.S.) *flyman* — 'fugitive' — and it occurs three times: *flemnesfremde* No. 848, *flēmenesfremde* No. 349, and *flemenformð* No. 850. There appear to be no examples of this vowel in the old Surrey Charter, but the short vowel is written *e* — *erfe*. *O. & N.* has *derne*, *cherde* for the short vowel, and for the long invariably *ē* — *ihere*, etc., rh. *fere* 223, *ilefde*, 'believed', *teme* inf. rh. *breme* Cott. 499, *ēche* inf. rh. *iseche* 741, C. & J., etc.

The *e*-pronunciation as against the W.S. *y* (M.E. *ui*, *u*), is thus definitely established by the rhymes, and should dispose of the antiquated view that *O. & N.* was originally written in the Dorset dialect. Had this been so, we should have had the typical W.S. spellings and rhymes. It is hard to come by authentic M.E. documents from Dorset, but the Pl. Ns. of that county have *Stupel* — for W.S. *stiepel*, *stypel*, as we should expect.

8) Initial *u* (*v*) for *f*. In Chertsey Ch. we have *uiuen* 'five', *uiftene* fifteen, *uinde* 'find'. This spelling is extremely common in *O. & N.*

9) Present Participle. Chertsey has *strecchinde*, *goinde* (three times), *stindind*. This is the regular ending in *O. & N.*

10) Past Participle. The prefix *ge-*, *i-* is the rule in strong and weak verbs in Chertsey. The same is true of *O. & N.* The ending of the P.P. is generally *-e* in *O. & N.*, *-en* being much rarer.

In Chertsey Ch. the typical *-e* is found, though *-en* occurs more commonly, doubtless on the model of O.E.

In this brief account of the dialectal features of this collection of Surrey Charters, enough has perhaps been said to show that they furnish us with valuable information respecting the dialect of that county in the middle of the 13th century. Allowing for the archaisms in spelling and inflexions inseparable from such documents, we have still an important body of linguistic facts which are characteristic of the dialect of the age.

The agreements exhibited above between the English of the Charters and that of *Owl and Nightingale* can hardly be purely fortuitous. If not, they point to very close linguistic affinity, and support the view taken that the poem, as it stands, is in a form of the Surrey dialect of the period to which it belongs.

Merton College, Oxford.
February 1921.

HENRY CECIL WYLD.

Critical Contributions to English Syntax.

VIII.

The Aspects of the Infinitive and Participle.

The term *aspect* is not so common in English grammar but that it may be useful to explain it. It is the translation of a term used in Slavonic grammar to denote the character of a verbal form in so far as it expresses whether the action is looked upon in its entirety, whether with repetition or not, or as momentaneous.

The Germanic languages usually have no forms to express different aspects. But this does not prevent speakers of these languages from being conscious of such differences. And occasionally there are forms that serve, partly or exclusively, to express differences of aspect.

In imitation of Slavonic grammar we chiefly distinguish an *imperfective* and *perfective* aspect. The imperfective verbs or verbal forms may be used to express repetition: the *frequentative* aspect. In the case of perfective verbs attention may be concentrated on the beginning of the action: the *inchoative* aspect, or on its final stage: the *terminative* or *effective* aspect.

The difference between imperfective and perfective is soonest understood when the two aspects are contrasted. An imperfective aspect is generally expressed by *to sit*, a perfective by *to sit down*: *he sat in a corner of the room*; *he sat down in a corner of the room*.

The imperfective aspect necessarily implies duration; hence it is often called the *durative* aspect. The perfective aspect considers the action with regard to its completion¹⁾, hence it is also called the *momentaneous* aspect.

Perfectivity is often expressed in English by adding an adverb: *to sit down*, *to sit up (in bed)*, *to sink down*, *to burn down*, *to lie down*, *to stand up*, *to drive away*. These groups are semi-compounds.

Composition is a frequent means of making a verb perfective in Dutch; compare the simple verb and its compound in the following cases: *uitlezen*, *opeten*, *inslikken*, *uitspuwen*, *verhoren*, *inschrijven*, etc. A translation of the Dutch words will show that English sometimes uses different words, in other cases uses one verb for both aspects. Thus *opeten* would often be rendered by *to finish*, *eten* by *to eat*; *inschrijven* by *to enter*, *schrijven* by *to write*; *uitlezen* by *to finish*, *lezen* by *to read*. On the other hand both *slikken* and *inslikken* are to swallow: *It hurts me to swallow (slikken)*, and *Baby will swallow the ball if you don't take it away (inslikken)*.

Other examples of pairs, one imperfective, the other perfective, are the following:

Imperfective

to live
to strike
to say
to hold

Perfective

to settle
to hit
to tell
to seize

It may also help the student to become familiar with the differences of aspect if some examples are added of the same verb expressing the two aspects in different contexts.

¹⁾ Not as completed. The perfective aspect should not be mixed up with the perfect tense.

1. (Imperf.). We call a man blind when he cannot see.
(Perf.). I see what you mean.
2. (Imperf.). We call a man deaf when he cannot hear.
(Perf.). I did not hear what you said.
3. I have thought (imperf.) of your proposal, but I don't think (perf.) it a practicable plan.
4. (Imperf.). He knows English very well.
(Perf.). I wonder how he should have known us for Americans.

The frequentative (or iterative) aspect is quite clear in *After dinner sit a while, after supper walk a mile*. Also in *we dine at one on Sunday*.

Sometimes a verb is used to express the inchoative aspect; such are *to catch sight of*, *to take possession of*. Very often, however, it is the context only that shows us that the inchoative aspect is meant, as in the following sentence with *to know*.

When I first knew him, during my engagement to my husband, he had just practically — though not formally — given up his orders. Mrs. Humphrey Wood, *Harper's Magaz.*, May 1918.

We sometimes find verbs with no other function than that of indicating the aspect of the following infinitive: such verbs may be called auxiliaries of aspect. This is very clear in the case of *will* when used to express repetition, but there are other verbs that are occasionally used as auxiliaries of aspect. Thus *to come* often expresses the inchoative aspect, also *to fall*.

The reproach of being a nation of mere imitators has been so frequently directed against the Japanese that it has come to be regarded as a truth specially applicable in their case.

One night during this last illness that had brought him down he fell thinking of Zimbabwe and the lost cities of Africa.

Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 9, § 3.

It is naturally impossible in some cases to decide whether we have a verb of full meaning or an auxiliary. Thus *to keep* might be called an auxiliary of iteration when construed with a gerund: *He kept changing his plans*. And *to continue*, *to begin* may often be called auxiliaries too, respectively of the imperfective (durative) and the inchoative aspect.

Up to now we have only discussed the aspects as far as they can be deduced from the meaning of the verbs. Such differences, however, concern the lexicographer rather than the grammarian. But it is of grammatical importance that English has special forms to express distinctions of aspect.

The chief of these forms is the progressive. Another case is that of the verbs in *-le* and *-re* expressing the frequentative aspect, as in *crackle*, *prattle*, *sparkle*, *clamber*, *glitter*, *slumber*. But these verbs are not formed with a living suffix, so that we ought rather to say that the aspect is expressed by a special verb (*to crack* and *to crackle*, etc.). We have a living suffix denoting the inchoative aspect in *toadden*, *toadden*. But this suffix is also used in other functions, so that the inchoative aspect is clear from the context only, or proceeds from the meaning of the verb, not from its form. We might also look upon reduplication as a means of expressing the frequentative aspect, as in *to fiddle-fiddle*, *to pitter-patter*.

All these formations, however, with the exception of the progressive, are too occasional to be called formations expressing aspect.

It is the purpose of this note to consider the aspects expressed by the infinitive and participle. The best way will be to compare the cases when

both verbal forms are possible and to examine the difference, if any; and further to consider the cases where one form only is possible and to find out the reason for this.

It is well-known that in some constructions both the infinitive with *to* and the participle are possible. Both the (active) infinitive and the present participle are used with an accusative¹⁾ after *to see, hear, feel; to have, find, know, set*, and a few others. The following examples are instructive.

After lunch they walked to the Parks to watch Alan playing for the Varsity.
Sinister Street, p. 704.

Michael watched very carefully Alan's meeting with Stella, watched Alan's face fall when he saw her beside Maurice and marked how nervously he fidgeted with his gloves.
id., on the same page.

We heard the dog barking loudly, and ran to the place as quick as we could . . . The next moment we again heard the dog bark, and when we came up to him, we found, etc.
Sweet, Spoken English, p. 55.

He had seen her twice; he had rather liked a short speech of five sentences she made at a Flower Show, and he had heard her being extremely rude to a curate.
Wells, Joan and Peter, ch. 5, § 1.

It was so funny that it set me thinking afresh.

H. James, Sacred Fount, ch. 2, p. 21.

Martial set himself to amuse Rome. *Times Lit.* 18/3, 20.

"No," said Bags. "I don't want to give you three with a racquet-handle, as we made it up last night. And I don't want you turning everything upside down in my cubicle."
Benson, Blaise, ch. p. 46.

When we consider the durative function of the participle in the progressive, it is easy to see that it has the same function in the accusative with participle construction. The infinitive, on the other hand, is perfective; or, as the Oxford Dictionary s. v. *see* expresses it, the infinitive is used in this construction to imply that the subject can 'give testimony as to the fact or the manner of the action'.

In accordance with the progressive aspect expressed by the participle, this construction does not only express duration (*a*) but also frequent repetition (*b*).

a. We saw a tall gentleman standing looking at us intently and silently. So off we went again through the wood, while we heard the gentleman shouting: "Stop there, stop!"
Sweet, Spoken Engl., p. 61.

Oftentimes in winter, when no doors or windows were open, I have seen the glass panes streaming with wet inside, and women carried out fainting.

Rutherford, Autobiogr., p. 8.

b. We shall have the young men coming to dinner pretty often, you'll see.

Gaskell, Wives, II, p. 19.

We saw the doves and starlings going in and out the tower, and the black swifts screaming round it.

Sweet, Spoken English, p. 58.

As the different aspects have no regular special forms in English, the feeling for them is not very strong. Hence it will be useful to see if the explanation given above is supported by those verbs that take an accusative-and-infinitive only.

The chief verbs that take an accusative-and-infinitive with *to* only, and not a present participle, are those expressing command: *to order, persuade, get*. Of the verbs with an accusative-and-infinitive without *to*, the following never take a present participle: *to let, make, bid, help*, and *to have* when it means 'to cause'. It is significant that all these verbs express the influence exerted by a person upon another in order to obtain a result. It is evident that such verbs naturally take a perfective form like the infinitive, not a durative (progressive) present participle.

¹⁾ i. e. the oblique case of a personal pronoun or the common case of a noun or other than personal pronoun.

All the verbs that can take an accusative with infinitive or present participle can also be construed with an accusative and past participle. Some verbs can take either a passive infinitive (with *to*) or a past participle after the accusative. This applies not only to those that can take an active infinitive with *to* as well as a present participle (*to like, want, wish; to fancy, imagine*), but also to the verbs of command that can take an accusative with infinitive (with *to*) like *to order*.

The first question that rises is again: what is the difference, if any, between the construction with the passive infinitive and the one with the past participle.

If we compare two sentences like *I wish the thing to be done* and *I wish the thing done*, it is clear that there is some difference. In the former case (*to be done*) the action is looked on with respect to its beginning in the future, in the second (*done*) the action is rather looked upon as completed in the future. In other words, the passive infinitive is *inchoative*, the past participle is *terminative*.

As in the case of the infinitive and present participle we must now examine why some verbs require one construction. For the past participle only is found after the object of the verbs that can be construed with an accusative and active infinitive without *to* (*to see, hear, feel, etc.; to have 'experience', to find, to know*), further after *to get*, and after *to have* meaning 'to cause' and *to make*.

It is important to note that after *to get* the passive infinitive is not used, but only the past participle. For it is clear that in this case the participle is obligatory because it expresses the *terminative* (or effective) aspect. The same explanation will account for the other cases.

When the durative aspect must be expressed the compound participle can be used.

She foresaw inquiries being made concerning her.

Bennett, *Old W. Tale*, IV, ch. 1, § 4.

I like to see Lady Diana Duff-Cooper being applauded when she appears in the stalls.

Observer, 31/10, '20.

In one case the passive infinitive (without *to*) is regularly found: after *to let*. Occasionally, if rarely, the same construction is used with *to bid*. Neither of the two can take the past participle.

In his busiest days Alfred found time to learn the old songs of his race by heart, and bade them be taught in the palace-school.

Green, *Short Hist.*, p. 51.

The only verbs remaining are *to set* and *to help*. These never take an object with a passive form, naturally.

In these remarks it has not been attempted to give a complete treatment of aspect in Modern English. It would be useful to compare the infinitive and the gerund in this respect. But I hope that enough has been said to convince the reader that the idea of aspects may be made fruitful in the discussion of the structure of present-day English in spite of the difficulty of the distinction in many cases.

E. KRUSINGA.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. Negotiations are in progress with the three great Universities in the South of England, for the provision of facilities for Dutch students to attend courses in English literature and history during term time.

The Committee have asked the directors of English studies in the Dutch Universities whether a testimonial of attendance of such courses would be recognized in the examinations for the Dutch degrees and certificates, and they have been assured that this point would receive careful consideration.

Pending the further elaboration of the plan, it is requested that those who desire to attend such a course, should communicate with Mr. R. W. Zandvoort, 14 Groenestraat, Nijmegen, stating how many terms they could undertake to stay in England, and to which of the three Universities (London, Oxford, Cambridge) they would preferably go. Applicants should possess the A - certificate in English. It is essential that applications be made at an early date, as the approximate number of students must be known before a definite arrangement can be arrived at.

Syllabus and particulars about the cost of living, fees charged, etc. will be forwarded to applicants in due course. It is expected that the total expenditure will not exceed the average amount required for residence at a Dutch University.

The Rev. W. R. Flex, French master at Dulwich College, will lecture on *Oxford College Life and Public School Life* before the following branches: Haarlem, April 12th; Amsterdam, 13th; Groningen 14th; Utrecht 15th; and on *The History of Harrow School* before the Rotterdam branch on April 16th.

Mr. Walter de la Mare's lectures were greatly appreciated by all his hearers who had served their discipline to English literature and who were able to concentrate for the better part of an evening on a discourse compact of superior critical judgment and a fine poetic temperament. To say that they were a popular success would be untrue. The 'general public' found the lectures difficult to follow; and Mr. de la Mare was the first to sympathise with them. "Well, suppose a Dutchman lectured to an English audience" It should be added, however, that the Rotterdam lecture on *Christina Rossetti* was an unqualified success, and that *Magic in Poetry* did not miss its appeal to the students of the Amsterdam and Utrecht Universities. The English Association i. H. may take pride in having had a poet and critic like Walter de la Mare on its panel. The very fact is worth a 'popular' failure or two.

The hon. secretary will be glad to hear from members who can recommend addresses of educated families in the South of England willing to receive Dutch students as paying guests. Addresses outside London are especially wanted.

A select list has already been drawn up and is at the disposal of all members of the Association. Inquiries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Keats Memorial House. Students of Keats may be interested in the following letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* of February 24th.

Sir, — Some time ago we ventured to draw your attention to the fact that a national committee had been formed to avert the threatened destruction of the house of the poet Keats in Hampstead. This house, now known as Lawn Bank, remains

very much as it was during its occupation by the poet, and it would not be difficult to restore it to the appearance that it then had. We venture to address you again on this subject in order to inform you of the progress of this movement.

The price of the freehold of the house and its extensive old-world garden, still containing the tree under which the "Ode to a Nightingale" was written, is £ 3,500, but the property will require a considerable amount of attention and should be made as fireproof as possible. There will also be certain legal and other incidental charges to defray. The amount realized in England and America is so far about £ 2,500. It will be seen, therefore, that a further sum of £ 1,000 at least will be *immediately required* if the purchase is to be completed.

Except for the surgery at Edmonton, no other building with which Keats was intimately associated now remains, and the continued existence of this is seriously threatened. The adjoining properties have either been cleared or built over, and that immediately opposite is now a huge heap of bricks ready for the erection of flats and other buildings. It was in this house that Keats wrote both versions of "Hyperion", four out of the five great Odes, "The Eve of St. Mark", "La Belle Dame sans Merci", and much besides. It has, therefore, very distinct and most interesting associations with the poet. If and when the property is secured it is confidently expected that the great Dilke Collection of Keats relics at the Central Library would be transferred thither, and it is hoped that the property would not only become an interesting shrine of pilgrimage for lovers of poetry and a museum for the preservation of relics associated with Keats and his circle, but would also be a recognized literary meeting-place and centre. Some gifts of such relics have already been received and others are promised; but the immediate necessity of the committee is to secure the balance of money, in order that the freehold may be acquired and the property saved. It is obvious that if this opportunity is allowed to escape it cannot possibly recur, and we appeal to the generosity of your readers for their assistance in order to obviate such a lamentable event. Lists of the names of donors and subscribers will be preserved in the building in permanent form. Donations forwarded to the hon. treasurer of the Keats Memorial House Fund, at the Town Hall, Haverstock-hill, N.W.3, will be gratefully received.

J. I. FRASER (Mayor of Hampstead), Chairman.

SIDNEY COLVIN, Hon. Treasurer.

W. E. DOUBLEDAY, Hon. Secretary.

Secretarial Office, Central Public Library, Finchley-road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

The centenary of Keats' death (February 23) was marked by the publication of a *John Keats Memorial Volume*, a collection of essays and studies on the poet's work and personality, which is reviewed at some length in *The Times Lit. Suppl.* of March 3. Other recent publications on Keats include a new edition of Sir Sidney Colvin's *Life* and of the *Poems* as edited by E. de Sélincourt. A new anthology has been published by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson.

A-Examination 1920. The Supplement to the *Ned. Staatscourant* of Jan. 28th, 1921, No. 20, contains the report of the Examining Board for the A-certificate in English in 1920.

The report contains few remarks of general interest, so that we refrain from reprinting it. For the numerical pass list our readers are referred to E. S. II, pg. 142.

B-Examination 1921. Candidates for this year's B-Examination in English Language and Literature will be interested in the following paragraph from the *Staatscourant*:

"Candidaten voor de B-akten Fransch, Hoogduitsch en Engelsch, die voor een bepaald onderdeel een onvoldoend cijfer mochten krijgen, zullen niet uitsluitend op dien grond worden afgewezen, indien zij bij het afleggen van hetzelfde examen ten vorigen jare voor dat onderdeel voldoende werden bevonden."

Translation.

1. Sania leant her elbows on the window-sill and looked drearily down into the cobbled street. 2. Her ears were deaf to the clatter round her for she was lost in the memory of the woods and plains surrounding her far-away Russian home, and the crowded playroom in the Wiener Strasse had vanished from her mind. 3. Passionate tears smarted in her eyes but her face remained stolidly immobile.

4. Sania was plain and dull, her long arms were ill-shaped and her tired, sallow face bore no trace of latent talent. 5. This was her first term at a school to which she had come quite unprepared from surroundings where she had enjoyed unlimited freedom. 6. The contrast was too acute. 7. She passed from the first stage of bewilderment into an abiding despair. 8. Yet she made no effort at rebellion and uttered no complaint. 9. It was fate, fate in the person of her father, who had awakened, extremely late, to a sense of responsibility and had decreed from far St. Petersburg that his daughter must begin her education. 10. No mother had Sania, and neither brother nor sister; the old servants had nursed her, spoilt her, and idolized her from her babyhood.

11. She did not attempt to revenge her misery on her teachers or school-mates: submission was in her blood. 12. To die, but not to rebel is a lesson Russia has been taught too well for her daughters to forget it. 13. There was nobody who felt inclined to take up with Sania. 14. The crowd of girls, chatting and laughing in the playroom behind her, were of all nationalities, English, Roumanian, French, American, German. 15. There were Russian girls also, the best linguists in the school. 16. But not one of them found anything attractive in Sania and they were strangers to her, with whom she had nothing in common. 17. Now despair surged up into her contracted throat and she clenched her teeth till she had got the better of her emotion. 18. It often took her thus unawares; in class, on the walk or when she woke at night from her dreamless sleep and heard the carriages rattling past upon the cobbled stones. 19. But neither by night nor day did she give vent to her tears.

20. "Be quiet, girls, be quiet, Miss Betsie is coming." 21. Sania turned slowly round. 22. A French girl with a pale, serious face, came flying into the playroom, her finger on her lips. 23. At the same instant the sound of voices and feet was heard approaching the playroom. 24. In a moment the room was quiet, the noise subsided like magic into a few whisperings, which were speedily hushed entirely.

Observations. 1. *Sania leant with the elbows on the sill.* Dutch *met* is usually not translated in such sentences. The Prince leant his elbows on the mantelpiece. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Aug. 1900, p. 22). Compare *to wave a flag, to stamp one's foot, to swing o's arms* etc. and see observation 22. The definite article is unusual (especially before names of parts of the body) when the possessor is the subject of an active sentence. *Rested her elbows* is correct. — *Looked dejectedly down into the street.* — *Street paved with cobbles (cobble-stones).*

2. *Bustle* has more activity in it: The place seemed in a bustle (Stanley Weyman, *House of the Wolf*, Ch. III). *Hubbub, hullabaloo* denote more or less tumultuous noise. The term *clatter* is preferable (confused din of voices). — *Round-Around.* The former word is the one actually used in the

spoken language. — *Her thoughts were with the woods.* The singular thought is no longer current in this connection. *The crowded recreation-room did not exist for (not to!) her.* You are used to old men. Boys don't exist for you (Gilbert Cannan, *Mummery*, ch. IV). The mosquitoes were biting harder than ever, but for Henry they did not exist (*Strand Magazine*, May 1916, p. 508).

3. *Scalding tears.* — *Burned her in the eyes.* See Obs. 1. *The tears stood in her eyes* = *De tranen stonden haar in de oogen.* — *Her face remained stern and unmoved.* — *Sterly* is not English (a blending of *stern* and *surly*!). A *grim* face can hardly belong to a young girl. The Oxford Dictionary says of *grim* in this connection: formidable in appearance or demeanour; of stern, forbidding or harsh aspect, suggesting a cruel and unbending disposition. It threw a stronger gleam upon the *grim* and sallow countenance of Barnardine (Mrs. Radcliffe, *Mysteries of Udolpho*). A *grim* prison. The *grimmiest* spot in the prison: gallows with drop. The *grim* verdict: death from starvation (*Graphic*, Dec. 31, 1910).

4. *Ugly-Plain.* The latter term is used euphemistically (*N. E. D.* on *Plain* 17.) She might equally well have been as *ugly* as sin or as beautiful as I afterwards found her to be (R. L. Stevenson, *New Arabian Nights*). Good hair, kept in perfect order, will do much to redeem a *plain* face (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1909, 716). An *ugly* man seems often to wield an influence that is quite uncanny (*Ibidem*). — *Weary (depressed) face.* — *Tawny face* = *gebruind gezicht*: Her complexion is somewhat *tawny* by being much exposed to the sun (*N. E. D.*). *Sallow face* = *goor, tanig gezicht*. The elder daughter was rather pretty, but *sallow* and unhealthy. (*N. E. D.* i.v. *Sallow*.) — *Slumbering talents.*

5. *A surrounding* is impossible, the word is always plural. See Poutsma, II, p. 159. — *Liberty-Freedom.* Liberty has reference to previous restraint; freedom to the simple, unrepressed exercise of our powers. A slave is set at liberty; his master had always been in a state of freedom. (Webster).—

6. *Disappointment* = *teleurstelling*. — *Too poignant.*

7. *She lapsed into a lasting despair.* Fall into = to get into a habit. Men fall into careless habits of speech (*Manners for Men*, p. 5). He had fallen into the trick of walking with bent head (*N. E. D.*). Take care you don't fall into the same fault (Marryat, *Jacob Faithful*). — *Continual despair* is wrong; *continual* marks a close and unbroken succession of things, rather than absolute continuity. We speak of a person as liable to continual calls.

8. *She made no attempt at rebellion* = *She made no attempt to rebel.* A hideous attempt at consolation (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, ch. XV.) She was far beyond making any attempt to play the part of hostess. (Lanoe Falconer, *Mademoiselle Ice*, p. 178). A girl's first attempt at drawing (*Strand Magazine*, July 1907, p. 90) Various attempts were made to give greater uniformity to the spelling (Prof. G. H. Mc Knight in *Germanisch-Romanische Monatsschrift*, 1910, p. 593.) Abandon any attempt at historical statement. (Gummere, *Handbook of Poetics*, p. 199).

9. The word *fate* is used without the article when used in a general sense. In a restricted sense the word is regularly preceded by the article. Saving a cathedral from the fate of the campanile at Venice (*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 14, 1908.) What a fate! It was terrible (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1919, 611.). — *Had given orders.* Decree is the better word (to order or command authoritatively). — *Had decreed from far (away) St. Petersburg.* The *far St. Petersburg* clashes with the rule that in collocations made up of an adjective and a proper name the definite article is generally left out. — *Become alive to.* Who had become conscious of his responsibilities

very late in the day = *Die zich stijf laat van zijn verantwoordelijkheid bewust was geworden*. This colloquialism is out of place here. It was rather *too late in the day* to set about being simple-minded (Jane Austen, *Emma*, ch. XVII). It is rather late in the day to congratulate you on your success (From a letter). — *That his daughter had to begin her education*. *Must* should be used here as this is a case of reported speech. See Kruisinga, *Accidence and Syntax*, § 178, Sub 3. —

10. *Had tended her from a child. From her birth up. From her cradle.* From my cradle I have been brought up among horses (*Strand Magazine*, 1904, p. 273.) — *Made much of her; worshipped her.* —

11. *She did not try to visit her misery on her teachers. Take it out of =* to exact satisfaction from. Not being able to take it out of Mary, I'm dashed if she doesn't take it out of me. (*Pearson's Magazine*, June 1914, 650). I take it out of him on the spot: I give him a jolly good hiding (*N. E. D.* on *Take* 86 f). — *Submission ran in (not into!) her blood*. His master tries to stop him from fighting, but it's of little use; it's in the blood. (*Wide World Magazine*, April 1903, 72). He must be a good dancer. It's in the blood. (*Pearson's Magazine*, May 1914, 453) Tell her 'tis all our ways — it runs in the blood of our family (Sheridan, *The Rivals*, IV, 2). —

12. *Dying but not revolting*. The Gerund interchanges with the Infinitive in cases like the present but a distinct difference of meaning is to be observed. The Infinitive marks a special case, whereas the Gerund is the rule where a general statement is made. See Kruisinga, *Accidence and Syntax*, § 258. — Observe the translation of *Du. d a n d a t*. Nothing vexed him so much *than* for anyone to laugh at him without cause (*Strand Magazine*, Feb. 1906, 164). The sill lay too high for a pedestrian on the outside to look over it into the room. (Hardy, *Return of the Native*, I). But: The road is too near the guns to allow of infantry being placed along it (Nelson, *The War*, Oct. 10. 1914). Occasionally *d a n d a t* is rendered by *than that*: He would rather go without his dinner *than that* his dumb friends should be hungry. (*Graphic*, March 5, 1910). Nothing more likely *than that* he should have Uncle Drury sent for. (De Morgan, *The Old Madhouse*, p. 44). But I would wish for no other revenge... *than that* he would subscribe his name (Dryden, *All for Love*, preface.) See Kruisinga, *Grammar and Idiom*, § 306.

13. *There was nobody who wanted to have anything to do with Sania.* This implies that the other girls were decidedly hostile!

14. *R(o)umanian*. The spelling *Roumanian* would seem to be the general one. — *Chattering*. To chatter usually means to talk with more sound than sense. Yet the word does not always convey the same meaning as our *Du. w a u w e l e n*: Laughing and *chattering* like old friends (Glyn, *His Hour*, p. 52.) When the Princess made a move to go to bed the ladies would troop off together, stopping to laugh and chatter. (*Century Magazine*, April 1908, 841.)

15. *On school*. The proper preposition is *in* or *at*. Do not say *on the office*, which would mean on the roof of the office, but *at (in) the office*. However we may say *On the Exchange* = *On 'Change*. — *Who excelled in languages*.

16. *Neither of them*. *Either* and *neither* relate to two objects, they should never be used to refer to more than two. *None of them* is correct; the spoken language would prefer *not one of them*. —

17. *Despair bottled up in her throat*. An intransitive use of *bottle up* is not recorded by the Oxford Dictionary. We let out all the laughter we had bottled up. (*Pearson's Magazine*, Dec. 1901, 598). Williams was bottling up

his wrath. (*Tom Brown's Schooldays*, Part II, ch. V.) *Despair caused a lump to rise in her throat. — She set her teeth.* A man setting his teeth and hissing: "Now then, come out of that, you sluggard" (Bennett, *United States*, Tauchn. Edition p. 144). — *Mastered her emotion.* —

18. *It occurred to her* is different in meaning from *It happened to her*, *befell her*. All at once, as he became able to think more coherently... there occurred to him a chance (= there came into his mind a chance). (*Anstey, Vice Versa*). — *It often came over (upon) her.* — *On school*: see under 15. — *In the night — At night.* The article is especially absent when a point of time is denoted, not a period. Hence we always find *at night* but *in the night*, but usage varies: thus we always say *in the afternoon*, never with *at* (*Kruisinga, Grammar and Idiom*, § 38). *Street-stones*: probably a new coining, at least the word could not be found in the dictionaries.

19. *But neither by night nor by day she gave vent to her tears.* This is wrong because in a sentence opening with a negative expression there should be inversion of subject and verb. — *In the daytime*; not *in daytime*. *At day* is used in a different sense (= at daybreak). This morning, *at day*, we fell in with a Spanish ship (*N. E. D.*). *At this day* = nowadays. — *Give full play to one's tears.* Unsuitable. All this gave Ruskin's genius full play (*Lyndon Orr, The Story of the Ruskins*).

20. *Hark* is not the appropriate word to translate *Du. stilte*. — *Miss Betsie is advancing.* Slightly comic. The word calls up in our minds the idea of a hostile army: In the meantime Napoleon advanced on Paris (*Smith, Smaller History of England*, ch. XXXV). The Lady Mary had slipped from her horse and was advancing to the door, but they rudely barred her way (*Conan Doyle, Sir Nigel*).

22. *With her finger on her lips.* See Observation 1. He paused hat in hand (*Lucas Malet, Adrian Savage*, I, 39. Tauchnitz). He hangs motionless, head downwards. (*Pearson's Magazine*, June 1912.) The young lady stamped her foot (*Pearson's Magazine*, Dec. 1902. 638). She pointed her finger at... (*Krüger*, § 3806). On the other hand we find: When she stood still to point with her tiny hand at a flower (*Fenn, Little Neighbours*). She stamped with her two beetle-crushers (large feet) when she traversed the room. (*Spurgeon, Sermons in Candles*, p. 144.)

23. *The sound of voices and footsteps were heard.* The verb depends on *sound* which is a singular noun.

24. *To subside* is followed by the preposition *into* (not *to*). They parted with softening, dropping voices, subsiding *into* silence (*George Eliot, Romola*, XXIX). Congratulations subsided *into* tepid compliments. (*Douglas Jerrold, Men of Character*, I, 250. Tauchnitz Ed.). *The noise subsided into a murmur, which soon ceased altogether.*

Good translations were received from Anonymous (Helmond), Miss B. (Kollum), Miss T. B. (Highgate, England), B. B. (Leeuwarden), E. B. (Groningen), B. M. C. (Tilburg), A. H. (Flushing), P. A. J. (Bolsward), Luctor (Utrecht), Miss R. C. O. (Arnhem), H. S. (Leeuwarden), Miss H. W. S. (Rotterdam), K. de V. (Dokkum).

1. Reinout had zijn ouders nooit gekend. 2. Bij vreemden, die hem volkomen vrij lieten, opgegroeid, had hij nooit den drukkenden huiselijken band gevoeld. 3. Zijn voogd was geen gewetenlooze bedrieger of hardvochtige tiran, hij was een onverschillige „bon vivant", die zijn kweekeling alle genoegens gunde en diens vermogen niet opmaakte, al was er hem ook niets aan gelegen hoe deze het besturen zou. 4. „Doe wat gij wilt," placht hij te zeggen, „want gij zult het niet laten, zoo ik het u verbied, en

bovendien bekommert het mij ook weinig. 5. Als gij uw fortuin verkwist zijt gij een bedelaar, als ge uw gezondheid verwoest moet gij de gevolgen dragen en als gij een dweper wordt en in een klooster gaat, dan zal het u zeer berouwen maar van dat alles heb ik geen last."

6. Reinout had dus ook gedaan wat hij wilde en zijn voogd had hem niet teruggehouden. 7. De meesters, die hij verlangde, werden aangesteld, de kennissen die hij ontmoeten wilde, genoodigd en de reizen die hij wenschte te doen, gedaan. 8. „Een benijdenswaardig wezen, die jonge Meerwoude!" riepen minder onafhankelijke bekenden dikwijls uit en zij verwonderden zich, waarom hij, bij den rijkdom, die hem ten dienste stond, toch altijd met andere dingen bezig scheen.

9. Mogelijk was het een gevolg zijner ziekeijike jeugd, die hem als kind gedwongen had vaak uren lang stil te liggen, zonder andere tijdskorting dan zijn boeken. 10. Hij had reeds vroeg meer toegankelijkheid voor de indrukken van zijn lectuur dan voor die zijner omgeving getoond en zijn voogd scheen het niet ver mis te hebben, wanneer hij zeide, dat Reinout's beste vrienden in het schimmenrijk waren, onder de beelden van vervlogen grootheid.

11. „Gij schijnt met menschenvrees behept," had zijn voogd eens gezegd, „laat toch die onzinnige studiën varen en kom aan het hof, dan zul je de wereld zien."

12. „Ik wil haar ook zien," antwoordde Reinout, „maar eerst wil ik iets geworden zijn."

13. „Denkt gij dan soms, dat de wereld dat waard is?"

14. Hoe vaak had Meerwoude later om zijn eigen ernstig antwoord gelachen! 15. De menschen zijner verbeelding waren het, die hij zichzelf nog niet waardig keurde te ontmoeten.

16. „Ik ben benieuwd wat hij vinden zal van zijn mooie verwachtingen," had zijn voogd tegen vrienden gezegd, „maar als hij niet spoedig van de wereld leert, dan moet het al heel raar loopen."

17. En hij had van de wereld geleerd. 18. In de woningen van de edelen, die hij nu betrad, leerde hij de wereld met andere oogen beschouwen.

Translations should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maerlant, Brielle, before May 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Reviews.

Negation in English and Other Languages. By O. JESPERSEN. Copenhagen, 1917.

In this treatise, really a chapter of the author's *Modern English Grammar*, Professor Jespersen has tried to do for present-day English what Delbrück had done for the oldest Indogermanic languages and for Oldgermanic (*Vgl. Syntax II*, and *Sächs. Ges. der Wiss.* vol. 28). As in the *Grammar*, Jespersen occasionally refers to earlier stages, but he rarely goes further back than Early Modern English. On the other hand, the separate publication has enabled him to add some notes on other living languages, especially Danish.

In the first chapter the author gives, by way of introduction, a paradigmatic sketch of the history of negatives in Latin (and French), Scandinavian and English. He shows how negatives, though important semantically, are often unstressed, because the stress is thrown on the word that is made negative. This leads to the necessity of strengthening the old negative by a new word, which in turn causes the old negative to be superfluous. This process is also shown by Dutch where the old negative *ne* was still used in the 13th century: *Inne doe* 'I don't', *Hine const gewreken* 'He could not revenge himself.' But in other cases *ne* is strengthened by a negative *niet*, originally a noun meaning 'nothing': *Brune sprak*: "*Reinaert, ne sorghet niet*" i.e. B. said: 'R. don't be afraid.'

In this way *ne* became superfluous, and its phonetic unimportance naturally led to its disappearance, thus producing the modern construction with *niet* only: *Wees niet bang*. The cause of the loss of *ne* is explained differently by Jespersen. He thinks that its position at the beginning of interrogative sentences contributed to its disappearance in declarative sentences. He adduces such wellknown colloquialisms as *Think so?* for *Do you think so?*, *'Fraid I can't* for *I'm afraid I can't*, etc. It is true that Neckel (*Kuhn's Zs.* 45) gives this explanation for Oldgermanic, but then front-position of the verb was quite as common in Oldgermanic as it was rare in later English or Dutch. And there seems no difficulty in accounting for the loss of *ne* when we consider the loss of weak medial syllables in hundreds of words.

If, as in French, the strengthener was not itself a negative word, the curious result of the loss of the old negative was that a word originally positive came to serve as a negative: *je ne dis pas*, in modern colloquial French is *je dis pas*, although *pas* 'step' had nothing negative about it.¹⁾ This development is not shown in English which is distinguished from the other Germanic languages by its development of the auxiliary *to do* in the modern period. It is true that in English *not* may be strengthened (*not a jot*, *not a bit*, etc.), just as in Dutch (*geen zier*, *geen cent*, *geen steek*) but these are always and necessarily accompanied by a negative.

A further chapter discusses *indirect negation* (e.g. by means of a question: *Who knows?*) and *incomplete negation* (*I hardly think you are right*). In this connection mention might have been made of the infinitive without *to*, often after *why* and *how* in interrogative, or rather exclamatory sentences: How preach at a creature on the bend of passion's rapids. Meredith, *Ormont*, p. 35. — "Oh! what does it matter? Phil never knows what he's got on!" No one had credited an answer so outrageous. A man not know what he had on! No! No! Galsworthy, *Man of Property*, ch. 1.²⁾

It is also worth noting that *hardly*, *scarcely*, and *only* show their negative meaning by causing inversion of subject and verb (*Hardly did he see me when he ran away*), and in sentences with repetition of the subject: *We only played there for a few minutes, did we*, *Lucy? where did we* shows that the preceding statement is taken to be negative.

In this chapter J. also alludes to the well-known fact that *Excuse my doing that* may mean 'forgive me for not doing' as well as 'forgive me for doing.' When put like that it seems absurd enough, but the explanation of the construction would have shown that it really has nothing to do with negation: it is clearly a case of the use of the gerund without a preposition where a noun would take a preposition, just as in *to prevent a person doing a thing* by the side of *to prevent a person from doing a thing*. As *to excuse* can be construed with *from* as well as *for* the meaning of *to excuse a man doing a thing* may be 'to excuse him for doing (having done) it' or 'to excuse him from doing it.' Of course, the non-prepositional expression is only used when the context makes the meaning unambiguous, as in Compton Mackenzie's *Guy and Pauline* (p. 152): Toll the bell in the mulberry tree, and Charlotte will come. You must excuse my getting up.

In the fifth chapter on *Special and Nexal Negation* J. treats of what is usually called Sentence- and Word-Negation. The two are often difficult to distinguish, and sometimes there is no difference at all. The sceptical attitude of Delbrück towards the theory of qualitative and quantitative

¹⁾ Neckel's name for them, *secondary negatives*, seems quite suitable.

²⁾ The addition of *not* in the last quotation, of course, makes the sentence positive.

negation is shared by Jespersen, but I doubt if his own attempt to distinguish special and nexal negation systematically is more successful. At the outset he declares that we have word-negation in *never*, *unhappy*, *disorder*. But is it really true that in a sentence like *I shall never do that again*, we negative time only, not the whole sentence? And can we say that we make a genuinely negative statement when we say that *a woman is unhappy*? If we call *the disorder was perfect* a negative sentence, we are really compelled to do the same for *a perfect muddle*, for the form can hardly prevent us from calling it negative.

Of course the difference between negation of the predicative verb and some other word is often plain enough. When noting the tendency to treat negatives as sentence-modifiers even where they are not, more attention might have been paid to such common constructions in familiar English as instanced in my *Acc. & Synt.* § 74, and in the following quotations: And another thing I can't seem to get used to is having the fish after the meat (Mackenzie, *Sylvia*, p. 345). She did not feel that it was anything more than a partial remedy for a special evil (Wells, *Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*, ch. 10, § 3, p. 310). He did not seem to have changed (Bennett, *Old Wives' Tale*, IV, ch. 2, § 1). — We have the opposite process in the following: Of hydraulic pressure and the differential calculus Tudor knew nothing and pretended to know nothing. (Trollope, *Three Clerks*, ch. 1). — This is treated in the next chapter: on *Negative Attraction*. In this connection mention may be made of the use of *never* at the beginning of a sentence without causing inversion, and with a noun that does not take the article, as in Scott, *Last Minstrel*, I, st. 29:

Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.

The chapter on *Double Negation* is very instructive, showing that two negatives may make a positive but may also be an emphatic negative: *He don't know nothing about it*, a construction which the influence of Latin is supposed to have driven out of educated English, although it is quite possible that it is the natural result of the culture of the speakers of modern English. It may also be mentioned that modern negation with *to do* is more emphatic, phonetically, than the older negation with simple *ne*.

According to Jespersen *I cannot help but admire her* is used by Americans rather than by English people, the latter preferring *I cannot help admiring her*. It is not clear whether this is Jespersen's own opinion or the conclusion of English friends. If the latter, it would only mean that they disapproved of it, according to the well-established tradition among Englishmen to call *American* any construction or expression they do not approve of. However it may be, I doubt the truth of the statement. Besides the quotation from Wells in my *Acc. and Synt.* (p. 156) I can give the following references: They had been taught all these things from childhood; how could they help but believe them? Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 13, § 2. — I cannot help but feel for them brought face to face with a crisis of this kind. Mr. A. Balfour, reported in *Daily News*. — The Frenchman, the Italian, the German, the Englishman, to each of whom his own literature and the great traditions of his national life are most dear and familiar, cannot help but feel that the vernacular in which these are embodied and expressed is and must be superior to the alien and awkward languages of his neighbour. Pearsall Smith, *The English Language* (Home Univ. Libr. p. 54) — The Publishers cannot help but express their gratification at the kindly reception the public

have given to Everyman. *Everyman*, 25, 10, '12. — And in the *Daily News* of 22 March, 1912, I found in one and the same article both constructions (*I cannot help feeling*, and a few lines lower down, *I cannot help but feel*).

If the next chapter (*The Meaning of Negation*) is more interesting to the logician than to the grammarian, the latter will be interested in the lucid exposition on *Negative Connectives* in the tenth chapter (*neither . . . nor*, etc.). The last three chapters deal exclusively with English: ch. 11 on the auxiliaries with *n't*, which Jespersen traces to the second half of the seventeenth century as far as the spelling is concerned, although he thinks the sounds may date from the end of the sixteenth century.¹⁾

The two last chapters, on *but* as a negative conjunction, and on negative prefixes, do not call for any special comment. Perhaps it would have been useful to mention that *but* sometimes causes the use of the auxiliary *to do*, or rather that *to do* is still used with *but*, although the negative *ne* has disappeared (*Acc. and Synt.* § 167).

The history of the modern use of *to do* in negative sentences with *not* is not treated. The statement by Franz (*Shakespeare Grammatik*, § 599) that the present stage with respect to declarative sentences was reached about 1700, seems hardly correct. In Fanny Burney's *Diary* we find a great many cases contrary to modern use; from the second volume of the edition by her niece I quote: . . . and my father's carriage was merely to go as baggage-wagon for my clothes. But I wept not then. I left no one behind me to regret (p. 73). — I still had time for a moment or two with my Windsor guardian angel, and failed not to accept them (p. 109). — I now do best when I get with those who never heard of you, and who care not about me (p. 159). — She spares not for giving her opinions (p. 250). — Mr. Wyndham either saw me not or was too much engaged in business to ascend (p. 509).

Apart from historical questions, however, there are no doubt very few points in Modern English negation that do not receive treatment in this study. The book shows the thorough knowledge of modern English that has made Jespersen's books so popular with many readers who care little for 'philology'. This popularity is also due to the admirable clearness with which everything is treated, and perhaps to the extremely small amount of Old and Middle English that the reader is required to digest. There is only one more detail that seems to have entirely escaped the author's attention: the use of *not . . . (n)either* as an emphatic negative. It is so used in Goldsmith, *Stoops to Conquer*, Act I: *Mrs. H.* A low, paltry set of fellows. *Tony.* Not so low neither.²⁾ And in Richardson's *Grandison*: I could almost wish — but I won't tell you what I wish neither. — It is unknown in modern standard English, but is still found in dialects and I remember meeting with an example in Charlotte Brontë's novels,³⁾ and in Mrs. Gaskell.

The full account which is here given of what the reader may expect to find in Jespersen's new study will cause many to hope that the end of the war may make it possible for another volume of the *Grammar* to appear.

E. KRUISINGA.

¹⁾ I was disappointed to find that the subject is not treated in Wyld's *History of Colloquial English*.

²⁾ Also in the third Act (Scene of Tony entering with a casket).

³⁾ My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either. *Jane Eyre*, ch. 7.

Studies of Contemporary Poets. By MARY C. STURGEON. Harrap, 1920. 7/6 net.

This is the second edition of an agreeably written volume of attractive appearance. In her preface the author tells us that she has used the word *contemporary* in its full sense, as her object is to discuss 'poetry which is of our time not alone in the mere date of its appearance, but in its spirit and form; poetry which, for good or evil, draws its breath from the more vital forces of its age'. But she does not 'make any absolute claim' for the poets she has chosen, either as to their art or thought; nor does she 'try to enthrone mere modernity. *Still less would [she] attempt to appraise the poets relatively to each other or to the poets of earlier times.* [She] sees simply that, despite faults, their work has much beauty and deep significance'.

Now this attitude on the part of the author is to be regretted, since, either sooner or later, such an attempt as Miss Sturgeon has refrained from making *must* be made, and I think the sooner we start the better. Of course mistakes are inevitable, but in a time of great literary activity such mistakes are soon pointed out, and fought over, and eventually corrected. Comparison with predecessors is inseparable from an artist's career, and the genuine artist rejoices in the fact. As Frank Harris says somewhere, other men usually come to wealth and position and honour if they surpass their *living* rivals; the rivals of the writer are not of his time alone, but the greatest in all the past. 'If he writes a story or a poem, it is not the Caines or Austins he will have to consider, but the Balzacs and Shelleys; if he sings superbly of love, men will instinctively compare his work with *Romeo and Juliet*; if he writes greatly of jealousy, despite themselves they will think of *Othello*'

What, therefore, should we chiefly require in a critic? And the answer is *courage*; for the right kind of courage implies honesty as well as the consciousness of being fit for one's task, i. e. of possessing a standard of values. A critic should never be afraid of provoking dissent or ridicule, and he should always be ready to prove, with his good sword, that *le ridicule ne tue point*, but that it leaves anyone alive and kicking who puts up a good fight.

Is Miss Sturgeon of the stuff that fighters are made of? I should really like to measure swords with her, say, in the columns of this periodical. Why, to take a pet aversion of mine first, is she such a confirmed Kelto-maniac that she even pronounces *Banba*, one of the innumerable 'kenningar' for *Ireland*, to be a beautiful name? To me the word irresistibly suggests a gaping frog. If, on the other hand, I were to ask her whether she considers the word *baboon* beautiful, what would be her answer? I suppose she would think it a perfectly horrid word, since it indicates a perfectly horrible simian. But I cannot help supposing at the same time that she would wax rapturous over the beautiful sound and mystic associations of that same *baboon*, and would become impatient and intolerant of *Banba*, if some 'Ansteyan' Garûda-stone could cause the words to swap denotations.

Is the view Miss Sturgeon takes always sufficiently long? Once or twice she sneers at 'the Anglo-Saxon vice, sentimentality', forgetting not only that Germans have always been notorious for similar propensities, but also that it was actually the French who produced *Paul et Virginie*, a thing that in my opinion leaves both *Werther* and *The Man of Feeling* behind as far as sentimentalism is concerned. All suchlike generalities ought to be eschewed,

shunned, expelled and for ever banished by any critic worth his or her salt. Why say of Deirdre that 'in her is crystallized *the* (I italicize) Celtic conception of womanhood, with her free, clean, brave, generous soul'? Why is she the Celtic conception of womanhood (if such a thing ever existed), rather than Grania the faithless or Queen Maeve of the many lovers, Queen Maeve the licentious, Queen Maeve — Katherine the Second and Doll Tearsheet in one?

And yet, if Miss Sturgeon could say farewell to certain meaningless generalities like those that I have pointed out, she would be a very valuable guide indeed. As I said before, the whole book is agreeably written, and I may go further and add that, though all the papers it contains do not attain to the same level, and though it is a pity that the older ones have not been brought up to date, and though I should prefer to have her opinion of Charlotte Mew rather than her pages on Sarojini Naidu, — I admire her insight and good taste and wish the book all possible success.

One of the best papers is the first, that on Lascelles Abercrombie, which — unlike the critiques on Walter de la Mare, John Masefield and Gibson — is not yet in need of any additions, seeing that the poet has not published anything since 1914. But when Miss Sturgeon, who does full justice to Abercrombie's massive intellectual gifts, finds fault with his weakness of making — like Samuel Johnson — his little fishes talk like whales, I should like to draw her attention to a circumstance which in some measure counteracts our feeling of incongruity. This circumstance is to be found in the poet's vocabulary, in his extensive use of homely words, technical terms, colloquialisms and even slang.

The paper on J. C. Squire ends rather lamely, which is a pity as it contains many excellent observations. In discussing the poetry of Thomas Hardy, whom I both admire and love, Miss Sturgeon has developed very sane and judicious views, for which we ought to be all the more thankful as at present there is a tendency in English literary circles to look upon anything written by Hardy as taboo. A third edition of the book should take account of a poet whose achievements cannot be overlooked; it should include a section on *Laurence Binyon*.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Brief Mentions.

Isolement en Gemeenschap. Openbare Les bij de opening van zijn lessen als privaat docent in het Keltisch aan de Rijks Universiteit te Leiden, den 29 October 1920, gehouden door DR. A. G. VAN HAMEL. 's Gravenhage, Martinus Nijhoff.

Those who expect to find information about the present state of Ireland under the heel of the Black-and-Tans will be disappointed. The author's idea in this lesson is that the conservatism of the Irish language is due to the isolated position of the people, and that the cause of the many changes in Welsh is the community of ideas between the Welsh and the civilization of the West. The argument is very general, however, and historical rather than linguistic. It suggests the question whether the conservatism of German, compared with the other Germanic languages, must not be due to other causes; so that the fact of the isolated position of Ireland is not sufficient to prove that the linguistic peculiarities of Irish are due to it. — K.

A First English Book by W. A. CRAIGIE. Nederlandsche uitgave door J. J. VAN HAUWAERT. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1921. 2/6. net.

A series of English reading- and pronouncing-lessons, with the pronunciation shown by marks applied to the ordinary spelling, and exercises for translation from Dutch into English. The exercises resemble those in the first part of the first volume of Roorda's *Engelsche Spraakkunst*. Grammar rules are limited to occasional notes. K.

English Philology in English Universities. An Inaugural Lecture delivered in the Examination Schools on February 2, 1921, by HENRY CECIL WYLD, Merton Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1921. 2/6 net.

The new Merton Professor of English Language and Literature at Oxford, though he begins by giving a depressing account of the amount of work in the history of English performed by scholars of English birth, is quite confident that there is reason to be hopeful. And his attitude towards the literary side of the English School is so reasonable that one is inclined to believe that he will succeed in persuading the authorities to make the necessary changes. What is still more important, his enthusiasm controlled by thorough knowledge is such that it seems probable that he will succeed in the harder task of persuading a number of Oxford undergraduates to take up the subject of English philology in the spirit of the investigator. The time may soon be coming when Oxford will take away from Englishmen the reproach of being dependent upon foreign, chiefly German, scholars, for the study of their language. If that should happen many who now go to Germany will turn to Oxford to spend at least part of their student's years, as well as for post-graduate work. K.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

Purity. A Middle English poem. Edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary by ROBERT J. MENNER, Instructor of English at Yale University. Lxiv. + 230 pp. 9 × 5³/₄. 8s. 6d. n. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford.

"Purity" is the poem also known as "Cleanness," which is found in the British Museum manuscript with "The Pearl," "Patience," and "Gawain."

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This edition of the seventeenth century misogynist's satire is reprinted, with facsimile title-page, by permission of the Provost and Fellows, from the copy in the Worcester College Library at Oxford. The bibliographical note is by Mr. C. H. Wilkinson. [T.] 1

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¹) Descriptive notices marked [T.] are inserted by the courteous permission of the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*.

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Fulgens and Lucres. A godely interlude of the disputacyon of noblenes. Compyled by mayster HENRY MEDWALL, late Chapelayne to the ryght reuerent fader in God Johan Morton Cardynall & Archebysschop of Caunterbury. With an Introductory Note by SEYMOUR DE RICCI. New York: G. D. Smith. London: Quaritch.

Enough is as Good as a Feast. A Comedy or Enterlude. By W. WAGER. With an Introductory Note by SEYMOUR DE RICCI. New York: G. D. Smith. London: Quaritch.

The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. Edited by L. E. KASTNER and H. B. CHARLTON. Volume the First. The Dramatic Works. With an introductory essay on the growth of the Senecan Tradition in Renaissance Tragedy. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, cccix.+482 pp. Manchester: University Press. London: Longmans. 28s. n.

Alexander (c. 1567-1640) was a prominent figure in Stuart times and Secretary of State for Scotland. His works, now re-edited under the auspices of the Manchester University, are extensive, and besides the dramas here reprinted include an immense epic poem called "Doomesday." [T.]

Shakespeare's Tempest. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. Cloth 7/6 net. Leather 10/6 net. [A review will appear.]

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Tragic Mothers. By T. STURGE MOORE. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 64 pp. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

Mr. Sturge Moore here follows the example of Mr. W. B. Yeats in attempting poetic drama independent of stage and scenery and suitable for chamber representation. His titles are *Medea* (wife of Jason), *Niobe* (this is a very short piece for three voices from behind a screen—a boy, a girl and Niobe), *Tyrfing* (a longish drama of Viking days, Tyrfing being the name of a sword). [T.]

LETTERS, CRITICISM, ESSAYS.

The Stonor Letters and Papers, 1290-1483. Edited, for the Royal Historical Society, from the Original Documents in the Public Record Office, by CHARLES LETHBRIDGE KINGSFORD, F. S. A. Camden Third Series.

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This edition of Milton's sonnets.... begins with an introduction on the sonnet its history, purpose, contents and structure.... After each sonnet come Dr. Smart's notes, (in) which.... the historical and social setting of each poem is explained with much detail.... The Italian sonnets are accompanied by prose translations.... The extent of the Italian element in Milton's spiritual composition is well brought out. [T.]

Milton's Prosody. With a Chapter on Accentual Verse and Notes by ROBERT BRIDGES. Revised Final Edition. 9¼ × 6. Milford. 12 s. 6 d. net.

Vanessa and her correspondence with Jonathan Swift. The letters edited for the first time from the Originals. With an Introduction by A. MARTIN FREEMAN. 7¾ × 5¼, 216 p.p. Selwyn and Blount. 7 s. 6 d. net.

Robert Burns and Freemasonry. By DUDLEY WRIGHT. 10¼ × 7¾, 115 pp. Paisley: Alex Gardner, 7 s. 6 d. net.

This is an industrious contribution to Burns's biography, in which Mr. Wright has collected and put together a mass of evidence of Burns's career as a Mason from the date when, in his 23rd year he was initiated into the craft on July 4, 1781, in the St. David's Lodge at Tarbolton. "It has been left," says the author, "to Principal Sharp to achieve what might almost be regarded as the impossible task of writing a biography of Burns without once mentioning Freemasonry or the poet's connexion with the craft". There are numerous illustrations. [T]

The John Keats Memorial Volume. Edited by DR. G. C. WILLIAMSON. Illustrated with 5 facsimiles, various portraits, 2 sketches, etc. John Lane. 25/- net.

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Defoe and Swift.

1.

However much we know of Defoe and Swift individually, too little is still known of the mutual relations existing between these two famous 18th century men. Whether from its unattractiveness or from the difficulties besetting the subject literary historians and biographers seem to have shrunk from the task of tracing their different steps and marking the crossings of their different roads. The few who did start halted rather too soon, and even then had stumbled once or twice. It is not my object in this paper to give a full sketch of the course of these two men's lives: I only want to mark their — to all probability — first crossing, which may be a starting-point for any subsequent comparison, and which, as I have reason to believe, has never been distinctly marked before.

2.

In order to understand the occasion of their first collision, a few facts from their personal histories should be retold. Before the commencement of the new century Jonathan Swift had been nothing better than a pretty obscure parson that had in no way distinguished himself except by writing a bad sort of Pindaric odes. It is highly probable that both the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books* had been finished in Ms. before 1700, but the world judges by what is printed and not by what is being suppressed "nonum in annum" and so the Irish parson continued in obscurity till the second year of the century when he disclosed his political opinions in a pamphlet entitled: *Discourse on the Dissensions in Athens and Rome*. This his first plunge into politics was not without success, and procured for its author some notoriety, though it was nothing compared to the fame he won by his *Battle and Tale* which were published in 1704. Swift, at the time, was a young man of 36, still fresh to the profession of an author, yet old and skilled enough to be redoubtable. What was Defoe doing, and what had he done previously? Eight years older than his future antagonist he had entered the field of political controversy as early as 1691 — perhaps even earlier, but a *Tract on the Turks*, supposed to have been written by him, is now lost — and before Febr 1701 quite a considerable number of his writings both in verse and in prose, had seen the light. Last not least, in Jan. 1701, his 'verse satyr' *The True-Born Englishman* had won him great praise from the Whig camp and all that were in favour of King William. It is not at all improbable that Defoe should have seen and read Swift's above-mentioned pamphlet: a man of his occupations would hardly miss anything of the kind. Swift, on the other hand, who had the priority of King William's acquaintance, having had explained to him in Temple's famous garden — as legend has it — how the Dutch prepare their asparagus, is sure to have read and enjoyed the *True-Born Englishman*, and may have felt some envy at not having written it himself. But we must leave speculation alone and keep to the facts.

In August 1704 Defoe was released from prison and went to live at Bury St. Edmunds. His health was considerably impaired as also his means; from the end of October till January a severe illness prevented him from doing any important work, and so depressed he felt that he even contemplated putting a stop to the *Review*, which he had started when in prison. However, he recovered from his illness, but as to the means of living continued in a sorry plight. The only plan that offered itself was the writing of a book that would pay, although Harley had made him promise not to write anything for the next seven years. The subject that readily suggested itself was the Revolution, of which he had been an observant witness, and the subsequent state of things, political as well as religious. Now it happened that not quite a twelvemonth ago there had been anonymously published a book that had taken the public by storm: a satire mainly on men of letters and men of doctrines, entitled: *A Tale of a Tub*. What was more natural than that this book should serve Defoe — shrewd man of business that he was — as a model? So on the 26th of March, about a year after the publication of the *Tale*, the *Consolidator*¹⁾ was published, bearing the unmistakable traces of a hand still trembling with indignation at the ignominious treatment suffered of late.

A comparison between the *Consolidator* and the *Tale*, though an alluring task, would lead me too far. The likeness is easily to be discovered at first sight: the general impression they make upon the reader is very much the same. I have no doubt that it was envy as well as practical sense that led Defoe to try his hand for once at satire himself. How jealous he was of Swift, and how fierce a grudge he bore him, will be shown by the following quotations from the *Consolidator*:

"No man need to wonder at my exceeding desire to go up to the world in the Moon, having heard of such extraordinary knowledge to be obtained there, since in the search of knowledge and truth wiser men than I have taken as unwarrantable flights, and gone a great deal higher than the moon, into a strange abyss of dark phenomena, which they neither could make other people understand, nor even rightly understood themselves, witness Malebranche, Mr. Locke, Hobbes, the Honourable Boyle, and a great many others, besides Messrs. Norris, Asgil, Coward and the *Tale of a Tub*."

Another passage is still more interesting:

"But if I was extremely delighted with the extraordinary things I saw in those countries, you cannot but imagine I was exceedingly moved when I heard of a lunar world, and that the way was passable from these parts. I had heard of a world in the moon among some of our learned philosophers, and Moor, as I have been told, had a moon in his head; but none of the fine pretenders — no, not Bishop Wilkins — ever found mechanical engines whose motion was sufficient to attempt the passage. A late happy author, indeed, among his mechanic operations of the spirit,²⁾ had found out an enthusiasm²⁾ which, if he could have pursued to its proper extreme without

¹⁾ Its full title is: "*The Consolidator*; or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon. London 1705."

Interesting notes on the book will be found in the biographies of Lee and Wright.

²⁾ To the *Tale* was added: *A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*. Of the word Enthusiasm Swift says that it may be defined as: "A lifting up of the Soul or its Faculties above Matter."

doubt might, either in the body or out of the body, have landed him somewhere hereabout; but that he formed his system wholly upon the mistaken notion of wind, which learned hypothesis being directly contrary to the nature of things in this climate, where the elasticity of the air is quite different, and where the pressure of the atmosphere has, for want of vapour, no force, all his notion dissolved in its native vapour called wind, and flew upward in blue strakes of a lived flame called blasphemy which burnt up all the wit and fancy of the author, and left a strange stench behind it that has this unhappy quality in it, that everybody that reads the book smells the author though he be never so far off, nay, though he took shipping to Dublin to secure his friends from the least danger of a conjecture."

In May 1704, two months after the publication of the *Tale*, Swift indeed left for Dublin. The above-quoted passage is the more remarkable as it shows that Defoe had no doubts as to the identity of the author, whereas many of his contemporaries suspected somebody else of the authorship. Only in June 1710 all doubts were laid at rest by Swift himself in a letter to Tooke, the publisher.¹⁾ It also shows that Defoe shared the common resentment at the alleged profaneness of the *Tale*, which was probably heightened by Swift's scorn of the Dissenters.

The third passage I wish to quote is the most curious of all, as it is at the same time explanatory of a passage in the *Tale of a Tub*, which has escaped the notice of all commentators, as far as I know even that of the late Mr. Guthkelch and Mr. Nichol Smith.²⁾ After having told us of a certain ecclesiastic engine, which in the Lunar language is called the 'concionazimiz,' and "is usual in cases of general alarm," the author gives the following description of it: "This is truly a strange engine, and when a clergyman gets into the inside of it and beats it, it roars and makes such a terrible noise from the several cavities, that it is heard a long way; and there are always a competent number of them placed in all parts so conveniently that the alarm is heard all over the kingdom in one day. I had some thoughts to have given the reader a diagram of this piece of art, but as I am but a bad draftsman, I have not yet been able so exactly to describe it as that a scheme can be drawn, but to the best of my skill take it as follows: — It is a hollow vessel³⁾, large enough to hold the biggest clergyman in the nation; it is generally an octagon in figure, open before, from the waist upward, but whole at the back, with a flat extending over it for reverberation or doubling the sound; doubling and redoubling being frequently thought necessary to be made use of on these occasions. It is very mathematically contrived, erected on a pedestal of wood like a windmill, and has a pair of winding stairs up to it, like those at the great tun at Heidelberg.

I could make some hieroglyphic discourses⁴⁾ upon it from these references, thus:

1. That as it is erected on a pedestal like a wind-mill, so it is no new thing for the clergy, who are the only persons permitted to make use of it, to make it turn round with the wind, and serve to all the points of the compass. 2. As the flat over it assists to increase the sound by forming a kind of hollow or cavity proper to that purpose, so there is a certain natural

¹⁾ Cf. Sheridan's Edition of Swift's Works. Vol. XI, pp. 79-82.

²⁾ A *Tale of a Tub*, etc. Edited by A. C. Guthkelch and D. Nichol Smith. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1920.

³⁾ Cf. e.g. Acts IX, 15.

⁴⁾ A jibe at Swift's methods.

hollowness or emptiness, made use of sometimes in it by the gentlemen of the gown, which serves exceedingly to the propagation of all sorts of clamour, noise, railing, and disturbance. 3. As the stairs to it go winding up like those by which one mounts to the vast tun of wine at Heidelberg, which has no equal in our world, so the use made of these ascending steps is not altogether different, being frequently employed to raise people up to all sorts of enthusiasms,¹⁾ spiritual intoxications, mad and extravagant action, high exalted flights, precipitations, and all kinds of ecclesiastic drunkenness and excesses."

No great discernment is wanted to understand that by this engine Defoe meant to ridicule the pulpit of a High Church clergyman. But that the whole thing, and especially the "hieroglyphic discourses," is a jibe at a very particular Church of England Man is not so readily to be seen at a first glance. Yet an easy clue is procured by the word: "vessel", which is also made use of by Swift in his description of the first of the three "oratorial machines" mentioned in Section I of the *Tale of a Tub*. When once led to a comparison of the two descriptions, the deeper meaning of Defoe's soon reveals itself. In order to save the reader the trouble of looking up the passage in Swift, I will here quote it:

"Now, the first of these oratorial machines in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *Silva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, 't is the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist, in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover; (for by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears." No doubt, the word "pillory" stung Defoe to the quick, and sensitive as he was on that head, he returned the personal attack — if it was meant as such — in the description of the 'concionazimiz' quoted above. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt as to the meaning of Defoe's 'discourses'. Swift, though up to 1710 a Whig in matters political, was a faithful adherent of the Church of England, and, consequently, a violent opponent of the Dissenters. Therefore his first oratorial machine is made of 'Sylva Caledonia', the Scotch doctrines agreeing in the main with those of the Dissenters. To Defoe Swift's attitude must have seemed rather dubious: a man is either a High Church man and a Tory, or a Dissenter and a Whig. This is why he compares his engine to a windmill, suited to "serve to all the points of the compass." In the second discourse he accuses Swift of railing and making disturbance, which may point to a personal acquaintance with Swift's gruff manner; in the third he laughs at his "enthusiasm", ¹⁾ and accuses him of "drunkenness and excesses", which is rather exaggerated, if not something worse.

If, then, Defoe's *Consolidator* is, in a way, an answer to Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, there still remains a doubt whether the above-quoted passage from the *Tale* was really meant for an attack upon Defoe. The fact that Defoe himself understood it as such would go a long way to convince the sceptic critic. Yet the evidence is not absolutely conclusive. Swift might have hit upon the likeness without alluding to Defoe, for which possibility

¹⁾ Cf. *The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*.

an argument is provided by the fact that the commentators of the *Tale* generally agree in dating its composition before 1753, the year of Defoe's public shame. On the other hand it is quite possible that Section I of the *Tale* was written later than the other Sections, as it does not bear upon the story. Moreover, we know that Swift was employed upon the book at various intervals. For my own part, I rather incline to the latter theory.

5

The starting point in studying the relations between Swift and Defoe, should be — I hope I have been able to show as much — Swift's jibe in the *Tale*. Whether we shall have to advance from that date or go back upon it can only be decided after a careful and painstaking investigation of everything bearing on the question, which, for the time being, I must leave to others.

May 1921.

W. VAN MAANEN.

The Study of Grammar.

The study of the living stage of modern languages has in the last decades undergone various changes, the importance of which, however, is still far from being generally recognized. The days when idiom was studied chiefly from a phrase-book may be said to be almost over and no competent teacher will advise his pupils now to learn the definitions of a book of synonyms by heart. Many of us know from personal experience to what deplorable results the old methods led and every intelligent student of languages understands that words and idioms are lifeless things except in their proper surroundings. The man who would become an authority on tropical vegetation has to do more than visit the palmhouse in Kew-gardens; he who wants to know the ins and outs of the idiom of a modern language has to go to the living source, that is to the country where the language is spoken and to the books written in it.

In the field of literature the advance is also considerable. There was a time when a "History of Literature" had to be got by heart in our secondary schools. Fortunately there are not many now who fail to see that all talk about literary products with which our pupils are not personally acquainted is worse than useless. Still I am convinced that too many students even now cram their heads full of names and facts which mean nothing to them. For once the fault is, I believe, not in the examinations. Many students do not know how to use their handbooks and far too often their Handbook of Literature and their reading are two things apart, so that, to take an extreme case, a student may be reading Wordsworth while studying the Middle Ages from his handbook.

Phonetics, too, to judge from experiences at examinations, is seldom studied in a scientific spirit. Often there seems to be no connection at all in the mind of the candidate between what he has learnt from his books and what he actually does himself. Many for instance are able to give a beautiful definition of a glottal stop without being able to recognize one. Others will tell you all about the partial devocalisation of the nasal in such words as *snake* or *smile* without ever having taken the trouble to find out

if in their own case practice and theory agree. All the same a tendency in the direction of a more profitable study of phonetics in which the student's own pronunciation is made the starting-point, is clearly noticeable.

When we come to the study of grammar there is much less reason to be satisfied. This is all the more remarkable as the scientific study of grammar has of late years made rapid progress. It is not so very long ago that a modern grammar was little else than a Latin grammar adapted to the requirements of some other language. One of the consequences of this was that writers were constantly compelled to have recourse to archaic English to illustrate their "rules", so that the student devoted his time and his energy to the study of obsolete forms and constructions, while such important subjects as the use of the definite tenses were dismissed in a few words and such a peculiarly English construction as that of *for* followed by a noun and an infinitive was not referred to at all. Judging from the fact that this last construction did not make its way into grammars until quite recently, one might come to the conclusion that it was a late development; in reality it is some hundreds of years old.

From all modern grammars students can learn the important lesson that the starting-point of grammatical studies ought to be the language itself as it is spoken and written at the present moment. Unfortunately the lesson is frequently lost and many students are at a loss what to do with the wealth of examples which they can find in their grammars. Yet the examples are in many respects the most important part of the book. They can teach the pupil — especially if the author has been wise enough not to make things easy for him by printing the important words in italics — to look for linguistic phenomena himself. For just as the study of botany is of little use, if it does not direct the student's attention to nature itself, the study of grammar is almost meaningless, if it does not make the student a close observer of the living language. The man who studies one grammar after another, but in whose mind there is only the vaguest connection between his books and the language he studies is like an astronomer who should never look at the stars. Yet that is how grammar is too often studied. The results are entirely disastrous. The most intelligent students, believing that the study of grammar leads nowhere, except to other grammars, feel inexpressibly bored and annoyed. Their feelings may be judged from what one of them said when he had to study a new book by a well-known grammarian: "When that man dies, I shall postpone all other amusement and attend his funeral."

How can this unfortunate state of affairs be altered? No doubt the best way of studying grammar would be for the pupil to make the grammar himself with the help of his teacher. For obvious reasons, however, this is no more practicable than for him to make his own Euclid. We shall therefore have to take the pupil through a grammar by way of preparation, always remembering the end we have in view and consequently laying great stress on the examples. But as soon as possible we shall tell our students to study carefully various texts taken from modern authors. It may perhaps be asked, if it is worth while to take grammar so seriously. It seems a sufficient answer to say that if it is worth while to study minutely the lives of insects or the habits of savages, the highest achievement of man, his speech, may also be worthy of some attention. But perhaps the more practically-minded want to be convinced of the usefulness of such studies. Now we have probably all had the experience that persons insufficiently acquainted with a foreign language not only miss beauties and subtleties which are obvious

to the more advanced student, but also discover them, where there are none. And let it be remembered that the flavour of a style depends on apparently trifling details, which a careful study of grammar can certainly help us to appreciate. It is only necessary to think of the subtle differences made in the tone or the meaning of a sentence by the use of a definite tense or an unusual word-order to prove this statement. I shall try to show in what follows how, in my opinion, a prose-text might be used for grammatical purposes. I have chosen for that purpose a page from Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*.

1. They pressed their noses against the window of the show-room, and gazed down into the Square as perpendicularly as the projecting front of the shop would allow. 2. The show-room was over the millinery and silken half of the shop. 3. Over the woollen and shirting half were the drawing-room and the chief bedroom. 4. When in quest of articles of coquetry, you mounted from the shop by a curving stair, and your head gradually rose level with a large apartment having a mahogany counter in front of the window and along one side, yellow linoleum on the floor, many cardboard boxes, a magnificent hinged cheval glass, and two chairs. 5. The window-sill being lower than the counter, there was a gulf between the panes and the back of the counter, into which important articles such as scissors, pencils, chalk, and artificial flowers were continually disappearing: another proof of the architect's incompetence.

6. The girls could only press their noses against the window by kneeling on the counter, and this they were doing. 7. Constance's nose was snub, but agreeably so. 8. Sophia had a fine Roman nose; she was a beautiful creature, beautiful and handsome at the same time. 9. They were both of them rather like racehorses, quivering with delicate, sensitive, and luxuriant life; exquisite, enchanting proof of the circulation of the blood; innocent, artful, roguish, prim, gushing, ignorant, and miraculously wise. 10. Their ages were sixteen and fifteen; it is an epoch when, if one is frank, one must admit that one has nothing to learn: one has learnt simply everything in the previous six months. 11. "There she goes!" exclaimed Sophia. 12. Up the Square, from the corner of King Street, passed a woman in a new bonnet with pink strings, and a new blue dress that sloped at the shoulders and grew to a vast circumference at the hem. 13. Through the silent sunlit solitude of the Square (for it was Thursday afternoon and all the shops shut except the confectioner's and one chemist's) this bonnet and this dress floated northwards in search of romance, under the relentless eyes of Constance and Sophia.

14. Within them, somewhere, was the soul of Maggie, domestic servant at Baines's. 15. Maggie had been at the shop since before the creation of Constance and Sophia. 16. She lived seventeen hours of each day in an underground kitchen and larder, and the other seven in an attic, never going out except to chapel on Sunday evenings, and once a month on Thursday afternoons.

The student who wants to make this piece of prose the subject of a grammatical investigation has to ask himself the following questions:

1. Where am I reminded of what I learnt in my grammar?

2. Is what I see here in accordance with what my grammar taught or does it deviate from it?
3. How can I account for deviations from what is normal?
4. Is there anything remarkable about which my grammar is silent?

A rapid survey will convince the student that he can find many illustrations of his grammatical rules in our text. Here it may not be superfluous to remark that it is misleading to speak of rules being "applied". Mr. Bennett, of course, did not think of rules when he wrote; he only consulted his linguistic and artistic sense to find the most accurate and the most beautiful form in which to express his thoughts. To a certain extent this is what all his countrymen do every day and it is from a close observation of their speech and their writings that we come to the conclusion that in their language there are certain general tendencies at work, nearly always imperfectly carried out, which decide its grammatical structure. When we have realized with sufficient clearness what these tendencies are, we can try to lay down a rule, but we ought never to overlook the possibility of our rule being wrong and of new investigations disclosing the fact that what was supposed to be the exception is in reality the rule. This is exactly what happened with the rule given for the use of *shall* and *will* in reported statements. In Günther's *Manual* (first edition 1899) it is stated that the same auxiliary is used in reported statements as was used by the original speaker and Günther adds: "This rule is occasionally disregarded even by the best writers." Later investigations have shown that the supposed exceptions are in reality the rule.

To return to our text. The student will be reminded of certain sections of his grammar in the following sentences:

1. *Their noses*: Use of the possessive pronoun. Let the student try to remember what he learnt about the subject and then consult his grammar. — Account for the plural *noses*. In Kruisinga's *Handbook* § 789 it is stated that there is concord of number between the subject and the rest of the sentence. But compare: "*Nothing shall be said against our forefathers with their splendid digestions.*"

would allow. What is the exact meaning of *would* here? What are the various functions of *would* and in which of these functions is it used here? Probably the conclusion will be that *will* is used as an auxiliary of predication expressing volition. It will strike the student that volition is attributed to a lifeless thing and he will turn to his grammar for other examples. (Kruisinga, *Handbook*, II 202).

2 and 3.

the millinery and silken half.

the woollen and shirting half.

Millinery and *shirting* are nouns used attributively. As to how far such nouns have become adjectives see Kruisinga, or Jespersen, *A Modern English Grammar*, II. The remarkable thing here is the use of the adjectives *silken* and *woollen*, for it is evident that they are meant to indicate *silk and woollen stuffs*. It would seem then that first the adjectives were converted into nouns and that then these converted nouns were used attributively. Now there is a noun *woollen*, frequently used as a plural and frequently used attributively, but a noun *silken* does not exist. The student will wonder why Bennett did not use the word *silk*. Was it because he strongly felt the adjectival function of the word or was he thinking of the *woollen* in the following sentence? Or did he feel that the word *silken* made the sentence more melodious? The last supposition would seem plausible, if we compare:

the woollen and silk trades, the woollen and silk weavers, both combinations occurring in Baines, *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, which, needless to say, is not a work of art.

4. *level*. Perhaps the student thinking of the noun *level* may wonder which was the original function of the word. An etymological dictionary will tell him that *level* was originally a noun. What, however, concerns the student of modern English is the question if *level* is treated as an ordinary adjective or if there is any hesitation noticeable in this respect. With the help of Kruisinga's *Handbook* § 703 he will probably come to the conclusion that *level* is in every respect treated as an ordinary adjective.

There are several other cases of nouns used attributively in our text. Let the student try to find them and let him consider each individual case carefully.

a large apartment having a mahogany counter in front of the window. Related or absolute participle and why?

hinged. Adjective or participle and why?

5. *The window-sill being lower than the counter*. An instance of an absolute participle. How do we know that *being* is a participle? What is the grammatical relation between this participial construction and the principal clause? Find examples of related participles in the text. Cp. also the independent adjunct in 4.

7. *so*. What rule? How can you account for the fact that *so* could be translated by *dat* in Dutch?

8. *she was a beautiful creature*.

Is *she* used in accordance with the rule?

10. What is the function of *one* here?

A general rule is applied to a special case, i. e. to the case of an imaginary speaker of fifteen or sixteen, with special reference to the two girls in our text.

Try if *people, we, you, they* would also be possible and if so, what difference it would make. Cp. *you* in 5.

one has nothing to learn.

Jespersen (*Grammar*, II, 15.851) says that the infinitive frequently has a passive meaning after *to have*. As an instance of this he mentions: "*he had a very hard task to perform*." Are you also of opinion that the infinitive is passive in meaning here? Would the passive infinitive be possible in this case? Account for the use of the active infinitive.

simply. Account for the place of this adverb.

13. *the confectioner's, chemist's*. Look at the preceding *shops* and comment on these genitives. Cp. 14. *Baines's*.

14. Account for the absence of the article before *domestic servant*.

16. *each way*. Why *each*? Would *every* be possible? What difference would it make?

Sunday evenings, Thursday afternoons.

Would the singular be possible? Would it make a difference?

So far I have not alluded to the tenses of the verb as used in our text. I have done so on purpose; for it is generally advisable in investigating the tenses in a piece of prose not to confine the attention to isolated sentences. Our text affords some interesting examples of the difference in meaning between definite and indefinite tenses. It will be found instructive to look at the following sentences:

1. 12. 13. The indefinite tenses are used because the duration is not insisted on.

3. Unlimited repetition is expressed by an indefinite tense. However *rose* hardly suggests action here. Its meaning is entirely subordinated to that of the predicative adjective *level* so that it begins to resemble a link-verb. (Cp. *became*.)

The definite tense is used in 5: *artificial flowers were continually disappearing*. The fundamental function of the definite tense is to express duration. How is it possible that we use the same forms, when we want to express frequent repetition? What remark could you make about the meaning of *continually* in this connection? Would it be possible to use the indefinite tense here and would it make any difference?

The definite tense in 6: *this they were doing* is used in its ordinary function. Compare this definite tense with the indefinite tense in 1. In 6 the attention is given to the girls for a moment as is evident from the description that follows.

It goes without saying that with these few remarks the subject is not exhausted. Several sentences for instance might be turned to profitable account for a lesson in sentence-analysis, especially 5 and 10. Enough has been said, I hope, to convince the reader that the study of grammar is the study of a living and wonderfully interesting organism, that consequently it need not be dull, provided the student is willing to use his own brains and brave enough to stick to his own opinion, until he is convinced that he was mistaken.

The Hague.

J. H. SCHUTT.

The "Greeks" of Lincolnshire.

A curious group of toponymical postulants appears in the Itinerary of Antonine¹⁾ in the neighbourhood of Lindum Colonia. These are Lindum itself, Crococalana, Causennæ and Margitunum. Those writers who gratuitously assume that these place-names are Celtic and who then seek to explain them in accordance with that hypothesis immediately become involved in confusion. To explain *Lindum* in this way a leap to Ireland is necessitated²⁾. In order to make *Crococalana* appear British it has to be altered to *Crococolana*³⁾ and this in spite of the facts that every one of the nineteen extant MSS. yields *-calana*, while the two that were lost after they had been edited yielded *-galana*. For *Causennæ* we must jump away to the Mediterranean.⁴⁾

¹⁾ 'Antonini Itinerarium', edd. Parthey & Pinder, 1848; Britannia, Itinera V, VI et VIII.

²⁾ "Irish Linn (= *Lenda*, liquid, and *Lind*, a pool), the *Λινδον* of Ptolemy, = Lindocolina (Bede, ii. 16)"; 'British Place-Names in their Historical Setting', by Edmund McClure, M.A., 1910, p. 16. *Lindum* is not explained either by Zeuss in his 'Grammatica Celtica'; or by Alfred Holder in his 'Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz', 1896; or by Georges Dottin in his 'Manuel pour servir à l'Étude de l'Antiquité Celtique', 1906.

³⁾ The scholars who are responsible for the Romano-British section of the Victoria History of the County of Nottingham print *Crococolana*, but give no reason for doing so; v. Vol. II, 1910, pp. 1-36: Roads 4-11.

⁴⁾ V. 'C. I. L.', Vol. IV, No. 7689, — Bene: "...us C. f. Causo". Bene is in the Alpes Maritimes. It was anciently Augusta Bagiennorum.

Moreover Causennæ (xxvi. m. p. from Lindum) is located at Ancaster (17 miles from Lincoln).⁵⁾ This is the only recognition that the important station at Ancaster receives to-day. For *Margitunum* we are bidden to substitute *Margidunum*,⁶⁾ although the larger proportion of MSS. yields *Margitudum* [with *d :: n*].⁷⁾ The headword *Margi-* is left unexplained.

Hitherto all investigators have acquiesced in this ramshackle Celtic hypothesis. But stems such as *tun*, *ca-lan*, *Caus-*, *Lind-* and *Margi*, which are not Celtic at all, should have some weight with investigators. Let us then apply the Germanic assumption to these postulants.

William Camden identified Ancaster⁸⁾ with *Crococalana*. This necessitated the slight scribal alteration of *xiii* to *xvii*.⁹⁾ The extension of Camden's idea places *Margitunum* at Croxton Keyrial.¹⁰⁾ The stem *AN-* must be added, therefore, to the preceding group of five. Now —

Lindum : Gmc. **lind-*; Alamannic *lind*¹¹⁾; O. E. *līð*.

Croco : Gmc. **craug-*; Almc. *croug*¹²⁾ > *crouc*¹³⁾, latinised *croc*¹⁴⁾; O. E. **creag*¹⁵⁾ > *creac*¹⁶⁾.

⁵⁾ McClure (*u. s.*, note 2), p. 109, note.

⁶⁾ McClure and all investigators who deal with Antonine ignore the fact that *-tudo* is found in eight MSS. Of these, one is ascribed to the VIIIth century and two to the Xth. *-duno* is found in seven MSS.: one, of the VIIIth (which presents *-tudo* altered to *-duno*), and another, of the Xth.

⁷⁾ Cp. "andeda" :: *andena* in the VIIIth-century Corpus 'Glossary of Latin and Anglo-Saxon', ed. Hessels, 1890, p. xxiv; "tholiað" :: *tholian* in Cædmon's 'Daniel'; "cymedes" :: *Cymenes* in a Worcester Cathedral charter of A.D. 770; "Moidum" :: *Mornum* and "ongend" :: *ongean*, in 'Widsith', lines 75, 76. "Widferdestune" :: *Win-*, D.Bk., Herefordshire. The converse appears in D.Bk. for Surrey, f. 35, br., "Tadorne" :: **Tadorde* (Tadworth) and in the Saxon Chronicle, Laud MS., annal 473, "unarimerlicu" :: *unarimedlicu*.

⁸⁾ 'Britannia: or a Chorographical Description of Great Britain and Ireland', by William Camden (tr. Edmund Gibson, D.D., 1772), Vol. I, p. 426.

⁹⁾ "No confusion [in the MSS. of Antonine] is as common as the confusion of *ii* and *u*"; v. 'Textual Errors in the Itinerary of Antonine', by G. H. Wheeler, *English Historical Review*, July 1920, p. 379. Mr. Wheeler does not copy the error of writing "Crococolana".

¹⁰⁾ "Croxton" postulates **Croces-* < **Croces-*. There are several Croxtons in England. In D.Bk. we find "Crochestun", with Anglo-Norman *ch* for *k*.

¹¹⁾ V. Ernst Förstemann's 'Altdeutsches Namenbuch', 1900: LINDI: Lind-gart, Lind-rat and Lind-olf appear. In Dr. J. W. C. Steiner's 'Inscriptiones Germaniae Primae et Germaniae Secundae', 1851, Theil I, S. 271, No. 575, we get a very early "Lindis" (fem.).

¹²⁾ "Crougin toud a digoe" occurs on a Suevic monument at Ribeira in Galicia; cp. Padre Fidel Fida's article in the *Boletino de la Real Academia de la Historia* (Madrid), 1911. Hübner reproduces the lines correctly. Holder conglomerates them and suggests that "Crougintoudadigoe" is the name of a Celtic divinity! "Crougin" is the genitive of the weak noun *Crougo*, Gmc. **Craug-*; "toud" = Gmc. **daup*; "à" is the negative particle; "digoe" is the subj. pres. sing. 1 and 3 of *thiggen* > *dicken*, to implore, pray for; O.E. *picgan*. The period of this Suevic inscription is c. 420.

¹³⁾ *Crouc*: cp. "Croucin go", in 'Ravennatis Anonymi Cosmographia', edd. Pinder & Parthey, 1860, p. 433. The Cosmographer located Croucin go, the *Gou* of Crouco, between the Walls. With "go" cp. Pather-go, the district in which Paderborn lay. With *gō* for *gou* cp. *frō* for **frou*, Gothic *frauja*.

In Holder the forms from Ptolemy and the *Tabula Peutingeriana* are brought together: 1. *κρουκιάτωνον*; 2. *Crouciaconnum*. My reading of these is Croucintounon — the *tun* of Crouco. This is the "Klæresburh" of the Saxon Chron., annal 1091, the Cherbourg ~ to-day. *Klær* should be well known.

¹⁴⁾ The *ou* of W. Germc. could not be correctly set down in Latin, hence "Crocus" for Crougo > Crouco. This *ou* is found in "Gennoboudes", in the third century; cp. 'Mamertini Panegyricus Maximiano Augusto', ed. Baehrens, 1917, § 10, p. 270.

- calana: Gmc. *ga; O.H.G. *ga*; Almc. *ca* ¹⁷⁾; O.E. *ge*. Gmc. *læn-; Almc. *lān* ¹⁸⁾; O.E. *læn*.
- Caus: Gmc. *gaus*- ¹⁹⁾; Almc. *caus*-; O.E. **geās* > *gēs* ²⁰⁾. *causi* (adopted) > O.E. **cēasi* > **ciesi*: *cīesa* ²¹⁾.
- ennæ: of dubious meaning ²²⁾, but of general provenance in Western Europe.
- Margi: Gmc. **margi*; O.E. **meargi* > **miergi* > Myrg(ing)- ²³⁾. Also **miergi* > **mierci* > Myrce ²⁴⁾.
- tun-um: Gmc. *tūn*- ²⁵⁾.

If we assume that Camden's location of Crococalana is correct we must proceed to examine the headword *Ane* in the form *Anecaster* ²⁶⁾ > *Oncaster* ²⁷⁾. *Ane* exhibits the M. E. tendency to drop *d* after *n* ²⁸⁾, and it stands for *Ande*, the XIth-century weakening of the O.E. possessive *Andan* ²⁹⁾. **Andancaster* =

¹⁷⁾ "Crecganford" yields O.E. *ēag* > *ēg* > *ēg*. In the Saxon Chron., annual 457, we get Crecgan-, MSS. A, E.; Creacan-, B. C.; Creccan-, F.

¹⁸⁾ "Creac-" occurs in "Widsith", lines 20, 69; cp. my article in 'Transactions of the Royal Historical Society', Vol. IX, 1915, pp. 123-156. The king of the Creacas was Casere. This form is very old. It postulates **Cansāri*. This actually appears as the name of a king (Canser) of Northumberland in the Legend of the Holy Grail. In Welch legendary genealogy we find a Casnar Wledic; Old Welch objected to the contact -ns; cp. *traus*, Mid. W. *traws*, Latin *trans*. After he had visited Cansāri > Casere [of Northumberland] at Winburg (= Binchester, Vinovia, Οὐινβούργου), and the Creacas [of Croucin go] Widsith went on, he tells us, to the Scots and Picts. The Craster of to-day, formerly Craucester, is the Cair Greu of the Welch Triads.

¹⁹⁾ Cp. Upper German *cadanc*, *calaupu*, with O.E. *geþanc*, *geliefan*.

²⁰⁾ Gmc. æ (= O.S. ā, O.E. æ, Goth ē) became ā in O.H.G.; vide 'An Old High German Primer', by Joseph Wright, 1906, § 49. O.E. *gelær* (a 'temporary grant or lease of land') therefore postulates *ca-lan*, and that we find in combination with the name of the Alemannic king Crocus in Croco-ca-lana.

²¹⁾ Holder yields only one nominal form with *Caus*-; v. *supra*, note 4. Förstemann has "GAUS sehen GAUTA", and he groups *Gaus*-, *Caus*-, with *Gauzo*, *Cauzo*. Seven names with *Caus*- are documented by him; but he does not realise that he is confusing one substantive form with another. *Gauzo*, *Cauzo*, respond to *Gaut*-, *Caut*-, not to *Gaus*-, *Caus*-. In the 'Libri Confraternitatum Sancti Galli Augiensis Fabariensis', ed. Paul Piper, 1884, the true value of *Gaus*- > *Caus*- appears. Cp. *Gualticausu*, *Pertigausu*, *Causipert*, *Gausari*, *Gauspert*, etc.

²²⁾ In O.E. *ēa* (< au) after or before *c* and *g* becomes *ē*; cp. Wright. 'O.E. Grammar', 1908, § 188, 2.

²³⁾ The Alamannic man's-name *Causi* > **Ciesi* > *Ciesa* enters into a variety of English names of places and these names are asserted to indicate the production of cheese! V. note 39; *infra*.

²⁴⁾ Holder (*u. s.*, note 2) explains *enna*, *inna*, as a diminutive suffix.

²⁵⁾ The Myrgings of 'Widsith' are represented in Ptolemy by Μαργιγγοι and in Tacitus by Marsingi [with *s* :: *g*], name for name. *Margi*, who gave his name to *Margitunum*, may have been the eponymous ancestor of the Myrgings and Mercians.

²⁶⁾ The forms which occur in the Saxon Chronicles are *Mearce*, *Mierce*, *Myrce*, *Mirce*, *Merce*.

²⁷⁾ W. Gmc. *tūn* had not suffered the *t* > *z* shift in Almc. so early as the IVth-century. O.H.G. *zaun* is much later.

²⁸⁾ "Anecaster" is the form used *temp.* Edward I.

²⁹⁾ V. 'The Itinerary of John Leland the Antiquary', ed. 2, 1745, Vol. I, p. 28.

³⁰⁾ Cp. **Blandan*, **Randan*, **Wandan*. D. Bk. yields *Blane-ford*, *Rane-bi*, *Wane-tune*. *Ancaster* is not named therein.

³¹⁾ *And*-, in Gmc., means zeal, anger, hostility. It is frequent in Celtic as a prefix, and its power is intensive and augmentive; Holder, *u. s.*, *sub voce*.

the castrum of Anda > Almc. Anto³⁰). Anto (adopted) became O.E. Anta³¹). Anda is the petform of such names as Andhun, Andscōh, Andsecg > Antsecg³²). It postulates Gmc. *Anth-³³), W.Gmc. And-; O.E. Ôð-³⁴); Almc. Ant-, Antz-³⁵). Anto suggested Latin Anton-; cp. Mutu Antonis³⁶) (*rectius* *mūtu: *muntu < *munthu > O.E. mūða³⁷), haven.) *Andancaster is on the Ermin Street, 10 miles from Keisby, which is 26 miles from Lincoln (= xxvi. m.p.) Causi- (adopted) yielded O.E. *Cīesa > Cīsan > Norman Chise-bi in D. Book³⁸). Hence Keis- equates Caus-, and Keisby and Causennæ are locally one. In the Genealogy of the Kings of Essex Antsecg is son of "Gesecg" wherein ec is an VIIIth-century misreading of a⁴⁰). This explains Ges-ecg: Ges-ag < *Geas-ag⁴¹).

The son of the name-giver of Causennæ became possessed of Crococalana and gave that castrum his own name. How came that about? The Saga of Wolfdietrich informs us that there was a *furst in Kriechenreich* named Antis (cp. Anton⁴²) > "Annhun rex Grecorum") who married a noble *herzogin* and lived for 150 years. For 'years' we must understand *missera*⁴³) as usual. This equals 75 years. The death of Antis, King of the Greeks⁴⁴) [of Lincolnshire]

³⁰) Anto occurs in Piper's *Index* (u. s., note 19). In 'Il Regesto di Farfa, di Gregorio di Catina', edd. Georgi & Balzani, Roma, 1879, Vol. II, No. 152, A. D. 792, we get the interesting compound "Antecaus". Cp. Ant- son of Gēs- < Gaus-: O. H. G. Caus-.

³¹) Cp. "Antan hlau" in Worcestershire, at no great distance from the kingdom of Anta's descendant Brachan Brecheiniog; v. Birch, 'Cartularium Saxonum', No. 246.

³²) In O.E. *d* became *t* through contact with *s*; cp. Wright, 'O.E. Grammar', 1908, § 300.

³³) Cp. "Anthaib", the name of a country that the Langobardi passed through on their way to Italy. V. 'SS. Rerum Langobardicarum', ed. G. Waitz, 1878, pp. 3, 54 and 603.

³⁴) Cp. Gmc. Banth-, > O.E. Bōð; Mercian Pantha < *Panthi > *Penþa > Penda. Boothby is in South Lincolnshire. In the 'Historia Brittonum' (ed. Mommsen, 1894, pp. 204, 208) Penda of Mercia is thrice called Pantha. The 'H. B.', as we know it, was compiled in A. D. 837.

³⁵) In the Saga of 'Der Grosse Wolfdietrich' we read of "Kunic Anzius ein furst in Kriechenreiche"; vide Adolf Holtzmann's edition, 1864. Hugdietrich, son of Anzius, grew up in "Kunstenopel". Wolfdietrich, Hugdietrich's son, came "uss Kriechenlant".

³⁶) This occurs in the *Tabula Peutingeriana*.

³⁷) Cp. Portesmūða, Wideringa mūða. This word in O. E. has the secondary meaning of haven.

³⁸) V. the 'De Situ Brecheniauc', ed. Rev. A. Wade-Evans, in *Y Cymmrodor*, 1906; and cp. my 'Indexes to Old Welsh Genealogies', No. IV., in Whitley Stokes and Kuno Meyer's *Archiv für celtische Lexikographie*, vol. I, 1900, pp. 523-533.

³⁹) In D. Bk. we get Cheseberie, Chesigeberie, Cheseslaue; Chiesnecote, Cheisnecote; Chiseby [now Keisby, older Causennæ], Chiseuorde, Chiseuuc. *Ch* here = *k*.

⁴⁰) Cp. "hebreicam" for *Hebraicam*; "euthicen" for *euthian*; Sangallensis MS., No. 251, scr. post A. D. 820. Also "exsyringas" (in 'Widsith'); "ex" < *ecs < as-, i.e., Assyringas.

⁴¹) Or Ges-æg; cp. Bæld-æg.

⁴²) In Old Welch intervocalic *nt* became *nn*; and later, *nh*, *nnh*; cp. *fontana* > *finnaun* > *ffynhaun*; *Constantin-* > *Custennin* > *Custennhin*; *teilwng* (worthy) *annheilwng* (unworthy).

⁴³) O.E. *missera* means half a year. The misunderstanding of this word has destroyed the value of several chronological statements in Teutonic saga.

⁴⁴) In Hillar's 'Vindicatio Historiae Treverorum', pp. 57, 159, the *Codices S. Matthiae et S. Gisleni* are reproduced and we may read:

"Igitor omnipotens Deus tres plagas maxime gladium gentilium uenire permisit super . . . ciuitatem Treuironum tribus uicibus: prima autem plaga erat GRAECORUM sub imperatore Constante filius Constantini [c. A. D. 345]; secunda Wandali et Alemanni [A. D. 407]; tertia Hunnorum [A. D. 451]." In the 'Gesta Treverorum', ed. G. Waitz, 1848, p. 154, we are told that . . . "GRECI cum magna manu Treberim inuasere et caedibus et rapinis et incendiis grauiter attriuere".

may be assigned to A.D. 372⁴⁵) and his birth, approximately, to 297. His great-great-grandson Brachan, King of Brecknock⁴⁶), was born in or about A.D. 395, and Brachan's great-grandson St. David of Menevia, was born in A.D. 462⁴⁷).

In addition to these facts we must bear in mind the local names Bardney and Partney in Lindsey, near Lincoln. This pair of names is found in Bede as Beardaneu and Pearlaneu; 'H. E.' iii. 11, and ii. 16. The $b > p$ and $d > t$ shifts are satisfactorily explicable on one hypothesis only: namely that they are Alamannic. Peart, Peort⁴⁸), Port are found in Sussex⁴⁹); Bartington and Partington are in Cheshire; Portington is in S. Yorkshire, and Bordesley is in Warwickshire, not far from Mancetter, the royal seat of Portimar⁵⁰). As no p-name or p-word should occur in O.E. this pair Bord > Port; Bard > Part, like Bantha > Pantha⁵¹), Bubba < *Bubbi > Pybbi⁵²), Budia > Putilo⁵³), and many more, clearly point to Alamannic influence, colonisation and dialect in Anglian Britain.

ALFRED ANSCOMBE.

⁴⁵) This is an assumption which I base upon the statement in Ammianus Marcellinus that an Alaman named Fraomarius had been made king over the Bucinobantes by Valentinian and — "paulo postea, quoniam recens excursus eundem penitus uastauerat pagum, in Britannos translatus, potestate tribuni Alamannorum praefecerat; [gentem] numero [sc. in estimationem], multitudine uiribusque ea tempestate florenti"; v. ed. V. Gardthausen, 1874, xxix, 4, 7, p. 182. This took place in A.D. 372.

⁴⁶) Brachan's mother was Marchel dtr. of Teuderic son of Teudfall son of [Teuder son of Teudfal son of (repetition)] "Annhun regis Grecorum". This prince is also called "Annn Niger Rex Grecorum" in the 'Cognacio Brychan'; and "Annwn du vrenhin Groec" in the 'Llyfyr Llewellyn Offeirad'.

⁴⁷) St. David was born 30 years after St. Patrick proceeded to Hibernia: therefore in 462. He was son of Sandde son of Cedic (mab Ceredic mab Cunidda Wledic), by Meleri dtr. of Brachan son of Anlac by Marchel named in note 46. Antsecg was son of Gesag (note 40), son of Seaxnete son of Woden: cp. 'Genealogia de Regibus Orientalium Saxonum', scr. c. 875, in Henry Sweet's 'Oldest English Texts', 1885, p. 179.

⁴⁸) In the O.E. version of Bede's 'H. E.' we find "Peortaneu".

⁴⁹) In an early Sussex charter we get "Peartingawyrth"; v. Birch, 'Cartularium Saxonicum', No. CCLXII.

⁵⁰) In the Welch Historical Triad No. XV., the names of Three Sovereign Princes in Britain in King Arthur's time are recorded. One of these is Porth Vawr Vandu (MS. *gandw* with $g :: u$, a frequent scribal error). This means Port the Great of Mandw, i. e., Portimar of Mancetter, the Mandu-essedum of Antonine.

⁵¹) Cp. note 34, *supra*. Banthaib was one of the countries that the Langobards passed through on their way southward.

⁵²) "Bubba" occurs in the Genealogy of the Princes of Lindsey. Pybbi was father of Penda of Mercia.

⁵³) Pudlicote in Oxfordshire was *Pudelicote* in 1181 and *Podelincote* survived till 1279. The medial *in* herin is the Alm. possessive of weak nouns in *o*. Cp. *Puteleorde* (= *Putelinworthe), in Domesday Book for Hampshire; and see 'Place-Names of Oxfordshire', by Henry Alexander, 1912, p. 168.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. The Association's second year has been concluded by a series of lectures given at all branches, with the exception of the Hague, on the subject of English Public School and University Life. This third series, by the Rev. W. R. Flex, now a House Master of Eton College, was very well received throughout.

In addition, the Haarlem branch had the privilege of an address by Marjorie Bowen, who had come to Holland to lecture before the Genootschap Nederland-Engeland.

With regard to the plan announced in the April number, the Committee has been informed that the University of London intends to issue a document on the matter by the beginning of June. This will be communicated to those who have expressed their interest in the plan. The University of Oxford does not intend to go beyond the organization of a Vacation Course for foreign students in 1922, whereas Cambridge has no special courses for foreigners.

The usual Holiday Courses are being given this summer by the University of London. Particulars are available on application either to the University Extension Registrar or to the Secretary, University College. The School of Librarianship is to hold a course from August 22 to September 3, on Rural Library Systems, including English literature from Tennyson and Browning to Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw. Inquiries should be directed to University College, London.

Vereniging van Leraren in Levende Talen. The annual meeting was held at Utrecht on the Saturday before Easter, and very well attended. From the business proceedings we mention the election of Mr. Becker Elzinga to be hon. secretary instead of Dr. J. Ruinen, who had served the Vereniging in this function from its outset. The Committee was authorized to take preliminary steps towards the foundation of a new journal, with a general business part for all members, and separate sections for each of the four languages.

At the General Meeting Mr. Herman Robbers read a paper on Education and Literature.

The four sections held separate meetings in the afternoon. In the English section the chairman, Mr. W. van Doorn, gave a paper entitled: *The Vision*, being an Excursion into Modern English Poetry, in the course of which he read various poems by Yeats, Housman, Gibson and other poets. A discussion also took place on the position of English in the new Secondary School Programme.

Altogether the meeting was one of the most successful held of late years. The old tradition of lunching together, suspended during the war, was also restored, under the excellent stewardship of one of the members of the Committee.

In future, the annual meeting is to be held on the Saturday before Easter, instead of on the Tuesday after Whitsuntide.

B-Examination 1920. The *Staatscourant* of 13 April 1921, no. 71, contains the report of the B-Committee for 1920, from which we give the following extract:

Bij het examen in de historische spraakkunst bleek bij herhaling, dat de candidaten moeite hadden met het vertalen van den hun voorgelegden oud-Engelschen tekst, niet zoozeer door gebrek aan woordenkennis, als door onvoldoende vertrouwdheid met de taalvormen. De candidaten behooren te zorgen dat zij deze door en door kennen en zich bij hun lectuur goed rekenschap te geven van elken voorkomenden vorm en van den bouw van de volzinnen, niet alleen om in staat te zijn oud-Engelsche teksten nauwkeurig te verstaan en te vertalen, maar ook om een helder begrip te krijgen van de vormen en constructies in de latere taal.

Bij het beoordeelen van de letterkundige opstellen bemerkte de commissie tot haar genoegen, dat in het algemeen de candaten de wenken van haar voorgangsters hadden ter harte genomen, zich niet beperkt hadden tot een opsomming van de feiten of den inhoud van een werk, als een ontleding en behandeling daarvan was gevraagd.

Bij het mondeling examen in de letterkunde echter bleek de gunstige invloed van vroeger gegeven wenken minder. Meermalen is er in vorige jaren op gewezen, dat men de Engelsche literatuur niet kan bestudeeren alsof zij bij Chaucer en Langland begon. Deze schrijvers en hun tijd zijn toch zeker niet te begrijpen zonder eenige bekendheid met voorafgaande letterkundige voortbrengselen. En toch schenen sommige candidaten in die meening te verkeerren. Het gaat niet aan de oudere tijdperken zoo goed als te verwaarloozen. Ook meent de commissie een kortgeleden gegeven raad voor toekomstige candidaten te moeten herhalen: tracht een goed inzicht te krijgen in wat eigenlijk de waarde van een letterkundig werk is; leert een eigen oordeel te vormen, geleid door b.v. een boek als: W. H. Hudson, *An Introduction to the Study of Literature*, enz.

Translation.

1. The summer of 1563 was drawing to a close. 2. The oak forests of Gelderland were beginning to be tinged with the first russet hues of autumn and the evening sunbeams that gilded the grey towers of the cloister of Ilmenoude were taking an early leave of the pleasant landscape they shone upon. 3. The narrow path that wound between dark groves to the ancient building was sprinkled with dead leaves and the sky wore that clear, transparent tint, which lends such a peculiar charm to spring and autumn.

4. No sound save the twittering of birds broke the deep silence that reigned under the venerable oaks, through whose vaulted canopy an occasional sunbeam pierced its way, and no trace of human habitation recalled the thought of the great world, its strife and suffering, to the soul that sought refuge within the massive but dilapidated walls of the abbey.

5. Ilmenoude was no abode of luxurious idleness patronised by the royal or the noble. 6. Situated in a remote district of Gelderland the very name of the nunnery was hardly known beyond the immediate neighbourhood; the sound of carriage wheels, which announced visitors from one of the castles in the vicinity was such a rare event that it caused the entire sisterhood to flock to the gate. 7. In the outer court grass grew luxuriantly between the stones and clustering ivy flung its green mantle over the wide gateway hiding it almost completely from view. 8 The spot appeared safe

from every influence of the outer world and was a perfect paradise of birds which might build their nests and sing their songs unmolested here.

9. It was a decaying nunnery, for it was years since a new applicant had presented herself and the few remaining nuns cared but little to keep the building in repair. 10. The abbey was founded centuries before by a rich and noble lady, who, seized with remorse for a life spent in pleasure, had sought repose within its walls; but its complete isolation repelled all who retained any interest in worldly affairs. 11. Abbeys like that of Rijnsburg, where wealth, honour and unbounded licence could be found, where princes resorted and political intrigues were hatched, had speedily proved metal more attractive than such a retreat as this cloister, whose knowledge of the world was restricted to some slight acquaintance with the inhabitants of the two miles distant village of Ilmenoude.

12. Both wings of the cloister had been long uninhabited and surrendered to the mercy of the elements, while some pains were taken to keep the main building in repair, though even here decay had set her seal on the gloomy walls and the network of ivy spread over roof and window so as to threaten the small panes with utter deprivation of light. 13. As yet, however, the intrusive tendrils, which seemed to consider the old pile already a ruin, had not yet succeeded in casting their meshes over the panes themselves and even the spider, which everywhere else seemed to dream of a blessed eternity, learned here by painful experience that it was born to a very transitory existence.

Observations. 1. *The summer of 1563 had come to an end* does not convey the same meaning.

2. *Guelders, Guelderland.* Egmont, Duke of Guelders beheaded by Alva (W. Scott, *Kenilworth*), *Gelderland* is the spelling adopted by Everyman's Encyclopaedia. — *Oak-wood.* A *wood* is cared for and cultivated, a *forest* wild and little frequented and may be the haunt of wild beasts (Günther). — *Brown-Russet.* The latter word denotes a reddish-brown and is therefore more appropriate. *Red-brown.* Pressing some tobacco into the *red-brown* bowl of his pipe (Hichens, *Snake Bite*). *Turret-Tower.* The difference relates to size, a tower is a more massive structure. See the illustration in Webster's Dictionary. — *Sunray.* A beam is larger and more powerful than a *ray*. The great luminaries of the sun and moon send forth both beams and rays. Smaller luminous bodies (as a lamp) send out rays. The sun emits rays whenever its light is unobstructed: between clouds the same light often escapes as a beam. *Ray* expresses more directly than beam the notion of one among a number of lines of light (Smith). — *Say farewell (good bye) to. Bid farewell to.*

3. *The narrow way which winded* should be *which wound*. The distinction between road and way is not always observed. Smith says that the latter word expresses broadly the general manner of travel. Compare the following sentences: He'll need no finger-board to tell him which way his road lies (Cooper, *Prairie*.) On the opposite side of the way (Morrison, *Hole in the Wall*). He was on his own side of the way; then he crossed the road (Leys, *Houseboat Mystery*). See Günther. — *Here and there covered with withered leaves. Dry leaves.* *Dry* denotes absence of moisture in present-day English; *dried-up leaves* would be all right. *Old (Ancient) building;* *Ancient* is said of what is historically old. — *Hue-Colour-Tint.* The difference between these synonyms will be clear from the following sentences quoted at second-hand from *Taalstudie*, XI, 344: It was still day-light, but rose shaded lamps

were burning there, and shed a mellow *hue* over all the brilliant *colours* (Ouida, *Othmar*, I 188). Observe the wig, of a dark *hue*, but indescribable *colour*, for if it be naturally brown, it has acquired a black *tint* by long service (*Sketches by Boz*). The points of difference may be summed up in the words of Smith: *Hue* is strictly speaking a compound of one or more colours; *colours* are properly the seven prismatic colours deduced from light by the prism; *tint* is a colour or hue faintly exhibited. The cliffs upon the farther side had lost their ruddy *tint*, being chocolate-brown in *colour* (Conan Doyle, *Lost World*, ch. IX.)

4. *No other sound but (except) . . .* Our New York policemen, who appear fit for no other function in life, *but* to expectorate (*Strand Magazine*, 1903, p. 196.). — *Disturbed the profound stillness (silence)*. Not a sound in all the stillness (Wells, *First Men in the Moon*, Ch. XIX.). — *Centuries old oaks sounds awkward; majestic or venerable oaks renders the same idea.* — *Foliage-roof*. Great care must be taken when translating Dutch compounds. More often than not English uses a group of words. In American English composition is more frequent than in British English e.g. *view-point* = *point of view*. See Kruisinga, *Grammar and Idiom* § 337. — *No trace of dwellings called the great world to the mind of the soul that . . . The mind of the soul is a rather odd jumble of ideas! Decrepit (decayed) walls*. Note the misspelling *delapidated*.

5. *Wanton idleness*. The word *wanton* is not suitable, it contains the notion of licentiousness, playfulness. *Luxurious ease*. — *Favoured by princes or noblemen*.

6. *Situated in an out of the way part of Gelderland the nunnery was not known outside the immediate surroundings not even by name*. The second *not* must be omitted (double negative). *Was even not known by name*. Place *even* after *not*. — *The rattle (rattling) of wheels*. The sharp rattle of the whirling phaeton (N. E. D.). We were all seated in a comfortable landau and were rattling through the quaint, old town (Conan Doyle, *Adventure of Silver Blaze*). — *Vicinity* — *Neighbourhood*. The former word does not express so close a connection as *neighbourhood*. A *neighbourhood* is a more immediate *vicinity*. The streets immediately adjoining a square are in the *neighbourhood* of that square. Where houses are not built together in masses, there can be no *neighbourhood*. In the country gentlemen's seats are often in the *vicinity* of a town or village (Graham). At the end of January 1890 Amelia Jeffs, aged 15, was missed from her home. As two other girls were also missed from the same *vicinity* a thorough search was made and the empty houses of the *neighbourhood* were inspected. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1898, p. 520). — *Was such a rarity*. — *It drew all the inmates to the gate*.

7. *On the outer yard (outer court, courtyard)*. The correct preposition is *in*. *Fore court*. Waverley repaired to the fore court as it was called. (W. Scott, *Waverley* XV.) The source of light was in the forecourt (Stanley Weyman, *House of the Wolf*, Ch. VI). The word is also applied to an enclosed space before a building or house: The forecourts of houses at certain parts of the route are to be taken to widen the road for the tram (*London Opinion*, Oct. 20, 1906). — *Luxurious grass* is impossible: *luxurious ease, idleness, a luxurious residence, table*. *Luxuriant* = of exuberant growth: A rank and luxuriant vegetation. See Günther.

8. *Outside world* is good English. Let it further be imagined that there is no subsequent communication with the *outside world*, and that nobody on the island can read or write (H. Bradley, *The Making of English*, Ch. II).

Outerworld: She had become soured by retirement from the *outerworld* (Chas. Geard, *Portable Lodgings*). *Pleasure-ground(s)*. The more recent quotations in *N. E. D.* give the singular form. — *Undisturbed, unhindered*.

9. *For years no new members had come forward*. Very often the word *past* is added after *years, months, weeks*. *Displayed (Showed) little zeal in*. — *Upkeep-Maintenance*: A bequest of a member who died sixty years ago has provided for the *upkeep* of the little place of worship. (Frankfort Moore, *The Ulsterman*, ch. II.). The *maintenance* of roofs and chimneys (W. Besant, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*). The *maintenance* of bridges and roads (Harmsworth *Popular Educator*, p. 238.)

10. *The abbey had been founded centuries ago*. The Pluperfect is right here. Cp. His watch *had stopped* three hours ago (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Aug. 1900, p. 22). The gross tragedy that had been enacted there he *had heard* from the woodcutter yesterday (Geo. Moore, *The Lake*). They respected him because he had an immense fortune. This fortune *had not been gained* for himself by Pierpont. He was no hustling captain of industry, and he knew very little of Wallstreet. His father *had bequeathed* to him millions, and *he had never worked hard* for a living. For a few years he *had been* in the diplomatic service, and *had lived* in Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid. Then he *had retired* and *had travelled* widely (Hichens, *Snike Bite*, ch. I.). The functions of the English and the Dutch pluperfect seem to correspond pretty closely except for such cases where the present imperfect is used in Dutch e.g. When he returned his father *had been* dead two years. — *In a repentant mood*. — *Her severe seclusion*. Her with reference to inanimate objects is unusual in Standard English, apart from cases of personification. My pipe give her back to me ... sorr. (Rudyard Kipling, *Soldiers Three*.)

11. *Unlimited freedom*. — *Where princes paid their visits*. — *To lay an intrigue*. This use of *to lay* in the sense of 'contrive', 'plan', is marked obsolete in *N. E. D.* — *This convent, that knew nothing of life*. That introducing a non-restrictive clause is not in accordance with grammatical rule, but instances occur. See Günther's *Manual* and Kruisinga, *Accidence and Syntax*, § 518. A couple of foxterriers were sniffing the ground round about them, and one of them, *that* was rather pampered by Aunt Betty, skipped about over the damp earth (Albanesi, *Love and Louisa*, Ch. VIII). It is a mistake to suppose that a relative clause is necessarily restrictive or continuative. If by continuative clause we mean a clause that is coordinating in function, there are many relative clauses that are neither continuative nor restrictive. These clauses can take *that* as well as *who, which*. And the clause quoted above, as well as the one in our text, belongs to this third class. Its function is often that of an adverb clause of reason or cause.

12. *Central building*. — *The two wings*. When Dutch *beide* is accented it is translated by *both*, when the accent falls on the following noun the English equivalent is *the two*. — *Aisles* is impossible in this context (*z ij-beuken* in a church). In an extended sense the space between pews, seats or lines of trees: Soon the bus fills up and a long line of strap-hanging ladies spreads down the *aisle* (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1915, p. 92). He came up the centre-aisle (of a schoolroom) (*Idem*, 1901, p. 301.)

13. *Obtrusive tendrils*. — *The spider, that ...* See above under 11. *A very fugitive existence*.

Good translations were received from Miss T. B., Kollum; Mr. B. B., Leeuwarden; B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss. A. H., Flushing; Mr. P. A. J., Bolsward; Mr. P. H. v. O., Rotterdam; Miss A. E. S., Enschedé; Mr. H. S.,

Leeuwarden; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Mr. K. de V., Dokkum; Mr. J. H. V., Rotterdam; Miss R. W., Poeldijk; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

1. Van Dijk begaf zich terstond aan het werk, en nam uit den koffer eenige wapens, die hij te zamen in een doek knoopte. 2. Weder geheel en al tot zijn gewone kalmte teruggekeerd, richtten zich zijne gedachten met innige zelfvoldoening op de zoo nabij zijnde vervulling van zijn doel. 3. Zijne overtuiging, dat hij eene daad ging volbrengen, die de vrijheid zou redden en het ware geloof zou doen zegevieren, had geen oogenblik gewankeld. 4. Toen hij dus in de eenzaamheid de laatste voorbereidselen maakte en bedaard de pistolen laadde, dacht hij met een soort van dankbaar gevoel aan den dag van morgen. 5. Hoewel hij zich het gewicht van het oogenblik niet ontveinsde, kwam er geen de minste weifeling in zijn binnenste op, toen hij, langzamerhand in diep nadenken verzonken, zich in zijn verbeelding op den weg naar Rijswijk verplaatste, en het pistoolschot hoorde knallen, waarmede hij den Stadhouder in het hart zou treffen. 6. Met een soort van wreedaardig welgevallen herdacht hij alles, wat hij in de laatste jaren geleden had, alsof het hem goed deed, die smartelijke wonden weder met eigen handen open te rijten. 7. Zoo zat hij eenigen tijd in diep gepeins verloren, toen hij onverwachts door een ongewoon gerucht van vele voetstappen op straat daaruit opgewekt werd, en terstond daarop de voordeur hoorde openen en eenige personen hoorde binnentreden. 8. Onbewegelijk en met ingehouden adem luisterde hij scherp naar hetgeen beneden voorviel. 9. Plotseling overtoog eene doodelijke bleekheid zijn gelaat; met beide handen greep hij krampachtig de tafel vast, en als vreesde hij door het minste geritsel zijne tegenwoordigheid te verraden, of wel iets te verliezen van hetgeen hij zou kunnen hooren, boog hij zich voorover, en vestigde zijne strakke blikken op de deur. 10. Hij had duidelijk eene stem gehoord, die op strengen toon naar den kastelein had gevraagd, en meende terstond daarop te verstaan, dat diezelfde stem sprak van een koffer, die den vorigen dag daar in huis was gebracht. 11. Zijne vreeselijke vermoedens werden tot zekerheid, toen hij duidelijk de woorden vernam: „Waar is die koffer, die ik van u opvorder in naam van de Regeering?”

12. Er was geen twijfel meer! Zonder te weten wat hij deed, vloog Van Dijk overeind en naar het venster toe. 13. Daar zag hij op straat twee gerechtsdienaars, omringd door een hoop volk, dat nieuwsgierige blikken op het huis wierp. 14. Hij zag, dat hij verloren was; als een bliksemstraal vloog hem die gedachte door het hoofd, en maakte hem voor een oogenblik wezenloos. 15. Geheel werktuigelijk rukte hij het deksel van den koffer open, om er de nog overige pistolen uit te nemen, en wierp er eenige op en onder het bed, zonder te begrijpen, dat het slechts tijdverlies was. 16. Spoedig echter kwam hij tot bezinning en herkreëg hij zijne zielskracht en tegenwoordigheid van geest. 17. Op eens zag hij het nuttelooze van zijne handeling in, wikkeld zich in zijn mantel, drukte den hoed diep in de oogen, greep een dolk van de tafel, en trad de deur uit, vast besloten, zijn leven zoo duur mogelijk te verkoopen, wanneer hij zich door koel bloedigheid niet meer kon redden.

Translations should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maerlant, Brielle, before July 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Reviews.

The Characters of the English Verb and the Expanded Form.
By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff, Groningen, 1921. f 3.25.

The title of this book cannot be said to express its contents with reasonable clearness. Indeed, few people will understand what the subjects announced by it can be. By 'characters' the author means what is more generally called *aspect*, and still more frequently *aktionsart*, because so many of the treatises on the subject are German. But *aspect* is the only term used in French, and the one that seems to be or likely to become the international term. Mr. Poutsma objects to 'tense-aspect' a term used by Sweet, because it may lead to a confusion of aspect and tense, a confusion that is probably the cause of the formation of the compound; but that seems hardly a reason for rejecting *aspect*. The term 'expanded form' does not refer, as the reader might suppose, to the passive, or to the use of the auxiliary *to do* in negative sentences, or to the use of the genitive in such cases as *a saying of Plato's*, but to the construction that is known to all students of English as the *progressive*. The reason for rejecting the old-established name, not in favour of another equally well-established, but of an inexpressive coinage¹⁾, is curious and perhaps worth discussing as its reasoning is at the bottom of much ingenuity misspent on inventing new terms, a sport beloved by some grammarians. Poutsma thinks 'progressive' is an unsuitable term because it does not exhaust all the functions of the form. But he acknowledges that progressive is the best name for the most important of the functions of the form. If that is not sufficient recommendation for retaining an old term (or even for introducing a new one) I am afraid we must look forward to a complete overthrow of all (literally all) our terms in grammar. *Pronoun* will prove untenable, for it does not always replace a noun, personal pronoun must go for *it* may refer to things, possessive pronoun is absurd for it may express other functions than possession, demonstratives are unsuitable for they are used anaphorically, interrogative pronouns must be re-baptized for they are used in exclamatory sentences, relative pronouns require a fresh label for they do not relate anything, nor do they show relation or relativity, etc. Really, another Twelve Years' Truce, during which the invention of new terms to replace well-established ones, would be forbidden, would be well-come by all readers of grammatical treatises. The only loss in case of such an arrangement would be on the side of the grammarians who admire their own ingenuity, but they would probably find new fields of glory; they might take up football for instance.

It is time, however, to turn to the book I profess to review. It falls into two parts, the first on aspect in English in general, the second on the only form in English that serves to express aspect: the progressive. The reader of the book will hardly notice the unity of the two parts, for the author treats the progressive without much reference to the discussion of aspects in general of the first part. The book has no preface, but we may take for granted that what we are given here is an instalment of Mr. Poutsma's monumental work on English grammar. It has the well-known merits, and, it must be confessed, the equally wellknown de-merits (chiefly length) of the preceding instalments. The author does not discuss the history of aspect as a term of grammar, but begins by a series of definitions. The definitions

¹⁾ The mint-master is not Mr. Poutsma, but Professor Jespersen.

are not quite clear to me. It does not appear necessary, or useful, to deviate from what is usual and call the ingressive and terminative aspect ingressively-durative and terminatively-durative. As far as I know ingressive and terminative are special cases of the perfective aspects, and I believe I have shown that such is the case at any rate in English when we consider the aspect of the infinitive. And the examples that Poutsma quotes seem to bear out the same conclusion. Besides, in the very beginning of the treatise on p. 7, we find illustrations of usually durative verbs expressing "an ingressive (or momentaneous)" aspect. And in section 13 he explains that the adverb in *sit down*, *lie down*, etc. makes the verbs ingressive; it seems clear that momentaneous (or perfective) is the class under which ingressive falls to be reckoned. The enumeration and definition of the various aspects is followed by a discussion of hundreds of quotations where a verb is used to express a different aspect from what it usually does; they are meant to illustrate what the author calls the variability of the character of English verbs. What they really illustrate is that the English verb generally does not express any aspect at all, and that it is the context that decides what aspect is meant. What the discussion amounts to, therefore, is an examination of the meanings of English verbs with reference to the aspect they express. It follows that it is difficult, in not a few cases, to follow the author in his explanations. For the fact that English has generally no forms to express aspect causes the speakers to have no strong feeling for differences of aspect. In many cases we cannot say that a verb expresses, in itself, any aspect at all, and even in a given context it is often impossible to say what the aspect of the verb is.

Some cases are, indeed, clear enough, and Poutsma gives a good many instructive quotations. But I confess it seems to me that he would have taught us more if he had given us less. One gets the impression that the mass of quotations he has collected overwhelms him. He does not select the best specimens to illustrate general principles or clear distinctions, leaving aside the quotations that are not helpful. On the contrary, his plan seems to be to get every quotation he has written down, fitted into his book in its proper place. And sometimes, one imagines, it has cost him a great deal of thinking to decide where the proper place is. For some quotations, so far from illustrating a statement, make it puzzling. And some have little to do with the subject discussed. In a treatment of the syntax of Modern English it is possible to adopt different methods: one may restrict oneself to standard English, one may include the many varieties including dialects. The latter method, if systematically pursued, is no doubt preferable, but is it possible in the present state of our knowledge? I hardly think that anybody will venture to answer this in the affirmative. Poutsma does not really attempt to discuss Scotch or Irish or American English, nor the English of other dialects. But if in the course of his reading he has met with a note on Irish or Scotch or dialectal English it must be put into his book. Thus (on p. 93) he refers to what Bain called "the 'objectionable' practice in Scotch English of using the expanded form where there seems to be no occasion for it". But "there is no occasion for it" only when one tries to speak standard English. It is the business of the grammarian, however, if he mentions the Scotch usage, to explain it, not to judge it by the standard of another dialect. The student of grammar is more interested in the statement in Grant and Dixon's *Manual of Modern Scotch* (p. 114): "The progressive form of the verb, first person singular, is used colloquially in making deliberate statements, where standard usage employs the simple verb." See l. c. for the quotations. And to say, as Poutsma does (p. 93), that in

vulgar English the progressive is often used when it is "utterly uncalled for" shows the same mistaken attitude of the judge of fashion instead of the doctor. I think, moreover, that the quotations of the 'vulgar' use of *I'm thinking* illustrate the use of educated speakers.

In some of the sections dealing with standard English the author shows that the idea of aspect is helpful in explaining the uses of words. Very instructive are his remarks on *to be dead, to know, to stop, to remember, to forget*. In other cases his analysis is less convincing, but it would be little use if I discussed them here. The reader will doubtless often be inclined to contradict the author. For in these matters it is impossible to expect unanimity.

The second part of the treatise deals with the progressive and seems to be largely based on Aronstein's article in *Anglia*. The result is a very learned and elaborate treatment; yet, I doubt whether it is really an improvement to speak of the relieving function of the progressive to denote what Sweet called its descriptive function. And when illustrating the 'prospective' function of the progressive one would have thought it seemed natural to refer to the fact that the durative present in Slavonic often serves for a future. It is, indeed, difficult in many cases to say whether the 'progressive' or the 'prospective' function is illustrated by a given quotation. Take the very first example serving to illustrate the prospective function: It seems to me the plaudits are giving way to criticism. Poutsma calls the function prospective, and must therefore think of *give way* in its perfective (momentaneous) aspect. But there is no reason why we should do that. If we think of *give way* in its imperfective (durative) meaning we may analyse the form *are giving way* as an ordinary progressive. In some cases the quotations illustrating the prospective function seem to be entirely misplaced. P. quotes: Robert Alison had ordered a bottle of Sassella, and he *was just pouring* it out when Catharina brought in the 'forellen'. It seems to me that no better example of the progressive function can be wished for.

A fourth function that Poutsma distinguishes is the 'characterizing' function, that is easily understood by the following example: He was continually getting into scrapes. Finally, we have the qualitative function, as in: It is not surprising that the public has become perplexed. I must say I do not see that we have a progressive at all. We could say: *very surprising*. Must we really assume a progressive in: The story is amusing enough? and in: Two leaves are missing? or: He is ailing?

The book closes with a discussion of verbs that are not used in the progressive and of analogous constructions in other languages.

We have expressed our disagreements on some questions, other readers will find other points. But all will lay down the book with a feeling of admiration for the rare perseverance of the author to go on with his task: a full grammatical description of Modern English. We hope that he will be enabled to publish the last part of the book completely.

E. KRUISINGA.

Philip Massinger.

Philip Massinger by A. H. CRUICKSHANK, M. A. (Professor of Greek in the University of Durham); A Critical Study: with Portrait and Facsimiles. — Oxford, Blackwell, 1920.— 15/— net.

'We have lately been celebrating the tercentenary of Shakspeare's death. The best way of honouring a great author is to read his writings; but to

appreciate aright the greatness of Shakspeare we should be wise to combine with our study a just estimate of his contemporaries and satellites; and, of the many dramatists, of that century, none seem to me more worthy of affectionate consideration than Philip Massinger. . . . His contemporaries . . . are too often marred by waywardness, unnaturalness, want of proportion, and grossness; it is a relief to resume the study of an author whose work is sober, well-balanced, dignified, and lucid.' Thus Professor Cruickshank on page 142 of his very interesting study, which at the same time comes as a reminder that a critical edition of Massinger's complete works is still a thing devoutly to be wished. I for one have, to my great regret, been unable to go through all the plays which the learned author has thoroughly and capably dealt with, not even forgetting to number the lines, thus accomplishing a vast amount of spadework for any future editor.

And this labour, unlike much philological work, has been bestowed on no unworthy object. We may boggle at Prof. Cruickshank's verdict: '*he is the most Greek of his generation,*' (though it is a Grecian who says it) and insist that Massinger can rather claim kinship with several eighteenth century French dramatists who were supremely unaware of his ever having existed; we may point to the *bourgeois* qualities of his work, and to the *worsted* he habitually uses instead of the silk (often, indeed, the simulation silk) of his contemporaries; — the creator of Sir Giles Overreach is a remarkable author, who, in a literature other than his own, removed from Shakespeare's all-dwarfing presence, would loom far greater than he does now. And though I for one think that Prof. C. in extolling 'the marble splendour' of Massinger's verse has been carried away by the enthusiasm he naturally felt for the talented man whose work he had so long and so diligently studied, I must agree with him where he says: 'The passionate, the abnormal, the lurid, the farcical elements, in which his contemporaries revel are not, indeed, entirely absent, but they are less conspicuous; the luxuriance of the thicket does not hinder the wayfarer from following the path.' And I had already agreed before, when Prof. C. exclaimed (on page 97): 'I am tired of those writers who grudgingly attribute to Massinger the leavings of other playwrights, making him the whipping-boy of his age, and who proceed to qualify their theories by doubts as to his ability to attain to the excellences which they perforce discover in them.' I can understand a man becoming impatient with poets like Swinburne and Rupert Brooke for gushing over the plays of Ford, of Webster, of Tourneur, while dismissing Massinger with a shrug, Massinger, whose plays held the stage much longer than Webster's.¹⁾

The book may be heartily recommended to our students, the more so as it still leaves some questions for another to settle. There is e.g. the authorship of 'The Virgin Martyr.' Now in my opinion this drama owes more than a little to *El Mágico Prodigioso* by Calderon de la Barca. Were any translations of this play available, in English or in French? Are there any indications that Massinger or Dekker knew Spanish? Have Calderon's scenes been translated, or imitated, or perhaps improved upon? I had hoped to tackle the question myself, but sundry adverse circumstances, chiefly lack of leisure, have frustrated my intentions. Meanwhile the Editors of E. S.

¹⁾ On page 113 the author states that Webster compared with Shakespeare, 'reminds us somewhat of the contrast between Mantegna and Raphael'. The comparison may be right in its proportions, but I fail to understand how Shakespeare's literary methods can present any affinity with the work of a painter of the Italian school.

kept clamouring for a review, and having pledged my word to them as well as owing a debt of gratitude to Professor Cruickshank for his able book, I offer my review of it for what it may be worth.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Spanien und das elisabethanische Drama, von DR. RUDOLF GROSSMANN. — Hamburg, Friederichsen. 1920.— 18 Mrk.

An imposing *Literaturverzeichnis* — comprising close on 10 quarto pages! — and no Index, which is rather awkward, and which is astonishing, too, seeing how well the enormous mass of material has been dealt with. The style is clear, sometimes forcible, with an occasional touch of dry humour. I did find one bad sentence, which from pure malice I will quote: "Was die Engländer an spanischer Literatur kennen lernten, waren nur die letzten breiten Ausstrahlungen des fremden Sprachgeistes, die durch den Übergang in die Übersetzersprache bereits manche Brechungen erfahren hatten, nicht das Ergebnis persönlicher Bekanntschaft mit der Erde, auf der sie bodenständig waren." But this metaphorical enormity is a solitary case ... *steht vereinzelt da.*¹⁾

Dr. Grossmann distinguishes four groups of Spanish influences: political, literary, cultural, and linguistical. The section dealing with the first of these is the smallest. "[Es] ergibt sich, dass alle politischen Persönlichkeiten spanischer Herkunft und alle Spanien berührenden Fragen des politischen Lebens von vornherein einer parteiischen Betrachtungsweise sicher sind (ausser bei Shakespeare ...) Ein böswilliges Vorurteil ist anstelle der Objektivität getreten, die man doch den Italienern oder selbst den Franzosen, dem Erbfeind von gestern, häufig zubilligt ... Nicht Mangel an Lokalfarbe und Geschichtskennntnis ist hieran schuld, sondern nationale Erbitterung."

But the Spaniard might be hated and misrepresented, his literature was welcomed, in many cases even enthusiastically welcomed. Dr. G. discusses seven distinct species of Spanish literature which were all known to the Elizabethans and imitated by them, even by Shakespeare. His *Armado* comes in for more than a passing mention; and in this connection I quote from Prof. Abel Lefranc's book *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare* Vol II. page 37. "Ce type, à la fois d'une si concrète originalité et d'une touche nationale si juste, n'a pu être inventé de toutes pièces. Je ne crois pas qu'il ait été entrevu à Londres ni dans quelque ville anglaise par un valet d'acteurs en tournée. Une telle figure a dû être rencontrée, sinon dans le pays qui l'a vu se former, du moins dans un cadre approprié, tout voisin par le sol et par les mœurs de sa patrie d'origine ..." A prototype, Antonio Pérez, has been suggested by M. Hume ('Some Spanish Influences in Elizabethan Literature,' Second Series, 1909), but Dr. G. is unconvinced.

On the whole Elizabethans appear to have been far more familiar with the geography of Italy, than with that of Spain. But with the organisation of the Spanish army, and with Spanish tactics and strategy they were very well acquainted indeed, and many *military manuals* were translated into English from Spanish originals published in Brussels. I was quite glad to

¹⁾ Likewise a statement to the effect that Spain had conquered *Flanders*. (page 14). Did she ever?

find a complete list of the different ranks, as on seeing the word *abanderado* a host of recollections crowded upon me: had I not met with that word, long, long ago, in that fine book which told me of Pedrillo the trumpeter and El Emisario, in Oltmans's *Loevestein Castle*?

And last not least — not to mention trifles like tooth-picks and Toledan swords — did not Albion take to Iberia's dances! Not yet the Fandango, which originated in the eighteenth century, but the Pavana, the Gran Canaria, the Sarabanda, the Chacona . . . The very words are trumpet-calls of romance. There is something fascinating about most Spanish words, and Elizabethan practice bears me out in this. Those worthies murdered Spanish with the complacency of a half-educated Hollander using 'English' sporting terms . . .

Altogether a good piece of work.

W. v. D.

The Chapbook, A Monthly Miscellany. Published by the Poetry Bookshop. Numbers 15—21; 1/6 each.

Number 15 — Old Broadside Ballads Reproduced from Original Examples in Facsimile, with An Introductory Note by C. Lovat Fraser — is intensely interesting, — to historians because the Broadside 'has provided a running commentary on English history for the last three or four hundred years', to printers because the successive sheets are as many object-lessons in the deterioration of their craft, to poets because here they should find plenty of hints how art may be made to appeal to the 'much maligned Man in the Street'. The Editor also points to the sentimental appeal of the sheets, and he is right. I for one have been wondering which of them it was that Michael Henchard read on the fateful day when he committed the thing he was to be sorry for ever afterwards.

Sixteen new poems by nine contemporary poets (seven of them unknown to me) have found their way into number 16. I shall watch the development of Camilla Doyle with interest, as she appears to possess all the materials necessary for a lyrist. Let me quote

The Aeroplane.

This afternoon, as it grew late,
 You hid in clouds the hue of slate
 Far-descending treacherously,
 As though to lend you secrecy,
 And circled so persistently
 There was no escape for me —
 Where'er I turned you still came round,
 Teeth that grit and claws that ground,
 Each deepest-hidden lane you wound
 Above, each smallest mound you bound
 With belts of brutalizing sound,
 And droned and groaned, pounded, and drowned
 Birdsong and wind, a pitiless hound —
 With this oppression here I found
 The air grow heavier than the ground.

As most of the other poems, too, are good, and none are negligible, the slim volume should be ideal company for a rainy afternoon. The same thing may be said of no. 17, containing an interesting and sound article on the French 'Dada movement', by F. S. Flint. Then comes no. 18, with Three

New Songs, the words of which I like. They are by John Masfield, Walter de la Mare and the late Francis Ledwidge. The settings are by Malcolm Davidson, Scott Goddard, and Ivor Gurney.

Number 19 brings some more poems, not this time by novices or prentice hands, and a personal word, in prose, by Robert Bridges, doing as much honour to the distinguished author's head as to his heart... 'I can see that as I was misled by the English press, so the Germans probably were by their own; and that they have the same excuse for some of their ill-feeling as I have for mine.' Maxwell Anderson joins in the eternal tussle which knows only two sides: Shall a poet aspire for what is not, bruising his head and breaking his wings in the attempt, or resignedly, nay cheerfully, accept things as they are?

'What ignorance can rob us of keen dawns
Or the straight lines of cloud across the hills?
Who can take April from us while we live,
Or the beauty of human faces, human ways?
Shall we go mad because we are not gods?'

No. 20, bearing the title *Puppets and Poets*, contains a plea, by Mr. E. Gordon Craig, for Marionette Theatres. Perhaps we shall soon hear of an Antwerp *poesjenelle-kelder* being started in London. And no. 21 gives A Modern Morality Play by Ford Madox Hueffer, called 'A House'. On page 3 the very effective drawing of a most undignified goat is symbolical of the author's attitude towards the British Public, an attitude closely resembling Multatuli's towards the Dutch, whom he called names, and who continued to read him.

W. v. D.

Die Beowulf Handschrift. Von MAX FÖRSTER. Leipzig, Teubner, 1919 (= Berichte über die Verhandlungen der Sächsischen Akademie der Wissenschaften in Leipzig, Philol.-histor. Kl. 71. Bd., 4. Heft).

This paper, read by Prof. Förster before the Saxon Academy in 1919, sums up the results of a thorough examination of the famous Codex Cotton. Vitellius A. XV., which, along with Old English texts of minor importance, contains the epic of *Beowulf*, what is left of the poem of *Judith*, and King Alfred's *Blooms*. We find here all that heart can desire about its foliation, its signatures and gatherings, its fortunes and its contents. The two distinct parts of which the codex consists were bound into one volume early in the 17th century. The first MS. in the volume was written by two scribes, as Prof. Förster thinks in the first half of the 12th century, the second likewise by two scribes, about the year 1000. From the fact that, in the second MS., besides *Beowulf* and *Judith*, the so-called *Letter of Alexander to Aristotle* and the *Wonders of the East* are found, it follows that the composition of these two texts must be dated no later than the middle of the 10th century. Prof. Förster points out the importance of this conclusion, which he considers the chief result of his labours.

But the paper contains a good deal more. It is full of unexpected side-lights on various subjects, historical, palaeographic, and linguistic. As to the last, the author is a great believer in Prof. Sievers' 'phono-analytical' investigations and expects them, for example, to make clear why the second scribe of *Beowulf* (D) uses *io* much oftener than the first (C), and why

through the whole of the poem *waldend* is more common than *wealdend* (in C 4 : 1, in D 5 : 2). The second instance seems hardly felicitous, as Alfred's *Pastoral Care* has *waldend* only (4 times in both Hatt. and Cott.), while in *Beowulf* we also find *anwalda* once (C), *alwalda* 3 times (C) besides *alwealda* once (C), as against (3e)-*wealdan* vb. 9 t. (C 4, D 5), *zeweald* sb. 11 t. (C 10, D 1), *onweald* 1 t. (C). In *Past. Care* the figures concerning these three are: (3e)*wealdan* 1 t. in H. C., 2 t. in H., besides (3e)*waldan* 1 t. in H. C., 2 t. in C., *zeweald(es)* 11 t. in H. C., 3 t. in H., 2 t. in C., besides *zewald(es)* 2 t. in H., 1 t. in C., *an-, onwald* 45 t. in H., 49 t. in C., besides *an-, onweald* 6 t. in H. I fail to see how 'phono-analytical' research will ever explain this state of things, even if it should prove such forms as *waldend* to be „auch für das Südenglische mögliche Doppelformen" (p. 33). And does Prof. Förster really consider it likely that "Sprachmelodie" is at the bottom of the curious fact that the first part of *Beowulf* contains 11 cases of *io* as against 786 of *eo* (1 : 74) and the second, which is a little over half its bulk, 117 cases of *io* and 482 of *eo* (1 : 4)?

As to the place where the MSS. were written Prof. Förster suggests that the later MS. was written in the monastery of Southwick (Hants), to which it belonged about 1300, while the earlier one may also have been composed in the South of England.

In the detailed description of the two poems of the second MS. their division into fits is mentioned and discussed. The author's explanation of this is simpler and more attractive than the sagacious, but more specious than plausible one given by Henry Bradley in vol. VII of the *Proceedings of the British Academy* (1915), in an article which, no doubt owing to the war, had not yet come to Prof. Förster's knowledge when his own paper was printed. On the other hand, the two scholars come to the same conclusion as to the extent of the missing part of *Judith*.

For the valuable information provided on many other points I must refer to the book itself, which will prove a reliable guide and a stimulus to further research.

Groningen.

J. H. KERN.

The Story of Our Mutual Friend, transcribed into Phonetic Notation, from the Work of Charles Dickens, by C. M. RICE, M. A. A. R. C. M. Part I. Cambridge, W. Heffer & Sons Ltd. 1920. Price 5/.

According to the Author's (= transcriber's) Preface "this work is an attempt to put the story of *Our Mutual Friend* into the form of Standard English that has been proved most useful for foreign students anxious to improve their pronunciation." As Mr. Rice acknowledges help received from Mr. Daniel Jones, the form of Standard English represented would be approximately that "usually heard in everyday speech in the families of Southern English persons whose men-folk have been educated at the great public boarding-schools", for, once more to quote the preface to the *Pronouncing Dictionary*, "the pronunciation here recorded will probably commend itself to those foreigners whose object is to be able to converse on terms of social equality with the persons referred to."

In spite of the slight tinge of snobbism implied, we all wish to speak like those admirable young men and their only less fortunate women-folk,

even though we may disclaim all pretension to social equality with them. Of course Mr. Jones does not mean anything disagreeable, but must have been struck with the fact that foreign speakers, especially Dutch and Scandinavian, with a fluent command of the idiom and some phonetic training, sometimes do not know how to strike the mean between priggish and vulgar types of speech. It is the most ludicrous thing to hear a gentlemanly-looking foreigner complacently interspersing a bookish diction and a painfully correct enunciation with occasional vulgarisms and cockney vowels carefully culled at the music-halls, and prized by the possessor as proofs of his intimate familiarity with the language. It is certainly better for both our prestige and intelligibility, that we should speak in a somewhat dignified style throughout, rather than tickle the natives with a mixed dialect such as does not belong to any class of speakers to the manner born. An Englishman will at once tell the foreigner even before he opens his mouth. We are only born once, and can only speak one language properly; we shall be less ridiculous if we speak the foreign tongues a little pedantically than if we attempt to be colloquial. Nevertheless we are of course grateful to competent English phoneticians who offer us their indispensable assistance towards acquiring some natural, but standardized and self-consistent form of English speech; and it is almost an axiom that Mr. Rice, a Cambridge M. A. and an Associate of the College of Musicians is such a thoroughly reliable guide. However, a reviewer of this same book in *Notes and Queries* (Jan. 8th. 1921) "confesses himself inclined to think such books as these undesirable"; his chief objection being that the unaccented vowels "are generally noted at their weakest, the slight nuance of their true quality usually heard in *cultivated* speech is ignored," and "it is only in a *very poor and slovenly speech*" that they would be made so dull. The reviewer is probably not a professed phonetician, and therefore rather scared of what used to be called "phonetic decay". Nor would I undertake to say that his fears are entirely unfounded. Time was when English pronunciation was caricatured not only by foreign phonetists, but by native faddists as well. We had the theory of unaccented vowels dinned into our ears with such insistence, that Dr. Sweet had to caution us against pronunciations like [nə'wi:dʒn nəps'k] for Norwegian knapsack, which we had adopted to show how thoroughly we had mastered the principle and emancipated ourselves from the spelling. It is far easier to raise such a ghost than to lay it.

I don't mean to say that we run any such risks in perusing Mr. Rice's transcripts. I would characterize them as sane, normal. At the same time I can't help thinking that short, varied specimens in a narrow notation for intense scrutiny are more useful than a necessarily broad transcript of a whole book for cursory reading. We can't reprint English literature in Phonetic notation for the use of foreigners. What is mostly wrong with us is the fundamental "lautlage" and that is to be improved by oral tuition and *concentrated* study, not by *wide* phonetic reading.

I shall not enter into details because I fear the compositor would play pranks with the unfamiliar phonetic symbols. Mr. Rice's transcript does not always agree with the most usual pronunciations in Jones's Dictionary (mourn, discourses with an u-sound). Mrs. Wilfer, who is "always pedantic," nevertheless says: it might have bīn better. Weak *e* seems to me rather too frequently transcribed by *i*. Would Mrs. W. pronounce: *prominade, respectability*? What about the same lady saying (p. 11): "Lei jə hed əpən jə pillou"? So many absolutely neutral vowels in a solemn apostrophe by the same female pedant?

The only undoubted misprint that struck me is 'sikrissi for si:krisi (p. 89). Do I recommend the book? I recommend it as much as I would any phonetic text that is done by a responsible teacher. It certainly stimulates attention to pronunciation.

Amsterdam, Febr. 1921.

J. L. CARDOZO.

Brief Mentions. ¹

Historische Grammatik der englischen Sprache, von DR. KARL LUICK; dritte, vierte und fünfte Lieferung 1920—1, 6 M. each. Leipzig. Chr. Herm. Tauchnitz.

The first two instalments of this long expected work were eagerly welcomed by students of the history of English in 1914. They completed the history of vowels in Old English. When war broke out it was feared by many that the work would never be finished, especially when no further parts appeared. Toward the end of 1920, however, subscribers received a third instalment, much smaller indeed than the two first (64 pages, whereas the first two occupied 320 pages together), but soon followed by the fourth and fifth. The new instalments complete the history of stressed vowels in Middle English, and begin the treatment of the unstressed vowels, so that we may look forward to Luick's, treatment of the history of sounds in the modern period, which will probably show that the incredible amount of labour spent upon this period since the days of Ellis and Sweet has not been fruitless. We shall look forward with eager interest to further instalments now that there is reason to hope that this monument of German scholarship will not remain a torso. — K.

Bibliography of English Language and Literature, 1920. Compiled by Members of the *Modern Humanities Research Association*. Cambridge, 1921.

The M. H. R. A., whose aims and activities were announced in Engl. Sts., Dec. 1920, has just published its first considerable work, apart from the quarterly Bulletin. The countries represented in this Bibliography are as follows: Australia, British Isles, Canada, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, India, Italy, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States of America. To say that it bears the unmistakable traces of first work is to detract nothing from its merits. As suggestions are invited by the Secretary (E. Allison Peers, The University, Liverpool) I submit that it would be desirable to give linguistic publications in the chronological order of the periods of the language they deal with, as is done with literary books and articles. Also that "General and Historical Grammars" should be kept apart, nor a "3 years' course of study of the English Language for Indian students" come pat above Luick's *Historische Grammatik*. Similarly it would seem advisable to add a list of the periodicals consulted, and a few data about the less-known among them (what is *The Open Court*, and what, an Englishman may ask, is *De Drie Talen*?)

Two works on medieval topics have got astray under the heading *Old English* (1 and 11) Prof. Logeman's little paper on *Air Songs* (Engl. Studs Oct. 1920) was not exactly about 20th century literature! *Sixteenth-Twentieth Century Drama* (excl. Shakespeare) also seems a pretty big armful, and there is a good deal of chronological incongruity. Such defects, however, if defects they are, can be easily removed in future instalments.

It should be added that the Bibliography does not include the broader field of *realia*, nor original work in fiction, poetry and drama. — Z.

The Literary Year Book for the year 1921. Edited by MARK MEREDITH. 67 Dale Street, Liverpool. 8/6 net.

A serviceable directory of authors, editors, publishers, booksellers, etc. in Great Britain and Colonies and the United States, primarily designed to meet the needs of aspiring or 'established' journalists, short-story writers and novelists who want to know where

1) Books here mentioned are not again included in the *Bibliography*.

best to 'place' their MSS., and how to turn their work to the best pecuniary advantage. In the accepted meaning of the word, 'Literary Year Book' is a 'misnomer, style and contents of the short articles included being mostly below par. The information given is not always complete nor up to date; thus there are gaps in the list of publishers, Cobden-Sanderson, e.g. Among literary societies mention is made of an Anglo-Italian and an Anglo-Russian Society, but the Anglo-Batavian is ignored. The English Association moved into its new offices (2 Bloomsbury Square) long ago. The Modern Humanities Research Association, founded in 1918, is omitted; so is the British Archaeological Society. *Modern Language Teaching* became *Modern Languages* as long ago as 1919, nor is the *Modern Language Review* very aptly classified as 'Educational'.

Outside England the book may prove serviceable to the secretary of a Lecture Association, or to the editor who wants the full address of the publisher of a new work, and has neither time nor patience to hunt it down in the advertisements columns of The Times Literary Supplement: perhaps also to others. — Z.

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An Anthology of Modern Verse. Chosen by A. M. With an Introduction by ROBERT LYND. Methuen. 6s.

Selections from Modern Poets. Made by J. C. SQUIRE. Martin Secker. 6s.

Fear. By PATRICK MACGILL. Jenkins. 8/6 net.

English Prose. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. In 5 vols. Vol. I. — Wycliffe to Clarendon. Vol. II. — Milton to Gray. World's Classics. Milford. 2/6 net each. [A review will appear.]

Mary Stuart. A play by JOHN DRINKWATER. 7½ × 5, 60 pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3/6 n.

The Chapbook. No. 21. March 1921. *A House* (Modern Morality Play) by FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Poetry Bookshop. 1/6 net. [See Review.]

TAUCHNITZ REPRINTS.

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|---|-------------------|
| 4539. <i>A Bit of Love</i> and other Plays. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. | } Sewed M. 7.50 |
| 4540. <i>The Triumphs of Sara</i> . By W. E. NORRIS. | |
| 4541/42. <i>Muslin</i> . By GEORGE MOORE. | |
| 4543. <i>The Chaperon</i> . By B. M. CROKER. | |
| 4544. <i>Mas' Aniello</i> . By MARIE HAY. | |
| 4545. <i>The Sentimental Traveller</i> . By VERNON LEE. | } Boards M. 12.50 |
| 4546. <i>All Roads Lead to Calvary</i> . By JEROME K. JEROME. | |
| 4547. <i>The Pagoda Tree</i> . By B. M. CROKER. | |
| | } Cloth M. 15.— |

HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

From Ritual to Romance. By JESSIE L. WESTON. Cambridge University Press. 12/6. n. [A review will appear.]

Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving. By GEORGE C. D. ODELL. In two volumes. 9¼ × 6¼. Vol. I. xiv + 456 pp. Vol. II. viii + 498 pp. Constable. 77 s. 6 d. net.

An extensive history of Shakespeare on the London stage for approximately two centuries and a half, beginning with the opening of the theatres after the Restoration in 1660; by the Professor of English in Columbia University. [T.]

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A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation. Its relation to the literature of Great Britain and the United States. By RAY PALMER BAKER. 8½ × 5½, xi + 200 pp. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. London: Milford. 10 s. 6 d. net.

This volume, by an American scholar, claims to be the first independent study of the English literature written within the boundaries of the Dominion of Canada. The social and political aspects of the period treated are sketched in as background, making the work in a sense an account of English civilization in Canada. Bibliography. [T.]

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Critical Contributions to English Syntax.

IX.

Adjective Clauses.

The relations of adjective clauses to their headword are various, like the relations of attributive adjuncts to their headword. One distinction applies to both adjective clauses and attributive adjuncts, although it is of grammatical importance only in the case of the clauses: they may be *restrictive* or *continuative*. A clause (or adjunct) is said to be restrictive when it serves to express a quality distinguishing the headword from others. The continuative clause (or adjunct) gives information about the headword which is not subordinate to the rest of the sentence but of equal weight. The result is that a continuative clause is equivalent in function to a coordinate clause.

The coordinate character of continuative clauses is very clear from the construction of the following sentence.

He (viz. Walter Scott) received valuable suggestions from the remarkable young borderer, John Leyden, to whom, and also, to William Laidlaw, his future steward, and to James Hogg, he was further indebted for several ballad versions. *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.* XII, 5.

In form continuative clauses are distinguished from restrictive clauses by the pause preceding them, whereas restrictive clauses follow their antecedent without any break. Hence restrictive clauses are also called *progressive* clauses.

When the relation between the clause and its antecedent is final the auxiliary *shall* is used; sometimes it is rather conditional.

We are much nearer a definite discussion of the peace which shall end this war. President Wilson, *Times W.* 26/1, '17.

He would be a bold man who should declare that its popularity has very materially diminished at the present day. Ward, *Dickens*, ch. 2, p. 20.

It is important to remember that the distinction of restrictive and continuative clauses is not exhaustive: there are adjective clauses which are neither restrictive nor continuative.

I shall ask him if the Council of Trent that he is always appealing to, says anything about the Catholic laity. Benson, *Initiation*.

Take your hated body, that I love, out of my house. Galsworthy, *Man of Property*.

Barbara wondered whether she would have the physical strength to continue as a small wheel in this large machine, that so frequently went mad. Pett Ridge, *Nine to Six-Thirty*.

These cases (quoted by Fijn van Draat, *Neophilologus* IV, 49f. as examples of continuative clauses) are evidently not coordinate in meaning, but rather express cause or reason, in the second quotation mixed with concession. They are related to adverb clauses (with the conjunction *as*, and *even though*). Similarly we certainly have no continuative clause in the following:

Mrs. Carnaby was helped out of the trap; then Miss Carnaby was lifted out by Mr. Hodges; then the children were lifted out by the mother; and then the nurse, an awkward, plain girl that nobody helped, tumbled out by herself. Sweet, *Element*. no. 75.

If we bear in mind that there are three kinds of adjective clauses we may keep to the old rule: that in restrictive clauses we especially find *that*, further also *who* and *which*; and that in continuative clauses *that* is not used but only *who* and *which* (also an adverb or conjunction).

X.

Provisional it.

The theory of the provisional *it* when the real subject follows in the form of a verbal noun (infinitive or gerund) or a clause, is well-known. The theory, however, does not account for the form of the construction; it fails, too, to explain some grammatical facts closely connected with it.

In order to understand the nature of the construction (*It is difficult to tell him the plain truth*) it will be useful to consider the structure of the appended clauses. To begin with we may consider the following examples.

It's past ten, I think.

I think just the reverse, you know. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 12, p. 145.

You won't get there in time, I'm afraid.

Take account of that, it is said, and you will at once see why Shakespeare and his contemporaries wrote a particular kind of verse, a special form of prose. *Edinb. Rev.*, April 1908.

Such sentences differ very little from compound sentences with an object clause when there is no connecting word: *I think it's past ten*, etc. The chief difference is that in the case of the appended sentence there is a clear break between the two sentences, whereas the non-connected object clauses show none; these are progressive like the non-connected adjective clauses. A second difference is that the order of the two clauses is different in the two cases, and this affects the meaning of the sentence.

We also have sentences with an appended subject. As a rule the complete sentence precedes with a personal pronoun for its subject, and an appended noun-subject follows (*a*). The construction is really identical when the subject is added parenthetically (*b*).

a. He knew what he was talking of, that rugged old master of common sense. Gissing, *Ryecroft*.

She had really been rather wonderful, that strange Sylvia. *Sinister Street*, p. 1021.

"They've gone away, the demons," was what she said. *ib.* p. 1024.

It was a wonderful invention, the Universal Thrift Club. Bennett, *Card*, ch. 7, § 1.

And sweet he'll look, that nice little Billy. Cotes, *Cinderella*, ch. 13.

She's such a decided character, dear Jane. Galsworthy, *Man of Property*, ch. 1.

"She's a nice girl — Barbara," said Graham thoughtfully. Cotes, *ib.* ch. 11.

b. For it has a spirit, this brilliant palace, a spirit definite and single. *Pilot*, 9/4, 1904.

They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that they were all what is called 'of a certain position'. Galsworthy, *Man of Property*, ch. 1.

Sometimes both subjects are pronouns.

They are no ordinary houses, those. Dickens, *Pickwick*, ch. 21.

He not was going to be a snuffy schoolmaster, he. Eliot, *Floss*.

The appended subject may also be a gerund, not an infinitive.

She said you were out. So it does not seem so very wonderful, meeting you here. Cotes, *Cinderella*, ch. 23.

It must have been very pleasant, staying at the Hall. Gaskell, *Wives*, II, p. 19.

It gets more and more uphill work, cheering these two women. Bennett, *Old W. Tale*, IV, ch. 4, § 2.

It was unfortunate, her choosing of that phrase. Temple Thurston, *City*, III, ch. 10.

When a noun-subject is added without any break the construction is different in so far as the sentence is undoubtedly simple.

He was a curious creature this husband of hers. Mackenzie, *Sylvia Scarlett*, ch. 7, p. 201.

It was a great nuisance this war. *Id.*, *Sylvia and Michael*, p. 61.

He said it was very funny the way in which the penguins used to waddle right through him. Wells, *Country*, p. 94.

You can talk, you can say a lot. But it's artificial the whole of it. Walpole, *Duchess of Wrexhe*, ch. 1, § 4.

This construction without a break is more common with the gerund; with the infinitive it is the only possible one of the two.

It is usual to call the first subject *it* a provisional pronoun in this construction, and thus to separate it from the sentences with an appended subject. The provisional *it* is also used when a clause follows (*It is quite likely that he will refuse*). A conjunctive *that* is frequently used, but it is also often absent.

The interpretation of these sentences as containing a 'provisional' *it* and a gerund, infinitive, or clause, as a 'logical' subject hardly does justice to the construction. Even when there is a break the gerund can often be looked upon as an adjunct rather than as an appended subject. This seems to be clear in the following case which must be quoted in full.

Theinery was of their own designing, and of extraordinary interest. In contemplation of its lofty glass and aluminium-cased pipes the feeling of soreness left her. *It* was very pleasant, *standing* with Gerald, looking at what they had planned together. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 12, p. 145.

In this quotation *it* may quite well be interpreted as an anaphoric pronoun, and the gerund as an adverb adjunct expressing attendant circumstances.

The interpretation of *it* as a provisional pronoun, followed by the infinitive or clause as a logical subject, too, is often artificial. For the infinitive is sometimes rather an adjunct of purpose than a subject in this construction (*a*), and the subordinate clause may be rather an object clause than a subject clause (*b*).

a. It needs little ingenuity to show that truth and fiction are not entirely incompatible with one another. *Times Lit.*, 12/8, '20.

b. Well, it's our hope that they may be able to. Gissing, *New Grub Street*, ch. 8. It was ascertained beyond doubt that the new dress had not suffered. Bennett, *Old Wives' Tale*, I, ch. 1, § 2.

Cases such as the one under *a* above, make it clear how the final adverbial infinitive came to be used as a subject (with a provisional *it*, or not). It is also well-known how slight a shifting of the verbal idea is sufficient for the final infinitive to turn into an object. This explains why some verbs may have the gerund as well as the infinitive.

He did not intend to tell her that he was going to ride in a race. Garvice, *Staunch as a Woman*, p. 244.

The summer was well advanced and most people who intended going out of Town had already left. *ib.* p. 211.

The adverbial origin of the infinitive as a subject or object is also the reason why it always has *to*, and why it differs from the gerund in not being used when a break separates the non-finite verb from the predicate.

It may further be pointed out that in Dutch the infinitive with the provisional subject has very often the form of an adverb adjunct of purpose, taking *om te* instead of *te*: *Het is moeilijk om dat te begrijpen*.

It is also worth noting that the subject of the gerund with provisional *it* can be expressed by the common case of a noun or by a personal as well as a possessive pronoun, whereas the gerund as a subject at the beginning of the sentence requires a genitive and a possessive (not a personal) pronoun.

It may, finally, be pointed out that in such a sentence as *It is necessary that he should go*, we cannot say that the use of *should* is to be explained

by its subordination to *necessary*, unless we give up calling the clause a subject-clause.

E. KRUISINGA.

The Messenger in the Early English Drama.

A good deal has been written about the figure of the so-called "Vice" in the Moralities and kindred stageplays of the sixteenth century. Apart from the fact that most of the discussion about the subject in dry sticks to the general student, it is rendered somewhat intricate by the circumstance that the term "Vice" is really used in two ways, according as we come across it in the old plays themselves or in the dissertations of modern scholars. Let us take each of these in turn, and see what the name stands for.

The earliest occurrence of the term ¹⁾ is in John Heywood's *Play of the Weather*, assigned to about 1533, where "Mery reporte the vyce" comes second in the list of players. ²⁾ In the same author's *Play of Love* the expression occurs once in a stage-direction: "Here the vyse cometh in ronnyng," etc. ³⁾ (The list of players in this piece is lacking). Of the Moralities proper, *Respublica*, 1553, is the first to contain the expression. In the list of the players the character is given as follows: "Avarice allias policie, the vice of the plaie." ⁴⁾ In the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567, Inclination the Vice occurs in the list of the players, and three times in the stage-directions.

Passing by half a dozen other Moralities, we find "the Vice" in *King Cambises*, ⁵⁾ "a lamentable tragedie, mixed full of plesant mirth" (1561), where the name does not occur in the list of players, but does occur in four stage-directions. Similarly in some other primitive tragedies.

Any reader not specially acquainted with these dramatic productions who should here venture on the conclusion that the "Vice" must have been a kind of personification of evil, or negation of Virtue, would but be following a quite natural bent of thought. He might, however, be at some loss how to reconcile this inference with the rôle of the character designated as the "Vice" in Heywood's *Play of the Weather*. "Merry Report" is employed by Jupiter to summon divers types of men to appear before his throne, to set forth their wishes about the kind of weather each wants for himself. In the performance of this task he shows a very ready and none too delicate wit, but he cannot possibly be taken for a typical sinner or for Sin typified.

In *Respublica*, on the other hand, an anti-reformation play written in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, Avarice, the Vice, together with "Insolence, allias *Authoritie* the chief galaunt, Oppression, allias *Reformation*, an other gallaunt, [and] Adulation allias *Honestie*, the third gallaunt" are represented as four usurpers who succeed in circumventing *Respublica* (= Britannia) and who ruin and oppress the country for their own private ends. These four worthies are the allegorical embodiments of the motives that, according to the author, actuated the Reformation in England. "Avarice the Vice"

¹⁾ Cushman, *The Devil and the Vice*, p. 75 sqq.

²⁾ Brandl, *Quellen des weltlichen Dramas*, p. 212.

³⁾ Brandl, p. 200.

⁴⁾ Brandl, p. 282.

⁵⁾ Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakspearean Drama*, Vol. II.

comes much nearer than Merry Report to being Virtue's negation, yet he is not representative of Vice in general, as we understand it, but merely of one special vice. Such is also the case in some other Moralities, where we find: "Idleness, the Vice", "Inclination, the Vice", "Infidelity, the Vice", etc.

One more instance must be noted. In *King Cambises* two farmers, Hob and Lob, are going to market, and speaking with horror of Cambyse's recent murder of his brother. Ambidexter, the Vice, who had instigated the murder, overhears their conversation. After first feigning agreement with their sentiments, he threatens to inform the king. The two rustics fall on their knees and implore him not to; next Lob accuses Hob of having started the conversation; they come to blows, the Vice setting them on as hard as he can; one of their wives comes out; they all beat the Vice, who runs away. In this play, therefore, we see the Vice act as a liar and an indirect murderer, and next as a mere buffoon, who has the worst of a lively bout of horseplay.

Two things will be clear from this incomplete but fairly representative statement of facts: first that the term "the Vice" occurs only in some lists of players and some stage-directions; it is never used, as such, in the body of the text (where, it should be added, the character is always called by its name, Folly, Ambidexter, etc.). Secondly, that it seems difficult to attach any definite and consistent meaning to it, since it is applied to such different figures as Merry Report, Avarice and Ambidexter. The question naturally arises: what did the authors, or whoever else was responsible for the occurrence of the term, exactly mean by it, and why do not we find it applied to any of the characters in other plays than those mentioned above?

It is very curious that those scholars who have devoted special attention to the Vice-rôle do not, as one might have expected, start from the plays where the term is authentic, and so to say, autochthonous, thence to attempt a solution of this problem. They prefer to begin with generalisations *a priori*, and then proceed to deal with the difficulties that arise from the clash of some of the facts with their theory. Thus Cushman, in a dissertation entitled: *The Devil and the Vice in the English Dramatic Literature before Shakespeare* (Halle, 1900), opens the first chapter of *Part II: The Vice* thus: "The Vice-dramas are those dramas which contain a Vice-figure, they are either Moralities or Tragedies, that is, serious plays. The Vice, indeed, is a characteristic feature of the Moralities, the only Moralities not having a Vice being the Moralities of Death and Judgment, such as, *Everyman*." This may seem a somewhat surprising statement in view of the evidence given above, considering that the term "the Vice" does not occur in any morality earlier than the year 1553, and that the *Play of the Weather* is not a serious play. The puzzle is solved when, a few pages further, it appears what Cushman means by "Vice". He uses the term to indicate (and let us hasten to add that he is by no means the only writer to do so) "a character [in these plays] which is in reality always one and the same, and that the chief character, but under various names: Folly, Hypocrisy, Iniquity, etc." — "As regards action, the Vice is the chief person of the Morality; all revolves about him as a centre of activity, in his unwearied efforts in causing mischief. His speeches and acts are from beginning to end seasoned with coarse humor and satire. The Vice-rôle is, accordingly, three-fold: first as the opponent of the Good, second as the corrupter of Man, third as the buffoon."

It appears, then, that Cushman appropriates the term "the Vice"

in many of the plays where it occurs, denotes a being whose endeavour it is to lead Man into corruption and dissipation) to do duty for a similar character in those plays also where the term does not occur. He is, of course, at perfect liberty to do so, provided he gives us due warning, and this he has not done. It is only after some ten pages or so that he offers a list of plays where the expression actually occurs, and thus brings us face to face with the facts. This part of the treatise is, to my mind, the most valuable. His attempts at an explanation of the origin of the Vice (in the extended meaning of the term) are somewhat unconvincing. He has, however, an ingenious hypothesis to account for the occurrence of the name in some, and its absence from other plays, and for the fact that it is found in lists of players and stage-directions only, viz. that it was *invented by the actors* to have one general name for the Folly's, Hypocrisy's, Iniquity's and other special vice-personifications, and by them *inserted here and there* (italics are mine) in various plays. "That is to say, the actors have done that which the authors have neglected, they have generalized the Vice-names." This seems a very specious theory, but — what evidence is there to show for it? and are we any nearer to an explanation why e.g. *Merry Report* in Heywood's play is called a Vice? And how do we know that actors had an opportunity for making additions to a MS. before it went to press?

Something remains to be said about Cushman's view of the origin of the "Vice", in the sense he employs the name. He rejects any direct influence of the rôle of the Devil in the miracle-plays. The Vice, according to him, is "an ethical person, he is an allegorical representation of human weaknesses and vices, in short the summation of the Deadly Sins." "He can, at pleasure, assume the rôle of a tempter or of a particular phase of vice or of vice in general. The specific human character of the Vice is shown in the various human rôles which he plays." It may, perhaps, be observed that there seems to be a kind of contradiction between "summation of the Deadly Sins," on the one hand, and "particular phase of vice," "specific human character", on the other. Whereas the latter descriptions rest on fact, the former is mere theory, perhaps inspired by the meaning of the word "vice" in the abstract.

As a reasoned account of the origin and development of the Vice (again in the extended sense of the term) Eckhardt's *Die Lustige Person im älteren englischen Drama (bis 1642)* (Berlin, 1902) ranks far higher than Prof. Cushman's book. He too appropriates the term for his own use, but begins by saying what he understands by it, and at once candidly states the objections that might be adduced against his theory. "Dass der Vice ursprünglich eine allegorische Verkörperung des Lasters bedeutet, ist eine Ansicht, die heute wohl kaum bestritten werden dürfte. Und doch stehen dieser Annahme einige Schwierigkeiten entgegen, auf die schon Pollard (p. LIII) aufmerksam gemacht hat". He then avows the difficulty of reconciling the figure of Merry Report with this assumption, and in the further course of the treatise proposes a solution, to which I will revert presently. From the moralities that contain a Vice expressly so designated, he draws some criteria for determining the presence or absence of a Vice in other plays. These are as follows:

1. The Vice is always represented as being of the male sex.
2. In the moralities the Vice is always a principal character, the tempter of Man, the intriguer; in the younger Moralities his function is chiefly

that of a comical person. 3. The Vice is never converted. 4. The Vice is always one single person; though there may be minor or subordinate Vices in the same piece.

Eckhardt further deals with the development of the Vice-type from an allegorical personification of Evil with only a slight admixture of comical traits, to a "lustige Person", whose function consists in playing tricks and enlivening the dryas dust matter of the morality. Throughout we discern the hand of the systematic thinker trained in the schools of German philosophy.

This otherwise excellent work has, however, its weak spot. It is again Merry Report, who, in one of his posthumous pranks, trips up our author when the latter attempts to assign to him a place in the development of the Vice-type. How is the embarrassing fact to be explained that the very first Vice that bears the name appears to stand altogether at the wrong end of the line of evolution? For, as I have pointed out, Merry Report is quite innocent of tempting or seducing anybody, he is merely a satirical rascal who is meant by his author to amuse the public.

To account for this anomaly, Eckhardt assumes the sometime existence of a number of anterior plays, now lost, in which the Vice had rapidly developed from a tempter to a comical character. In face of the facts as they are presented by extant plays, we must then assume that, after Heywood, this same evolution took place anew, or that H.'s plays, with their ancestors, were just shunted off onto a sidetrack. This conclusion is actually come to by Eckhardt himself (p. 153), in his remark on *The Three Ladies of London* (1584). Here Simplicity the Vice is a mere Merry Andrew: "bloss Spassmacher, und als Verkörperung der Einfalt ein Vice, der schon im Übergang zu den Clowns begriffen ist. Damit ist in Bezug auf den Vice auch in den Moralitäten ein Zustand erreicht, zu dem *das übrige Drama* (italics are mine) schon lange zuvor, bereits in the Play of the Weather gelangt war." Now Eckhardt might have some justification in classifying Heywood's plays as a separate type of drama, and postulating for them a genealogy of their own, were it not that his previous words on p. 105 confute him: "Mit alledem ist aber immerhin erst die Wahrscheinlichkeit erwiesen, dass viele *Moralitäten* der älteren Zeit verloren gegangen sind. Das solche vermutlich verlorene *Moralitäten* gerade das Spassmachertum des Vice "Merry Report" vorbereitet haben, ergibt sich aus inneren Gründen." He has assumed the loss of a number of *moralities* — he must stand by his assumption or drop it!

I believe that Eckhardt has been led astray by the *name* Vice. Because Heywood dubbed his witling Merry Report a "Vice", therefore a place must be found for him in the system of evolution as it has taken shape in the philosopher's mind. I am rather inclined to assume the possibility of a considerable amount of loose thinking on the part of the playwright. Instead of inventing the loss of a number of "curious volumes of forgotten lore" to account for the association of the term with this particular personage, it will probably be wiser to drop the question of what's in the name altogether; to study the character apart from its label, and to inquire whether it stands by itself or belongs to a type whose development we can trace in plays that actually exist.

In the *Times Literary Supplement* for May 26, 1921, Mr. J. P. Gilson announces the discovery of a fragment of an early fourteenth-century mystery play. Chronologically it is important, because up to then we had no English play in MS. before the fifteenth century. It consists of a speech,

both in French and in English, by a king who may be Octavian¹⁾, and "the matter which he is about to impart to his subjects [may be] his decree for all the world to be taxed." I subjoin the English version of the first stanza, with the French version of the first three lines, all that remains, of the second, whose English rendering the fragment does not contain.

Lordynges wytouten lesinge
Ye weten wel that i am kinge
Her of al this lond
Therefore i wile that min barnage
Ye that ben of gret parage
That he comin to mi wil
For al that arn in burw or toun
I wile he witen mi resoun
And that is richt and schil.

Tunc dicet nuncio Venet sa moun messenger
Vous dirray pur turney
I vous couent tout²⁾ aler

[Then he shall say to the messenger:

C me here my messenger
I shall tell you in turn
it behoves you to go quickly (?)]

The king, therefore, desires all his barons to come to him to hear his will proclaimed, and orders a messenger to summon them from all the corners of his realm. Here, in the earliest fragment now known to exist, we come across the rôle of the Messenger, who is sent out by a king on an errand round the country.

We meet him again in the oldest morality preserved, *Pride of Life*.³⁾ It is a dramatic variation on the well-known medieval motif of the Dance of Death. The King of Life boasts of his strength and health, and feels secure that nothing can withstand him. The Queen tries to persuade him to humbler thoughts, and asks him not to forget that he will die. The King, however, decides to challenge Death to single combat and calls for his messenger. I reprint a few stanzas with Brandl's translation.

Qwher is mirth, my messenger,
swifte so lefe on lynde?
he is a nobil bachelere,
þat rennis bi þe winde.

Mirth & solas he can make
& ren so þe ro,
lyȝtly lepe oure þe lake
Qwher so ever he go.

Com & her my talente —
Anone & hy þe blyue —:
Qwher any man, as þou hast wente,
dorst with me to striue?

Wo ist Scherz, mein Bote,
Schnell wie das Blatt der Linde?
Er is ein edler Junker,
Der mit dem Winde lauft.

Scherz und Zeitvertreib weiss er zu machen
Und zu laufen wie das Reh,
Leicht über das Wasser zu springen,
Wo immer er geht.

Komm und höre meinen Wunsch —
Schnell und eile dich lebhaft —:
Ob ein Mensch, so weit du gekommen bist,
Mit mir zu streiten wagt?

Mirth flatters the King and is promised a reward. When the King has retired, the Queen asks him to go for the Bishop, which errand he readily undertakes.

¹⁾ That Octavian was strictly speaking an *emperor* need not upset this supposition.

²⁾ *Query* tost?

³⁾ Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 2 sqq.

Nuncius.

Ma dam, i ma^{ke} no tariyng
With softe wordis mo;
ffor I am solas, i most singe,
Ouer al qwher i go.

et cantat.

Bote.

Madame, ich säume nicht
Mit feinen Worten mehr;
Weil ich Zeibvertreib bin, muss ich singen,
Überall wo ich gehe.

(Und singt).

The Bishop comes and preaches the King a sermon, but the latter hardens his heart and orders Mirth to go far and near, both east and west, and to challenge Death and his might to mortal combat. Mirth goes, but before his departure he makes an insolent speech to the audience:

Pes & listenith to my sawe
boþ Jonge & olde;
as 3e wol noȝt ben a slawe,
be 3e never so bolde!

Schweiget und hört auf meine Rede,
Alte und Junge;
Wollt ihr nicht erschlagen sein,
So seid mir nimmer so keck!

After he has proclaimed his challenge, the play abruptly ends.

It will have been remarked that the Messenger's attributes have been materially added to: he makes merry, is insolent to the audience, and makes a proclamation. At the same time he reminds us of the contemporary court-fool.

The Messenger-type is also recognizable in the famous morality *Everyman*, though in a less developed form. God sends Death to summon Man to his reckoning.¹⁾

God.

63. Where arte thou, Deth, thou mighty messengere?

Dethe.

71. Lorde I wyll in the worlde go renne over all
And cruelly out serche bothe grete and small.

Again we find it in the Coventry Play of the *Murder of the Innocents*.²⁾ Herod boasts of his power like the King in *Pride of Life*. He sends out his *Nonceose* (= Nuncius, messenger, also denoted as his *hareode, harrode* = herald) to proclaim that every ship entering one of his ports and any stranger passing through his realm shall pay a toll of five marks. Says Noncios (the spelling is very free)

"And thy ryall cuntreyis schalbe past
In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght."

Later on he is sent out again on various errands. Like Mirth, he makes merry:

Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng
To sarve the ase my lord and Kyng;
For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng
With lyght hart and fresche gamboldyng
Alofte here on this molde!

and like him, he is insolent. At his first entrance he delivers a speech in herald's French, beginning:

Faytes pais, dñyis, baronys de grande reynowme!
Paysis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance!
Pays, gentis homos, companeonys petis egrance!

¹⁾ Pollard, p. 78.

²⁾ Manly, *Specimens* I, p. 136 sqq.

with which compare Mirth's:

Pes & listenith to my sawe —

evidently the usual beginning of a proclamation.

Let us now return to the *Play of the Weather* and compare Merry Report with the type of Messenger found in these plays. It opens with a speech by Jupiter in true "Herod's vein", similar to the boastful harangues of the kings in the "Octavian" fragment, in *Pride of Life* and in the *Murder of the Innocents*. Having heard sundry complaints about the weather, he wants all manner of people to resort to him and declare their wishes. To summon them he calls out for a messenger. Merry Report enters and recommends himself to Jupiter, who takes him in his service.

We make the our seruaunte and immedyately
Well woll thou departe and cause proclamacyon
Publyshynge our pleasure to euery nacyon
Whyche thyng ons done wyth all dylgens
Make thy returne agayne to this presens.¹⁾

Merry Report goes on his errand, and when he returns from it addresses the audience in the usual insolent tone.

Now syrs take hede for here cometh goddes seruaunt
Auaunte carterly keytyfs auaunt.

He enumerates all the places where he has been. Such catalogues of geographical names may be found in divers other plays of the period, cf. *Antichrist*, Manly pp. 179, 180; *Sacrament*, ib., 243; *Mundus* ib., 361; *Hyckescorner*, ib., 396; *Four PP*, ib., 484, 485. Apparently the public were fond of them. In *Pride of Life* Mirth says that he will go

hen to berewik o pon twede
& com o 3ein fful sone.

Herod's messenger also travels up and down the country on his master's errands.

As the suitors, a gentleman, a merchant, a ranger, a watermilller, a windmilller, a gentlewoman, a launder, and "a boy the least that can play" successively enter, Merry Report has frequent opportunities for showing his saucy wit. Like Mirth in *Pride of Life*, he sings:

Merry report.
Come on syrs but now let vs singe lustly.
Here they syng.

The upshot of it all is that Jupiter decides to leave things as they are, after thanking Merry Report for his good services.

Son thou haste ben dylgent and done so well
That thy labour is ryght myche thanke worthy.

What made John Heywood call Merry Report "the Vice"? We do not know. He may have borrowed the name, for convenience' sake, and without thinking much about the propriety of it, from a type of character essentially different in function and origin. To my mind there can be little doubt that the *character* was modelled on the type of the Messenger, who had become a stock figure, as the Vice had in another sphere, but without a specific

¹⁾ Brandl, p. 219.

traditional name. Merry Report derives his origin, not from an allegorical abstraction, but from a concrete personage, copied from real life — the King's herald, the royal Messenger.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

Margitunum.

Owing to a faulty collation of facts relating to Iter VIII. of Antonine I have erroneously asserted (*supra* p. 75) that the MSS. which yield *margitudo* are the more numerous class. Of the nineteen MSS. extant one omits the station; eleven appear to yield *margiduno*, and seven present the uncorrected scribal error *margitudo* [with *d :: n*]. The last group postulates the form *tuno* and the substitution in some early MSS. of *duno* for *tudo* (= *tuno*) indicates that the endword was altered to fit the preconceptions of the Latin writers who did not understand *tuno*.

Margi is a man's name and it is unquestionably Gmc. We find it in the Upper German 'Libri confraternitatum' both unshifted and shifted as to its guttural. "Mergerat" : "Margi" > *Mergi > "Merge"; (2) "Marchius" ("Marchi" > *Merci >) "Merc-heri" : "Mercerius."

In Domesday Book several place-names compounded with *Marc-*, *Merc-* occur. E.g. "Merchesbi" in Lincolnshire; "Mercesberie" in Somerset; "Merchintone" (= *Merco > "Mercin", the Alm. possessive) in Yorkshire; "Mercheshala" and "Merkeshala" in Essex and Norfolk, respectively.

ALFRED ANSCOMBE.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. The Annual Committee Meeting was held at Utrecht on June 19. Reports were read and discussed on the proceedings of the year 1920-1921, and a programme was outlined for the Association's next year. Miss F. J. Quanjier, of Rijswijk, was elected hon. treasurer, in the place of Miss C. R. Meibergen, who did not desire re-election. Miss J. M. Kraft and Mr. R. W. Zandvoort were re-elected hon. secretary and chairman for 1921-1922.

The programme for 1921-1922 is nearly fixed, and promises to be of exceptional interest. In the first and second weeks of October Mr. Allen S. Walker, Secretary of the British Archaeological Society, will give a series of lantern lectures before all branches on: *London, the Capital of England, the Story of its Birth and Growth*.

The well-known novelist Mr. Compton Mackenzie is expected to lecture in February, while Mr. G. K. Chesterton has promised to come in the last week of March or early in April. Negotiations for a second series of lectures before Christmas are still in progress.

It is desirable that those who wish to attend these lectures should join the nearest local branch of the Association at an early opportunity. The secretaries' addresses are given on page 2 of the cover.

Academies Statuut. The new rules for the university examinations have now been published, and will come into force next September. They are a new departure or a return to the older state when the university had a large share of self-government. Practically the new rules give only very general indications which will or may preserve a certain unity between the various universities, but no uniformity is aimed at. Much will depend on the way in which the professor and students use the discretion that is granted them, but we expect that the new rules will work more smoothly than the old. Love of uniformity seems to account for the insertion of Middle English (like Middle High German) as a subject of the first examination in Germanic philology. Practically this will have to be read as including Old English, and we expect that this will be done without any formal alteration of the rule. But such details are of little importance; we may express our satisfaction that after thirty years' preparation the study of modern languages has been organized in our universities, although there is no likelihood that many will take up these subjects as long as they offer such unsatisfactory social prospects.

There is one point to which we feel obliged to draw special attention. Experience has taught that there is a danger for the living stage of a modern language to fall into neglect in a university. It would be a pity if the mistake of German universities should be repeated in our country. The only chance, however, to prevent it will be to appoint a teacher specially charged with this part of the subject. We hope the Government will resist the attempts to establish what will necessarily be incomplete courses in modern languages in all three universities, instead of providing one university with a complete staff. Whether that one university is to be Groningen, Utrecht, or Leiden, is of secondary importance, as the courses must be intended in the first place for resident students. Government courses for A-students might be established in other (not necessarily university) centres, but there should, for the present, be one government centre only for the complete scientific study of modern languages. It is to be feared, however, that the Minister of Education, who seems to be fond of organization on paper, will think that he has done enough for the universities by giving them the new rules.

Modern Humanities Research Association. Bulletin no. 11, published in July, contains a report of the Annual Meeting, held at Bedford College, London, on May 21, together with a summary of the Presidential Address delivered by Prof. Otto Jespersen of Copenhagen, President for 1921—1922.

It is further announced that the *Modern Language Review* will become the official organ of the Association from January 1922. It will be under the same editorship as hitherto, and the only change in the contents will be the insertion, every quarter, of a section devoted particularly to the work of the Association. The *Review* will be obtainable by members at the annual subscription of 15 s., the published price being 25 s. The Bulletin will continue to be sent to all members of the Association.

This arrangement is intended as a help for members who are engaged on work which it is beyond their power to publish, so long as the Association's financial position does not allow of the inauguration of a series of larger studies.

The list of new members includes a large number from U. S. A., Australia and England, with some few from other countries. In Holland its membership is still small, though many of our modern language students might no doubt

derive benefit from joining the Association. Applications should be made to the hon. secretary, E. Allison Peers, the University, Liverpool.

Translation.

1. Reinout had never known his parents. 2. Growing up amidst strangers, who left him wholly to his own devices, he had never felt the restraint of domestic ties. 3. His guardian was no unscrupulous cheat or hard-hearted tyrant, he was an easygoing man-about-town, who did not grudge him any pleasure, nor did he squander his fortune, though it was the same to him what his ward did with it. 4. "Do what you like," he would say; "you won't let it alone for my prohibition anyway, and moreover, it's none of my business. 5. If you make ducks and drakes of your money, you will be a beggar, if you ruin your health you must bear the consequences, and if you turn fanatic and go into the cloister, you will repent it sorely, but I shall be none the worse for it."

6. So Reinout had done what he liked, without check from his guardian. 7. The masters he desired were engaged, the people he wanted to meet invited, the journeys he proposed, undertaken. 8. "What a lucky beggar that young Meerwoude is!" exclaimed less independent comrades, and they wondered why, with so much wealth at his disposal, he always seemed so much pre-occupied.

9. Perhaps it was the result of his sickly youth, which had obliged him as a child to lie motionless for hours, with no pastime but his books. 10. He early showed himself readier to receive impressions from books than men; and his guardian was not far off the mark when he said that Reinout's best friends were in the land of shades, among the images of departed greatness.

11. "You seem troubled with self-consciousness," he said once, "do leave those stupid studies and come to court, then you'll see the world."

12. "I intend to see the world," replied Reinout, "but first I want to be something."

13. "So you fancy the world worth that, eh?"

14. How often, in after years, had Meerwoude laughed at his earnest answer! 15. It was the creatures of his imagination, whom he deemed himself as yet unworthy to meet.

16. "I wonder what he will realize from his fine expectations," his guardian had said to some friends, "but if the world will not soon teach him a thing or two, it will be a queer thing." 17. And it had taught him. 18. In the patrician houses which he frequented he learnt to see the world through other eyes.

Observations. 1. *Reynold* is the English form. — 2. *Grown up among strangers*. The construction with a past participle to replace a dependent clause, is not often used when the verb is intransitive. However: *Arrived at the court he was straightway placed in the dock*. (Printer's Pie 1915). — *Brought up by strangers* is excellent. — *Who left him perfectly free*. — *He had never felt responsible family ties*. *Tie* occurs also in the sense of *burden*: She finds the children a great tie to her (N.E.D.) The word frequently occurs in the plural, just as in Dutch: Freeing myself from all my present ties (M. Crawford: *Isaacs*). Singular: Every tie of kindness. (Edgeworth, *Moral Tales*.) Unless his Grace thought proper to remember the family tie (Vanity Fair).

3. *Impostor-Deceiver*. An *impostor* is a deceiver of the public at large, while *deceiver* may be of the public or of a private individual (Crabb-Smith). Those tramps are nearly all impostors (Fenn, *Little Neighbour*). Men were deceivers ever (Line 2 of a song in *Much Ado About Nothing*). The false friend and the fickle lover are deceivers, the false prophet and the pretended prince are impostors. (Webster). — *A heedless bon vivant*. See *Outlanders* by Dr. Fijn van Draat i. v. He was also a *bon-vivant*, a diner-out and a story-teller (*Fraser's Magazine*, quoted in N.E.D. i.v. Bon). — *Indifferent* like the adjective *glad* would seem to be used mostly predicatively according to Krüger, *Syntax*, at least with the meaning of Du. *onverschillig*. There are good people, bad and *indifferent* (= rather bad people). But: The cold politeness of a polished and totally *indifferent* man (A.K. Green, *Circular Study*). *All the same to him* is correct. — *He did not care in the least how the boy would manage same*. (i.e. his fortune). Certain uses of (the) *same* and other words redolent of commerce and the law, should be reserved for commercial or legal contexts (Fowler, *King's English*). We ourselves have to pay cash for all books, and the small profit derived on same makes it impossible for us to give any credit (Business letter).

4. *You won't desist*. — *Forbid it to you*. *Forbid* governs two accusative objects in modern English. In Old English the personal object was a dative. In the passive the indirect object, if a noun, is preceded by *to* (N.E.D.) See Poutsma I, 161. *It matters little to me*. *Little do I reckon it* is too rhetorical.

5. *Squander your fortune*. *If you run through your fortune*. A genuine count who had run through a large estate (Royal Magazine, Oct. 1910). According to Rowe & Webb's 'Guide to the Study of English' *go through one's fortune* betrays ignorance of the true idiom. — *Impair your health*. *You will have to put up with the consequences*. — *Zealot*. An uncompromising adherent to a party, especially a religious extremist. The word *bigot* represents more passively the superstitious believer, or person obstinately and unreasonably wedded to a particular religious creed, opinion, or ritual (N.E.D.). — *Convent*. — *You will rue it*.

6. *Therefore Reinout had followed his inclinations*. — *His guardian had not restrained him (hindered him, kept him back)*. — *Tutor* in the sense *guardian* is marked obsolete by Craigie (N.E.D.)

7. *The masters he desired were appointed*. — *To make, not to do a journey!* *To do* must be used in the following construction: *The acquaintances he wished to meet were invited, and the travelling he wished to do, done*.

8. "*An enviable fellow, that young Meerwoude!*" used less independent comrades often to exclaim. This is a case where inversion is unusual. See Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*, § 825 ff. *An enviable creature is young Meerwoude!* The safest plan seems to be not to alter the regular word order in exclamations. How old is he; How old he is. The former sentence might be taken as a question. Inversion where it need not occur, is always apt to render the style artificial; moreover it is rare when the subject is a noun. From the following quotation it will be evident that the regular order is often departed from for the mere sake of variety: If it were a crime, then *he would* be a criminal ... if it were a falsehood then *would he* be a liar (Trollope, *Dr. Wortle's School*). *Wealth-Riches*. *Wealth* is abundance of goods or gifts of any kind, mental or material; *riches* is more properly restricted to material goods, especially money. — *He seemed (to be) occupied with other things*.

9. *It may have been owing to his sickly youth*. — *Which as a child had obliged him...* *As a child* should be placed after *him*, to which it refers.

— *When a child is right: The slate on which I figured when a child* (Strand Magazine, 1905). — *To lie still for hours at a stretch; for hours together.* — *With no other pastime than his books* is correct. It is however quite possible to render Dutch *geen ander ... dan* by *no ... but*. From being free men of power and position they were miserable prisoners with no prospect before them but to pass the weary days until kind death should release them (Stead, Prose Edition of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*). — Note the spelling *pastime* with single *s*.

10. *He had early shown more sensibility to the impressions produced by reading than those from his surroundings.* — The form *shown* is far more common than *showed*, witness the quotations in N.E.D. According to Sweet N.E.G. both forms of the participle are permissible, N.E.D. gives *shown* only. — *Sensibility-Susceptibility*. The latter term expresses quick sensibility (Smith). *Susceptibility to or of*. The preposition *to* is the rule in modern English. — *Shown to be more susceptible of the impressions*: N.E.D. says i.v. *susceptible*: now more commonly construed with *to*. A more serious mistake is the omission of the accusative after *shown*; the sentence should run: *he had shown himself etc*. Compare: He thinks *himself* to be clever = Hij denkt slim te zijn. — *Not far from the mark; not far wrong.* — *Country of shades*: see E. S. Vol. I. 185. *Land of shadows. Spirit-world.* — *Passed greatness*. The adjectival form is *past*. *Departed greatness*. Antiquity and departed greatness (J. Saunders, *Cabinet-Pictures* 20.) *Grandeur* in the sense of greatness of power or rank, eminence, is somewhat rare (N.E.D.). They still fondly recall the ancient grandeur of their tribe (Elphinstone, *Acc. Canbub.*)

11. *You seem to be shy (of people).* To be *menschen shy* was to be morbidly timid before one's fellow-men (Century Magazine 1905. 868 [Pennsylvania Dutch]). N.E.D. defines *self-consciousness* as the condition of being so far self-centred as to suppose one is the object of observation by others. *Fear of company.* — *Do give up those silly studies.* Not: *Just give up ...*, which would correspond to our *eens*. — *Go to the court.* The definite article should not be used. By using *go* the speaker seems to adopt the standpoint of the person he addresses. Compare the French *J'irai te voir* with English *I shall come and see you*, Du. Ik kom je opzoeken. However, we often find *go* used in such sentences: Will you allow me to go and see you, sir? (Boisgobey, *Golden Tress*) See Dr. Fijn van Draat's *Sidelights* 71)

12. *I intend to see her.* Replace *her* by *it*. Even in poetry we find *world* treated as a neuter: The world knows nothing of its greatest men (Taylor *Philip van Artevelde* A. 1. Sc. 5). In a world that seems To toll the death-bell of its own decease (Cowper). — *I want to see the world too.* Du. ook is weak-stressed here and should not be translated by *too*. See Kruisinga, *Grammar & Idiom* § 294. *I do want to see it* is correct.

13. Do you indeed think the world is worth that?

14. *Later, how often had M. laughed over his serious (earnest) answer.* *Earnest* denotes a permanent quality.

15. *It were the creatures ...* The copula agrees with the grammatical, not with the logical subject. — *He thought himself unworthy.* Whose meeting he thought not to deserve. Too clumsy for words. To think + infinitive has the meaning of *to expect* and is therefore wrongly used.

16. *I wonder how many of his grand expectations will be realized.* *Realize* may also be spelled with *s*. — *If he does not soon learn from the world.*

18. *Houses of the nobility. Patrician mansions.* — *With other eyes.*

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Miss L. M. H., Overveen; Miss B., Kampen; Miss A. E. S., Enschedé; Miss T. B., Kollum; Miss B. J. v. K., Delft; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Mr. B. B., Leeuwarden; Mr. P. A. J., Bolsward; Mr. H. S., Leeuwarden; Mr. P. B., Tiel; Mr. J. v. d. A., The Hague; Mr. K. de V., Dokkum; Mr. Th. A. P., Breda.

Toen Alfred 12 jaar was, kreeg zijn vader op de jacht — een hartstochtelijk jager was hij — twist met een zekeren kapitein Smit, die gediend had in de lijfwacht van den koning van Polen. Alfred's vader, prikkelbaar en onstuimig, achtte zich beleedigd en toen hij den ouden kapitein een poos na zijn twist tegenkwam, trok hij zijn zwaard en verwondde hem. Het vonnis luidde: een boete en 3 maanden gevangenis. Maar hij achtte het vonnis onbillijk en liever dan te buigen, vestigde hij zich voor goed in een dorpje in de Elzas. Zijn kinderen liet hij achter; een broeder zijner vrouw zou verder zorg voor hen dragen.

Alfred kwam in de kost bij een dominé; hij leerde spelen en kattekwaad uitvoeren en werd voor 't eerst eigenlijk kind.

Na 2 jaar kreeg zijn kindergemoed de groote schok, waarvan het zich nooit geheel herstelde. De predikant, dien hij vereerd had, strafte hem meedooogenloos voor een vergrijp, dat hij niet misdreven had. Er brak iets in hem; zijn vertrouwen was geschokt en hij ondervond de machteloosheid tegen onrecht. Wanneer hij van dien dag af menschen of dieren gekweld zag worden of verhalen van triomfeerend onrecht las, kwam zijn bloed in zieding en zijn vuisten balden zich. En dit zou sterker worden tot de tijd kwam, dat hij zijn verontwaardiging uitte in gloeiende woorden tegen de algemeene oorzaak van alle verdrukking en onrecht.

De bekoring van het vredige leven in de pastorie was gebroken — Alfred keerde spoedig naar de stad terug. De vraag was nu voor welk beroep hij opgeleid zou worden: notaris of predikant. Het laatste trok hem aan, maar de nalatenschap van zijn moeder bleek niet voldoende voor de studiekosten. Hij kwam als klerk op een notariskantoor, maar het werk stond hem tegen en zijn meester vond hem te dom voor het vak. Hij stuurde hem spoedig weg. Nu werd Alfred bij een graveur in de leer gedaan. Zijn meester verbond zich den leerling in te wijden in alle geheimen van het ambacht. Alfred was 13 jaar toen de ellende van den leerlingentijd voor hem begon. Hij was overgeleverd aan harde vreemden, die den gevoeligen knaap niet begrepen; hij leed onder hun spot en liefdeloosheid; hij leed altijd honger en werd als een slaaf behandeld.

Zijn eenige vreugde was lezen; hij las zonder keus, zonder onderscheiding; hij was onverzadigbaar. Als zijn geld op was, verpandde hij zijn kleeven, om boeken te kunnen huren.

Gelukkig duurde zijn leerlingentijd niet lang. Het kwam ten einde door een toeval. Hij placht op vrije dagen met kameraadjes buiten de stad te zwerven. Al een paar keer hadden zij, terugkeerend, de poorten gesloten gevonden en buiten overnacht. Zijn meester had hem gestraft en zoo fel bedreigd, dat de knaap bevreesd werd en een derde maal niet terug durfde keeren. Zoo trok hij op zijn 16^e jaar de wereld in.

Translations should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maerlant, Brielle, before Sept. 10th. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Reviews.

Selections from Early Middle English. By JOSEPH HALL. (1130-1250). Clarendon Press. Crown 8^{vo}. Part I: Text, 7/6 net; Part II: Notes, 15/— net; the two parts together 21/— net.

Most of the 23 pieces in the first vol. (222 pages) are old acquaintances, and are also found in Morris's *Specimens*. Six, however, namely the *Worcester Fragment*, *St. Godric's Hymns*, the *Charter of Henry the Second*, *Memento Mori*, *Vices and Virtues*, and the selection from *Orm* are new. Of the other

17 pieces six are printed in full, while two are taken from other MSS. than the texts in Morris.

The editor modestly states in the Preface to Part I: "It is hoped that those who study the older book will find in the present one a useful supplement". Dr. Hall's book is more than a supplement; one may safely predict that as regards the study of early M. E. it will supplant vol. I of the *Specimens*, except, perhaps, in one respect: there is no glossary in the new book, and the old one has a very complete one. Students of the *Selections* will miss this useful help; beginners can hardly do without it.

Dr. Hall's book does not render Vol. II of the "Specimens" or Emerson's *Reader* superfluous; in the latter book early M. E. is only represented by 8 pieces, and only one of these is also in the *Selections*. Emerson prints one text of Juliana, Dr. Hall both, while Emerson's selections from the *Poema Morale* (from one MS.), from the *Bestiary*, and from *Genesis and Exodus* are shorter than Hall's.

"The texts follow the manuscripts in all details" (Pref.). When a ripe scholar and conscientious editor like Dr. Hall, who has already won his spurs by his admirable editions of *Minot's Poems* and *King Horn*, makes this statement, we may rest assured that the limit of accuracy attainable has been reached.

The notes — a modest appellation — must be the outcome of a stupendous amount of patient research; on every page (they fill 453 pages) they testify to Dr. Hall's wide reading, and his thorough command of the subject he is dealing with. In fact, each section of these Notes contains a summary of practically everything that is known about the text treated — its authorship, its sources, the editions of it, the "literature", while further the phonology and inflexion, and the dialect are dealt with. In the case of the poetical pieces the metre is discussed. Special mention is made of the loanwords each selection contains. What makes the notes particularly interesting, is that they are not a mere compilation; they embody the results of much independent research; see, for instance, the discussion of the authorship of the *Ancrene Wisse*.

On glancing through the notes I made the following remarks:

p. 250. 'onne corresponds to æne rather than *ane*'. The *o* (= [ɔ:]) can only represent O. E. *ā*; *onne* corresponds to O. E. *āne*, a by-form of *æne*, already found in Alfred; see Cosijn, *Altwests.* Gr. I, p. 105, and II, p. 60. — p. 254/27. "*blais*: *ai* is an English graph for *ei*". For 'English' read 'Anglo-Norman'. Under certain circumstances, especially before *s*, *t*, and *d*, A. N. *ai* and *ei* were smoothed into *ē*, hence inverted spellings: *ai* for *ei*, and conversely. Compare a similar orthographic phenomenon in M. E., owing to the coalescence of *ai* and *ei*. — 261/122, (*he*) *wdr̥t it war*; cf. the identical Dutch and German idiom. — 2621/154 *treuthes fæston* = they confirmed (pledged) their truth (faith), rather than "made solemn declaration of fidelity". — 263/201, *innen dæis*. Dr. Hall does not approve of Thorpe's translation 'within a day', one of his reasons being that *innan* with a gen. is strange. But *innan* is occasionally followed by a gen.; see Wülffing, *Syntax i. d. Werken Alfr. d. Grossen*, § 694^c, and also Bosworth-Toller i. v. *innan*. — 301/151. "*Arewe*, apparently found only here". For examples of the noun *arege*, another spelling of this word, see Mätzner's *Wörterbuch*, which also gives a number of instances of the adj. *arwe*. — 389/6 instead of *wergian* read *wer(i)gan*. M. E. *wearien*, *warie(n)* (the latter being the usual form) can, however, hardly have descended from *wergan*; the *a* points to the influence

of *wearg.* — 415/1, *Leofemen*. Why does Dr. Hall compare this form of address with *Men þa leofestan* of the *Blickling Homilies*, and not with *Leofan men*, so frequent in *Wulfstan*?

I sincerely hope that Dr. Hall's book may prove a great boon to students of English in this country.

Amsterdam.

W. VAN DER GAAF.

Readings in English Social History from Contemporary Literature.
 Edited by R. B. MORGAN, M. Litt., Inspector of Schools to the Croydon Education Committee. Cambridge University Press. 1921. Vol. I (From Pre-Roman days to 1272), Vol. II (1272—1485). 4/— net each.

The idea of a book of this sort, if not new, is certainly excellent. The present series is intended for schools and might be useful for our school-libraries. What is required in a compilation of this kind, is that the work should be in the hands of a scholar who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject and able to present the most suitable passages on suitable subjects.

The editor explains that his choice has been partly decided by a wish to tempt readers 'to explore for themselves the sources from which the extracts are taken,' and he has, therefore, 'where possible, chosen his selections from such editions of authorities as can be found in any modern reference library.' This may, no doubt, be an advantage, as long as the editor is able to distinguish between 'authorities' that are representative of the present state of our knowledge, and those that are antiquated. And it surely could only be useful if the compiler had occasionally introduced passages from less accessible sources if they were interesting. Unfortunately, it must be said that one gets the impression that the compiler's knowledge does not reach much further than the authorities he has found in the reference library. This explains the insertion of the dissertation on *boc-land* and *folc-land* by John Allen. The compiler would not have done that (certainly should not have done that) if he had been acquainted with Professor Paul Vinogradoff's article in the *English Historical Review* of 1893. One sentence from this article would be more instructive than what he gives from Allen: "All the great difficulties disappear if we will but reject this dogma (viz. of Allen) and once more say with Spelman, *Folcland — terra popularis, communis ure et sine scripto possessa.*" — The story of Gregory's meeting with the slave-boys in the Roman market-place is given in a version of William of Malmesbury. How much better than this vague and partly unintelligible story would have been the charming tale in Aelfric's Homily, familiar to most students of Old English from Thorpe or Kluge. The accounts of the Danes in England are taken from Henry of Huntingdon and Holinshed, although one would have thought that the Anglosaxon Chronicle or *Wulfstan* would have been both more 'contemporary' and interesting.

The later texts are, quite properly, given in modernized versions. An exception is made for *London Lickpenny*, of which some stanzas are given in the text of Skeat's *Specimens*. The introductory words seem to show that the author has not completely understood the poem. "The poor countryman endeavours to obtain legal justice in London but his 'lack of money' is a drawback. After visiting the King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Chancery, and obtaining no redress, he proceeds to Westminster Hall." As the notes in Skeat's *Specimens* are neither very clear it

may be useful to point out that the countryman did not 'proceed to Westminster Hall after visiting the courts, for the simple reason that he was already there, the courts being held in Westminster Hall¹). And the insertion of a comma in the third line of strophe 8:

Cooke to me, they tooke good entente,
is hardly likely to promote the intelligibility of the poem.

In spite of these drawbacks the two little books will be found interesting to many a reader past school age. The illustrations, too, are an 'advantage in a book of this sort, although it is only just to add that here as well as in the texts one misses the knowledge of the expert. There are reproductions of manuscripts, but it would surely have occurred to one acquainted with Old English that the reproduction of an Old English manuscript would be more useful than an Icelandic one, and that such a reproduction in a book of this sort would be useless without a transliteration. And it seems hardly to the point to illustrate an old Roman road by giving a photograph of the modern road, well-paved and dust-free, with carefully bordered side-paths and telegraph-poles.

One other point may be mentioned. Books of this sort serve to remind the reader that the study of English philology is inextricably wound up with the study of English history. Many readers will be sent, by the reading of these extracts, to the more important books on the subject. One of the most important of these for the Old English period is not mentioned here, and seems to be so little known among students that it may be proper to draw their attention to it: I mean Professor Hoops's *Reallexicon der germanischen altertumskunde*. What student of English, when asked or asking himself why 'Christmas Eve' means the day *before* Christmas, will, as a matter of course, turn to this book to have it explained to him that it is due to the Oldgermanic habit of considering the evening (not the morning) as the beginning of a day, so that O.E. *Frigdæg* was indeed Friday, but a day that lasted from what we call Thursday evening to Friday evening, so that *Frigeæfen* corresponds to Thursday evening. *Bocland* and *folcland* are, of course, also explained here, as well as other sides of Old English life.

Books such as these selections, therefore, may be useful to advanced students as well as to schoolboys, if in a different way.

E. KRUISINGA.

Manual of Modern Scots. By W. GRANT and J. MAIN DIXON.
Cambridge University Press. 1921. 20/- net.

Scientific students of English and those teachers to whom practical i. e. immediate utility is not the alpha and omega of their professional work will welcome this full treatment of one of the most important varieties of English. Although English people seem to be willing to leave the study of their language largely to foreigners, the study of Scotch and other forms of English will naturally cause so many difficulties to others than natives that all who are interested in the subject will be grateful to Messrs. Grant and Dixon for the work they have performed so well. The book consists of three parts, phonetics, grammar, and reader, and all three seem to be well-done.

¹) For the text of the poem and its authorship and interpretation, see also Professor Kern's article in *Neophilologus*, III.

The phonetic description of the present Scotch sounds is perhaps more elaborate than is required and contains some repetitions due to the mechanical application of the scheme, but this is of little importance except that it may help to discredit phonetics, which is none too popular either in England or on the Continent among scientific students of language. But it must be said, apart from this, that the treatment of the sounds is very clear and satisfactory. And that is by no means a praise that can generally be given to books on language, although the name of the first of the two authors would lead us to expect a thorough treatment of the phonetical chapter.

A historical treatment of the Scotch sounds forms no necessary part of a book like the present, but it would be welcome to many readers. It must be confessed that the tables in which the sounds of Modern Scotch and Old Westsaxon are compared do not really satisfy the historical student. The example of Dr. H. Mutschmann's *Phonology of the North-Eastern Scotch dialect* (Bonn, 1909) might have shown the better way. It is true that this book is not mentioned in the bibliography, but it is hardly likely to be unknown to at least one of the two authors, and I am afraid that its absence from the list of works referred to is due to the absurd tendency fostered by war-propaganda to ignore foreign, or at least German, work.

The chapter on grammar is a long one but full of interest. This interest, however, is lexicographical rather than grammatical, for Scotch accidence and syntax does not differ materially from standard English. The chapter also serves to supplement the introduction to Professor Gregory Smith's *Specimens of Middle Scots*.

The third part contains a series of extracts from Scotch writers of the last hundred and fifty years and a selection of ballad and songs, all accompanied by a phonetic transcription. This part is practically an introduction to the study of Scotch literature, and will be welcomed by students who do not care for the other parts of the book.

E. KRUISINGA.

Exercises in English Pronunciation, by M. L. ANNAKIN, B. A.
Halle, Max Niemeyer, 1920. (Date of Preface, Dec. 1913).

This book is, as the author states in his preface, intended primarily to provide the foreigner with materials for systematic practice of any English speech sounds that may present difficulties to him.

These materials consist in a great many (nearly 50) batches, each of 20 sentences (except the last two, which amount only to 8 and 12). On the left hand pages we find the phonetical transcription of the sentences that are printed in ordinary spelling on the opposite pages. The phonetic notation used by the author is the same in all essentials as that used by Michaelis and Jones in the *English Phonetic Dictionary*, and the pronunciation represented is distinctly Southern. As far as I have read the book, I have not been able to detect any mistake or misprint, except in the matter of stress. The author has neglected to make a difference between primary and secondary stress. Such a word as *investigation*, for instance (page 8), has the same stress-mark for the second and the fourth syllable.

Another, more serious, objection is, however, that the words are phonetically transcribed as units and not as parts of breath-groups. For such a sentence as 'Father, mother, sister and brother are all together' it became, therefore, necessary to have the word *brother* printed in two ways (*brvðə*

and *brvðar*), and it is difficult for a beginner to see why there should be two pronunciations of this word, whereas the words *fāðā*, *mvðā*, and *sistār* are pronounced in one way only.

Besides, the system of composing detached sentences instead of coherent passages is not exactly recommendable, for the result is often a series of nonsensical compositions as 'The brothers were almost smothered with feathers; The heathen hurry hither and thither, they know not whither', — by the side of Keats's: 'Thou light-winged Dryad of the trees,' etc., or Wordsworth's: 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting', etc.

The book may, however, be of practical use for those that mispronounce certain consonants or vowels. There are 23 series, each of 20 sentences, on the pron. of p, b, t, d, tš, dž, etc., and 22 on that of the various vowels. Why the number should always be 20, is a puzzle. The book is intended for foreigners, and foreigners find, as a rule, a great difficulty in pronouncing certain particular sounds, and to these a greater number of sentences should have been devoted than, say, to *m* or *n*.

The last, not the least important question, is whether the book possesses any qualities by which it is likely to depose Sweet's *Elementarbuch*, Sweet's *Primer of Spoken English*, Ripman's *Specimens of English*, Jones's *Phonetic Transcriptions of English Prose*, or Montgomery's *Types of Standard English*. And I regret to say that each of these books contains several elements which are wanting in Mr. Annakin's book.

Rotterdam.

W. A. VAN DONGEN Sr.

The Pronunciation of English Words derived from the Latin. By JOHN SARGEANT. With Preface and Notes by H. BRADLEY. Correspondence & Miscellaneous Notes. S. P. E. Tract IV. Clarendon Press, 1920. 2/6 net.

The Englishing of French Words. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. — *The Dialectal Words in Blunden's Poems*, etc. By ROBERT BRIDGES. S. P. E. Tract V. Clarendon Press, 1921. 2/6 net.

The first publications of the S(ociety for) P(ure) E(nglish) were treated with rather adverse criticism in *Engl. Studies* II, p. 25-27. Nevertheless, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have continued to submit its tracts for review, and readers may be interested to learn more about these half scholarly, half amateurish attempts to deal with problems and tendencies of the living language, and to lay down rules, or rather suggestions, for the guidance of the general public.

Tract IV, on the pronunciation of English words derived from the Latin, should be read side by side with Jespersen's chapter on the subject in his *Modern English Grammar* (I, 4.51 sqq). It shows, for one thing, that the knowledge of Latin deemed requisite for the Dutch B-student by his praeceptors, is not an unmitigated blessing, but may even lead him astray. I am here reminded of the scorn poured on it by a colleague, when he assured me that the only occasion he had had for it was the occurrence of some Latin lines in notes on the history of the mediaeval drama. This, however, is going beside the point — which is, that a knowledge, small or extensive, of *classical* Latin only, is not sufficient help in cases where the 'quantity' of a vowel or the stressing of a word of Latin origin, has

to be decided on in Modern English. As Mr. Bradley explains in the introduction, "the Latin taught by Pope Gregory's missionaries to their English converts at the beginning of the seventh century was a living language", and deviated in many points of pronunciation, quantity and accent from the classical Latin of the first century. "In Chaucer's time, the other nations of Europe, no less than England, pronounced Latin after the fashion of their own vernaculars. When, subsequently, the phonetic values of the letters in the vernacular gradually changed, the Latin pronunciation altered likewise. Hence, in the end, the pronunciation of Latin has become different in different countries." Hence, in England, the traditional grammar school pronunciation of Latin, which has partly obtained till the present day, but is now obsolescent. It is, however, the basis of the pronunciation of the many classical derivatives in English, and as such worthy of careful examination.

In this tract Mr. Sergeaunt "describes, with a minuteness not before attempted, the genuine English tradition of Latin pronunciation, and points out its significance as a factor in the development of modern English." After a summary of the rules for Latin words, he arranges English words of Latin origin according to their Latin stems, and discusses quantity and stress by reference to the latter. In many cases, however, the English words are refractory and refuse to conform, nor are the pronunciations given always in accord with those of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, in so far as I have verified them. Mr. Sergeaunt's way of dealing with some of the 'exceptions' occasionally provokes a smile. If *locate*, *orate*, *negate*, *placate* and *rotate* refuse to stress the penultima, they do so at their peril: "With most of these we could well dispense." The opposite of the famous saying: *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint!*

There is, however, a pleasant flavour of classical scholarship about Mr. Sergeaunt's paper, which ends with a couple of anecdotes about an Essex rector, an Oxford don, and Dr. Johnson. If here and there less exact, it is more readable than many a treatise by more 'scientific' linguists.

The pamphlet includes a couple of miscellaneous notes that call for little comment. In one of them Mr. Fowler calls attention to the word *protagonist*, which is often put to what he considers illegitimate uses. From meaning originally the chief actor in a Greek play — one single person, therefore, — it has come to be used in the plural, to be burdened with pleonastic adjectives like *chief*, *leading* etc., and to do duty for the word *advocate*. All these 'abuses' Mr. Fowler illustrates with plentiful quotations. In so doing, however, he begs the question whether an extension or alteration of the meaning of an originally Greek word is any more unlawful than such a treatment of other words; of which the history of every language affords innumerable instances. And he further overlooks the fact, or ignores it, that the word *protagonist* has met with the same fate in other European languages, so that this is not a specific English aberration. I have recently happened across an instance in French and one in Italian, which I here subjoin:

".... tout roman dont l'action se passe hors de Paris, ou dont les *protagonistes* ne sont pas gens fréquentant les courses, les théâtres ... est un roman bourgeois ou paysan." (Ernest Pérochon, *Nêne* (1914), préface de Gaston Chérau).

"Io non so quale altro narratore abbia saputo imprimere il sigillo di un' individualità così originale pure ai personaggi secondari che sogliono nei romanzi far contorno ai *protagonisti* con fisionomie generalmente convenzionali." (Laura Toretta, *George Meredith*, p. 77. 1918).

In both cases *protagonist* is used in the plural, to denote the principal characters in a novel, absurdly, according to Mr. Fowler. Such usages may

for a moment jar on the ears of the cultured; but are not hundreds of words being used in senses that did not originally belong to them? This does not mean that inexact uses of words are to be encouraged; but when once an alteration or extension of the original meaning has become established and serves a useful purpose, it should pass muster.

In another note Mr. Robert Bridges, the author of the tract on *Homophones*, apologizes for having called the International Phonetic Association an Anglo-Prussian Society. He has been assured that it is . . . Gallo-Scandinavian.

As Tract IV attempts to answer the question: "How should words of Latin origin be pronounced?" — so no. V deals with French words that have been recently imported into English. The writer, Mr. Brander Matthews, an American member of the Society insists that "English should be at liberty to help itself freely to every foreign word which seems to fill a want in our own language. It ought to take these words on probation, so to speak, keeping those which prove themselves useful, and casting out those which are idle or rebellious. And then those which are retained ought to become completely English, in pronunciation, in accent, in spelling, and in the formation of their plurals." Naturally the 'man of culture' who knows 'his' French will try to pronounce them in the French way, and thus prevent or retard this complete assimilation. The Americans seem to anglicize French words more readily than the denizens of the United Kingdom, and this, the author frankly states "is, perhaps, because the men of culture in the United States are fewer in proportion to the population."

The author discusses several categories of newly adopted French words from his point of view, supplying hints and cautions wherever necessary. His remarks will be welcome to many foreign students of English, who are often perplexed whether they ought to pronounce a French word in English in the French way, or attempt an anglicization. That the author speaks of "the Gallic nasality of the second *n*" in *nuance* need not perturb us. Veterans of our late mobilization will be interested to learn that the privates of the American Expeditionary Force in France habitually shortened *lieutenant* [Am. pron. *lu : tanant*] to [*lu : t*], just as we abbreviated *luitenant* to *luit*.

Mr. Matthews announces a forthcoming *History of the English Language in America* by Prof. George Philip Krapp.

In view of the fact that one of the objects of the Society is "the enrichment and what is called regeneration of the language from the picturesque vocabularies of local vernaculars", Mr. Bridges examines the dialectal words in *The Waggoner and other Poems* by Edmund Blunder. (1920) as to their fitness for adoption into the standard language. As might be expected, he takes repeated occasion to tilt at homophones, and at Southern English, "the vulgarity and inconvenience of its degradations". If the Poet Laureate continues like this, we shall before long have to go and stay at Berwick-upon-Tweed or Gretna Green, in order to have our English fashioned and sanctioned anew.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

From the Log of the Velsa by ARNOLD BENNETT. With a frontispiece by the Author and many Illustrations by E. A. Rickards. London, Chatto & Windus. 1920. 18/— net.

The twentieth century is not the age of the child, it is not the age of labour, it is the age of travel. As a consequence we are assimilating and making for one uniform type of man. Fortunately, however, we have not

come to that as yet. In 1912 Holland could still boast sufficient individual attractions and originality to draw forth the wit of an impressionable English tourist. A son of proud and self-confident Albion, the people of pride, as Heine said, has visited our little country, little, that is, in extent. The impression and ideas provoked by it have been fixed in 70 witty pages of the above book. The tour was made by boat in the good old days of 1912/13 through Holland and the Baltic and along the Flemish, French and East English coasts. Seventy witty pages on Holland. Yes, witty, exclusively, deliberately and spontaneously witty. The wittiness of the book is at the same time its monotonousness. Sometimes when a more serious tone is attempted, it seems to be of an order of seriousness that borders on the comical.

The humour is typically English. It is gentle, but dry. Not the succulent and rich humour that provokes rollicking laughter, not the sensuous humour of the Flemish. It springs from the mind rather than from the feelings. The expert can detect the tricks that have been consciously or unconsciously employed. It is not everybody, however, that possesses such 'interior notitia', and besides, insight and ability do not necessarily go together.

What does he say in the book? Well, to the Dutchman with any knowledge of self, of his country and of the world, to the philosophically minded, therefore, his utterances are not up to much. In this book Mr. A. B. does not reveal himself as a capitalist in the realm of philosophic speculation, but neither does he pretend to appear in that light. The book is apparently intended to provide light, digestible stuff, which, in fact, it does dessert, no more, though here and there we do stumble across some vagrant, solitary profundity.

His remarks are put before the reader untested. They are seldom correct, often incorrect and mostly one-sided. Yet, here is a man who speaks from actual observation and often expresses views of singular candour and freshness. Children and the best artists generally have that way, so he accordingly also has their limitations. He is sufficiently modern to escape being old-fashioned. The stillness of a town like Zierikzee is 'a tragic spectacle'. Of course! To modern man with his crave for sensation silence is death. 'More like England' on the other hand is a delightful bit of self-criticism.

With Mr. A. Bennett for a travelling companion you may look forward to any number of witty remarks a day. Whoever cannot travel or whoever can, but who seeing does not see and hearing does not hear, should procure this book and drink this spirituous draught that tickles, but not inebriates.

N.

P. V.

Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms of Poetry. By CHARLES M. GAYLEY and BENJAMIN P. KURTZ — Ginn, 1920. 3 dollars.

I could wish this monumental work in the hands of all serious students of literature, no matter whether Dutch, English, French, German or Scandinavian is their special *line*. Crammers had better leave it severely alone. It is a guide, and an invaluable one; it is not a pilot getting one's vessel past rocks and shoals and into a safe harbour, while one is soundly asleep in one's berth all the time.

"Each literary type or species has been considered in a twofold aspect, theoretical and historical. In each of these subdivisions the first section presents an analysis of the subject under discussion and a statement of the problems involved, with indication of the authorities most necessary to be consulted; the second section consists of a bibliography, alphabetically arranged and accompanied by annotations which aim to give the student or the prospective buyer some idea of the content and value of the work in its bearing upon the subject; and the third section supplies in outline the theory, or history, as the case may be, of the type or form under consideration as developed in various national literatures, and cites specific authorities for periods, movements, and germinative influences in poetry and criticism". Thus the authors in their Preface (page IV), and the amount of material they have amassed it as enormous as the labour of arranging and classifying it must have been.

Occasionally indeed — and it could not have been otherwise, considering the scope of the work — Messrs Gayley and Kurtz had to fall back on second-hand information. This has e. g. been the case in the sections dealing with Dutch literature, and I really think we have been treated more perfunctorily and inadequately than any other European nation. A summary of lyrics which includes Tollens and Bogaers, but omits Da Costa and ignores our remarkable *Nieuwe Gids* movement altogether, gets my Batavian dander up. And although I am not going to dispute the verdict on page 765 that 'with one or two exceptions the Dutch epic has attained neither importance nor grace', my grievance is that the great exception is not mentioned and our sole important contribution to the literature of the world practically ignored, to wit *Van den Vos Reynaerde*. To this day there are people in England, America and elsewhere who speak of *Reineke Fuchs* and attribute the classical version of the Reynard cycle to some German, chiefly to Goethe, who I think is not in need of the laurels honestly earned by the Flemings Willem and Arnout.

On page 338 the name of the American translator of Vondel's *Lucifer* is given as C. L. van Norden. This should be *Leonard C. van Noppen*. On page 16 the *pantoum* is mentioned among the lyrical forms (villanelle, triolet &c) which had been evolved in France up to the sixteenth century. I think this is an oversight, as it is hardly probable that a Malayan verse-form could have found its way into France at that early date. For that matter it would be interesting to know the pantoum's first appearance in European literature. The earliest instances known to me are three charming German ones, by Chamisso. Afterwards this form was cultivated by some French Parnassiens. In English literature the pantoum appears to be rare and I do not recollect having met with specimens of the regular type, though Squire's 'Behind the Lines' is rather pantoum-like in its effects....

The wind of evening cried along the darkening trees
 Along the darkening trees, heavy with ancient pain,
 Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries,
 From faded centuries.... O foolish thought and vain!

O foolish thought and vain to think the wind could know,
 To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
 The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago:
 "And mouldered long ago," the wind of evening cried.

Is it not a little risky to group Swinburne with 'the greater poets' and to leave Matthew Arnold outside the circle, assigning to him a place among

the lesser stars? (See page 30). The book took more than fifteen years to compose, which explains what in my opinion is a heresy. Swinburne's fame has rather paled since his death, whereas Matthew Arnold's has, if anything, increased. What had James Thomson, the author of the *City of Dreadful Night*, of Vane's Story, and of the two famous Sunday idylls, in common with the Pre-Raphaelites? Page 332 presents us with quite a number of modern German lyrists, several of whom are respectable mediocrities, but Detlev von Liliencron is forgotten. — All these things demonstrate once more that no modern can aspire to the fame of Hugo Grotius who was reputed to carry the contents of all existing books about with him in his head.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

I append a metrical translation which I have attempted of eight introductory stanzas to Frederik van Eeden's *Ellen*.

Stem.

A Voice.

Als goddelijke banneling
In eenen wereldlijken kring
Stil zich bewegend, zonder hoon,
Wanend hen laag, — zich Godenzoon, —

Een vreemd kind in een vreemd geslacht,
Heeft hij zich bitterlijk gedacht,
Zacht-donkre Deemoed toen gedaan
Dicht om zijn helder Godsbestaan.

Dat rein dit bleev' — en onontwijd
Zijn droef-gezonken majesteit,
Laatst, kost'lijk erfgoed, door 't geringe
Laag-denkend volk der wereldlingen.

Den wilden Koningstrots in dwang
Grimmiglijk houdend, was zijn gang
Zacht onder mensen — ja! zij zagen
Hem 't leed der ballingschap niet dragen.

Maar — zooals 'n Kind in vreemd gezin,
Na schreiend mokken, zich wat in
Al 't vreemde dat er om hem leeft
Vermeit, daar 't toch niet ander heeft,

Zoo, — als met knapen van de straat
Een prinsje, dat toch zijnen staat
Nooit gansch vergeet, — heeft hij gespeeld
Van Liefde, Eer en Roem, — gedeeld

Droefheid en vreugde, — ja! ook wel
Hartstocht. Maar ontbrandend snel
In gloed van schaamte, zoo hij had
Van zijn in-innerlijken schat

Goud-woord getoond aan menschen-oog,
Uit hoovaardij. Want dan bedroog
Hij 't liefste Zelf, — daar niet gevonden
Werden op aarde, die 't verstonden.

He moved, an exiled God forlorn,
Conscious of Rank, but without scorn,
And ever quiet, never loud,
Among the worldlings' paltry crowd.

His thoughts were bitter of his place,
Alien amidst an alien race;
Then a dark cloak of meek surrender
He drew close round his godlike splendour,

To keep its purity unstained,
His sunken greatness unprofaned;
Screening from abject, grovelling eyes
His last dear heirloom in this wise.

His savage royal pride he curbed
With dogged grimness, nor disturbed
With noisy tread the folk around;
Yea, exile, ne'er was exile found.

But, as in a strange house a child
First weeps and frets, then is beguiled
By all the curious things it sees, —
Having naught else with power to please, —

And, as a little prince astray
With urchins of the street will play,
Though not unmindful of his birth, —
So *he* has toyed with things of Earth,

Love, Honour, Fame, — shared joy and pain,
Even Passion, sometimes. — Though amain
Burning with sudden shame, when he
Had shown, betrayed by vanity,

To human eye a golden word
From his deep-hidden, inmost hoard;
Why thus his dearest Self denude?
None were on earth who understood!

W. v. D.

On the Art of Reading. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH. Cambridge University Press, 1920. pp. VII + 237. 15 sh.

This attractive book, containing twelve lectures delivered by Professor Quiller Couch in the University of Cambridge, purports to be a sequel to that on *The Art of Writing*,¹⁾ published in 1916.

To try and follow up the success of a first volume complete in itself seems in literature a particularly hazardous undertaking. The inferiority of such second ventures has indeed so often been indicated, that the allegation has almost obtained the prestige of a literary axiom.

The volume under discussion is no exception to the fatal rule. We must immediately add, however, that in this case the inferiority seems to us but slight and as the first collection was almost universally recognized as a signal success, a book rarely instructive and witty at the same time, this amounts to saying, that *On the Art of Reading* is a publication to be thankful for. Indeed it makes one realize once more the importance of the art of printing, which enables us to attend at our leisure and at little cost a series of such original and stimulating lectures.

What is chiefly responsible for the impression of inferiority which the volume makes, when compared with its first part, is the admixture of some controversial matter and the frequent harking back to the idea, that 'the real battle for English lies in our Elementary Schools, and in the training of our Elementary Teachers'. And though the professor need not fear, as he says in his preface, that 'these lectures (will be) condemned as the utterances of a man who, occupying a chair, has contrived to fall between two stools,' there is a grain of truth in his self-accusation: occasionally we regret a want of unity, a want also of a definite, clearly marked aim.

The author is at his best, we think, when he forgets the obligation under which the titles of his lectures lay him, when he simply and unconcernedly talks of that which has his ardent love: English literature, the classics and the Bible. Fortunately this occurs very frequently and so, instead of a treatise on the art of reading, his book has chiefly become a storehouse of chats on the most varied literary subjects, a promiscuous collection of little essays, comments, allusions, quotations, all so pleasant, fresh and instructive, that like the author himself, we often forget the title of the book, the promises or threats of the introduction, altogether.

A. G. v. KRANENDONK.

New Numbers of the 'World's Classics'.

228. *Selected English Short Stories.* Second Series (XIX and XX Centuries) Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. IX + 483 pp. 2 s. 6 d.

In this handsomely bound and very carefully printed little volume nineteen English and American authors, ranging from Charles and Mary Lamb to Murray Gilchrist and O. Henry, are represented with twenty-eight stories. A very pleasant, readable collection, containing some real masterpieces as Henry James's *Four Meetings* and Gissing's *A Poor Gentleman*, and but few insignificant, conventional sketches, as Gilchrist's *Gap in the Wall*. If,

¹⁾ Reviewed in *E. Studies*, December 1919.

however, we were asked: "does this anthology give an adequate idea of the standard of modern English story-writing?", we should have no hesitation in declaring it does not — not by any means. The preface reveals the reason: 'No selection from living writers has been attempted', it curtly announces. But why not? Difficulties of copyright? But the table of contents shows, that for no fewer than ten of the authors included a 'kind permission' of some firm or other was wanted. Surely these kind permissions might have been obtained for the work of several living writers as well? And what gain this would have meant! Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells — to mention only a few of the most obvious names — how painfully we feel their omission! And if the difficulty of copyright was really insurmountable — which we think very unlikely — the collector should not have included such recent work as that of say O. Henry either. He had better have left the XXth century alone and stopped at about 1890. For as it is, the book, together with the 'First Series,' forms a very judicious and valuable anthology of Victorian stories, but of the art of the moderns it gives a ludicrously insufficient image.

219, 220. *English Prose*, chosen and arranged by W. Peacock. 1921.

Vol. I. *Wycliffe to Clarendon*. pp. XV + 590 2 s. 6 d.

Vol. II *Milton to Gray*. pp. XI + 593 2 s. 6 d.

This prose anthology, to be complete in five volumes, is not Mr. Peacock's first venture in this field. His 'English Prose' and 'Selected English Essays' are well-known, and have shown that he possesses the two essential qualities for this kind of work: an extensive knowledge of literature together with excellent taste and judgment. Now that he has undertaken a similar task on a larger scale, his work bids fair to become a classic.

In the two volumes now ready, no fewer than ninety authors are represented, most of them very fully and characteristically. To illustrate the development of the language a few passages — from the 14th to the 18th century — are given in the original spelling. Another distinctive feature of the work is the inclusion of prose-drama.

The outward appearance of the books approaches perfection.

A. G. v. K.

Brief Mentions.

Historische Grammatik der englischen Sprache, von DR. KARL LUICK. Sechste Lieferung (1e Hälfte). Leipzig. Tauchnitz, 1921.

This instalment (p. 513-548) is published in order to complete the treatment of vowels in Old and Middle English. We are now coming to a period that interests a far greater number of students of English in Holland than the preceding instalments could do, although it need hardly be said that the modern period cannot really be understood completely without a knowledge of the earlier ones. In the last section of the present instalments the author explains the retention of *id* in *assuredly*, *reservedness*, etc. He might have added that the ending had lost its vowel at an earlier time in such cases as *astonishedly*, *embarrassedly*, etc. — K.

Mensae secundae. By JOHN MINTO ROBERTSON. Being a collection of Latin mottoes, phrases, and memorabilia, current in English. Aberdeen: University Press, 1921. Cloth 3/— net.

This little book, rather high in price through its binding that is more elaborate than one would think necessary for a book of this sort, will be useful both to those who

know Latin and those who do not. It gives lists of mottoes of the British Navy, the British Army and the Imperial Forces, of the British Colonies and Dependencies, of Towns in Great Britain and Ireland, of Schools, Colleges, Societies and Universities, of the Livery Companies of the City of London; punning mottoes, jocosities and anagrams, mottoes of publishers, banks, companies and orders; famous familiar and proverbial sayings, abbreviations and contractions of Latin words and phrases commonly used in writing and printing, and Latin phrases much used in current English. — K.

Helps for Students of History, no. 40. J. E. W. WALLIS, *English Regnal Years and Titles* (English Time-Books Vol. I). S. P. C. K. 1921. 4/— net. — no. 43. H. H. E. CRASTER, *The Western Manuscripts of the Bodleian Library*. 1/3 net.

Although this series is intended for students of history many students of English will welcome these two volumes. Many have found the inconvenience of dating Acts of Parliament when they found them with their usual designation of the regnal year of the sovereign. With the help of the tables in the first book this difficulty can now be overcome. Incidentally the student will learn a good deal that is of interest.

The second volume will be useful, it is to be hoped, to the students who will turn to the independent study of manuscripts, and instead of visiting the Camera reading-room turn their steps to the Bodleian when they spend their leave at Oxford. — K.

English Synonyms by GEORGE CRABB. Routledge. 6 shillings.

This centenary edition will scarcely prove less helpful to students than its predecessors. Crabb has always been noted for his exhaustive treatment and though his authority has occasionally been challenged he has maintained his position. The paper of this edition is good, the type is very clear and the cross-references enable the student to find what he wants without having to spend a weary time in looking for it. A serious defect, however, is the lack of illustrative quotations taken from good *modern* writers. In this respect all English books on synonyms break down woefully. A volume on the lines of Gunther's *English Synonyms* but on a larger scale giving copious quotations from contemporary literature still remains to be written.

In its present form, apart from differences due to type and general arrangement, no great changes have been introduced, nor has the book appreciably increased in bulk. — S.

A Thousand and One Notes on A New English Dictionary. By GEORGE G. LOANE M. A. 64 pp. Copies (5/—) to be had from the Author, 4 Linnell Close N. W. 4.

It was with the object of providing a supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary that Max Born wrote his *Nachträge* (3rd volume Berlin 1914). Wide as the scope of the famous Oxford Dictionary is, the uses of quite common words are often but poorly illustrated, especially in the earlier volumes. The prepositions do not always come to their own and the older stages of English receive preferential treatment at the expense of the living language. In the later volumes this defect is less apparent though even here some gaps are noticeable. In a booklet of 64 pages Mr. Loane has therefore collected some additional material. The notes deal with: 1. words not given, 2. senses not given, 3. earlier and later instances, 4. errors. While admitting the usefulness of Mr. Loane's *Notes* we cannot consider that our knowledge of modern English is materially increased by the publication of his booklet, as the modern stage of English is treated as of secondary consideration. Many neologisms and warwords which the Oxford Dictionary naturally omits are sought in vain in this slender volume. — S.

L. E. *Zijn Zoon en zijn Huis*. Harrap's Bilingual Series.
128 pp. 1/6.

In this series, which includes French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Danish and Dutch reading books, the text and the English translation have been printed on opposite pages. This little volume may be strongly recommended to candidates preparing for the A certificate in English. It gives a readable Dutch text and a very idiomatic translation by Miss de Wilde. — S.

Bibliography.

POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. 7 × 5¹/₄, xix. + cliv. + 7 pp. Stratford-upon-Avon: The Shakespeare Head, Oxford: Blackwell. 10s. 6d. n.

Nimphidia. The Court of Fayre. By MICHAEL DRAYTON. 7 × 3³/₄, 30 pp. Stratford-upon-Avon: The Shakespeare Head, Oxford: Blackwell 5s. n.

The Poetical Works of ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by F. W. Moorman, with a prefatory note by Percy Simpson. Milford, 1921. 5/- net. [A review will appear.]

Irish Poets of To-day: an Anthology. Compiled by L. D. O. WALTERS. Fisher Unwin. 1921. 8/6 net.

Ballads of a Bohemian. By ROBERT W. SERVICE. 7¹/₂ × 5, 205 pp. Fisher Unwin. 5s. n.

Intrusion. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman & Hall. 8/6 net.

Pugs and Peacocks. By GILBERT CANNAN. 7¹/₂ × 5¹/₄, 288 pp. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. n.

The Thirteen Travellers. By HUGH WALPOLE. 7¹/₂ × 5¹/₄, 286 pp. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. n.

Memoirs of a Midget. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Collins. 8/6 net.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. By W. SHAKESPEARE. Edited by SIR A. QUILLER-COUCH and J. DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. 6/- net. [A review will appear.]

Back to Methuselah. A Metabiological Pentateuch. By BERNARD SHAW. 7¹/₄ × 5¹/₄, xci + 267 pp. Constable. 10s.

Prefacing it with an essay of eighty pages headed "The Infidel Half Century," Mr. Shaw here attempts, in dramatic form, "a second legend of Creative Evolution" — his first Part being in the Garden of Eden, his second the Present Day; his third 2170 A.D.; his fourth 3000 A.D.; and his last, "As Far as Thought can Reach, 31920 A.D."

The Chapbook. No. 24, June 1921. *A List of 101 Commendable Plays*, Ancient and Modern, compiled by the Plays & Publications Committee of the British Drama League. Poetry Bookshop, 1/6 net.

[The publication of *The Chapbook* is to be suspended until January 1922.]

TAUCHNITZ REPRINTS.

4548. *Androcles and Pygmalion*. By BERNARD SHAW. M. 7.50.

4549. *The Bronze Venus*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. M. 7.50.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Corneille. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by DOUGLAS AINSLIE. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₂, viii + 440 pp. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. n.

Edmund Burke. Selections, with essays by HAZLITT, ARNOLD, and others. With an introduction (8 pp.) and notes by A. M. D. HUGHES. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₄, xvi + 192 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press, London: Milford. 3s. 6d. n.

John Keats: Apothecary and Poet. By SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, K.C.B. 9 × 5³/₄, 36 pp. Sheffield: T. Booth. London: Friends' Bookshop. 1s.

This short biographical and critical study of Keats by the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health gives special attention to the traces of the poet's medical training in his thought and work.

William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement. By J. BRYCE GLASIER. With a Preface by MISS MAY MORRIS, and two Portraits. Longmans. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

Meredith Revisited and other Essays. By J. H. E. CREES, D. LIT. Cobden-Sanderson. 12s. 6d. net.

English Metrists. Being a sketch of English prosodical criticism from Elizabethan times to the present day. By T. S. OMOND. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 336 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 10s. 6d. n.

In 1903 Mr. Omond published "A Study of Metre" and "English Metrists," and in 1907 "English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." He now carries out his desire to recast into one volume the two original parts of his "English Metrists," and also brings the record down to date. An important feature of the book is the bibliographical appendices (36 pp.) on books and articles dealing with quantitative verse and pseudoclassical poems, and with the analysis of ordinary English verse. [T.]

Walt Whitman: The Prophet of the New Era. By WILL HAYES. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 194 pp. Daniel. 4s. 6d. n.

The Gathering of the Forces. By WALT WHITMAN. Editorials, Essays, Literary and Dramatic Reviews, and other Material written by Walt Whitman as Editor of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in 1846 and 1847. Edited by CLEVEHAND ROGERS and JOHN BLACK. With a foreword and a sketch of Whitman's life and work during two unknown years. Two volumes. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. Vol. I., lxiii + 272 pp. Vol. II., xiii + 394 pp. Putnams. 90s. n.

Trois Etudes de Littérature Anglaise (La Poésie de Rudyard Kipling; John Galsworthy; Shakespeare et l'Ame Anglaise). Par A. CHEVRILLON. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 1921. fr. 7.50.

Essays on Modern Dramatists. By W. L. PHELPS. Macmillan Cy. 12/6 net.

Deals with Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Clyde Fitch, Masterlinck and Rostand.

Books on the Table. By EDMUND GOSSE. Heinemann. 8/6 net.

Thus to Revisit.... Some Reminiscences. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Chapman & Hall. 16/- net.

Prejudices. First Series. By H. L. MENCKEN. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 254 pp. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. n.

Notes on Life and Letters. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Dent, 9/- net.

The Chapbook. No. 22. April 1921. *Poetry in Prose.* Three Essays by T. S. ELIOT, FREDERIC MANNING, RICHARD ALDINGTON. The Poetry Bookshop. 1/6 net. [A review will appear.]

LINGUISTICS, HISTORY, EDUCATION.

Altenglisches Lesebuch für Anfänger. Von MAX FÖRSTER. 2e Auflage. Kart. M. 6.—.

The Corpus Glossary. Edited by W. M. LINSDAY, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews. With an Anglo-Saxon Codex by HELEN MC. M. BUCKHURST. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xvi, + 291 pp. Cambridge University Press. 40s. n. [A review will appear.]

Das Problem des Flexionsschwundes in ags. Von G. HÜBENER. Paul und Braune, Beiträge 45,1. (1920.)

The Place-Names of Northumberland and Durham. By ALLEN MAWER. Cambridge University Press. 25/- net.

Manual of Modern Scots. By WILLIAM GRANT, Lecturer on Phonetics in Aberdeen Training Centre, and JAMES MAIN DIXON, Professor of Comparative Literature in the University of Southern California. 9×6 , xxii. + 500 p.p. Cambridge University Press. 20s. n. [See Review.]

The Spelling of the King's English. By JOHN CLARKE, Lecturer in Education, University of Aberdeen. Crown 8vo. Longmans 2s. 6d. net.

The Characters of the English Verb and The Expanded Form and equivalent or analogous constructions of the Verb in English and cognate languages. By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff 1921. f 3.25 & f 4.—. [See Review June 1921.]

History of the People of England. By ALICE DRAYTON GREENWOOD. Vol. I. — 55 B. C. to A. D. 1485. With 27 Illustrations and 15 maps. S. P. C. K. 8/6 net.

Illustrations of the History of Medieval Thought and Learning. By REGINALD LANE POOLE. Second Edition, revised. S. P. C. K. 17s. 6d. net.

Readings in English Social History from Contemporary Literature. Edited by R. B. MORGAN, M.LITT. Crown 8vo. Vol. I, from Pre-Roman Days to 1272 A.D. With 16 illustrations. Vol. II, 1272—1485 A.D. With 12 illustrations. Cambridge University Press. 4s. net each. [See Review.]

Sources for the History of Roman Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland. From the Reformation Period to that of the Emancipation, 1533 to 1795. By JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J. S.P.C.K. 1s. 3d. net.

The Puritans in Ireland (1647-1661). By REV. ST. JOHN. D. SEYMOUR. B.D. Clarendon Press. 14/- net.

The Town Labourer 1760-1892: The New Civilization. By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND. 8vo. New and Cheaper Impression. Longmans. 6/6 net.

The Pageant of Parliament. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH. 2 vols. Fisher Unwin 36/- net.
A complete and comprehensive picture of the life of Parliament.

How England is Governed. By the RT. HON. C. F. F. MASTERMAN. Selwyn & Blount. 8/6 net.

The Annual Register. A Review of Public Events at home and abroad for the year 1920. 9x6, xii + 304 + 188 pp. Longmans. 30 s. net.

The Concise Dictionary of National Biography, from the Beginnings to 1911: Being an *Epitome* of the main work and its Supplement, to which is added an *Epitome* of the Supplement, 1901-11. Both edited by SIR SIDNEY LEE. Milford, 1921. Medium 8vo. Cloth, 32s. net; half morocco, 63s. net; on Oxford India paper, 42s. net.

The Teaching of English. By W. S. TOMKINSON. Clarendon Press. 6/6 net. [A review will appear.]

PERIODICALS.

De Drie Talen. June & July. 1921. H. Poutsma, The Subjunctive and Conditional in Adverbial Clauses. (Continued.)

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²⁾ Annual subscription f 6.80.

Mainly About the Prose-Poem.

I.

Is it a contradiction in terms or is it not? To Molière's *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*, duly enlightened by his *maître de philosophie*, — and as likely as not, to Molière himself! — the answer would not have seemed difficult at all. To them such a term could only have meant chaos, and the notion from which the term sprang could only have occurred to one of that mad nation whose greatest reputed genius wrote 'lamentable tragedies mixed full of pleasant mirth'. Surely, sir, one expresses oneself either in prose or in verse. It's either a walk, sir, or a dance; whoever should try to combine the two would only succeed in making himself ridiculous; he would shamle and stagger and reel like a drunkard, and if he presumed to ask a discriminating public for appreciation and applause, — why, he would be pelted with rotten eggs and orange-peel for his pains!

II.

I want this article to be, as far as possible, a man-to-man talk. I assume that all my readers are, really and truly, hearers, hearers that I expect to interrupt me on occasion. And as a matter of fact, I hear an interruption now.

"Aren't we on the wrong tack? Why this divagation about dancing and walking? If there is anything on which most literary people are agreed nowadays, it is that verse and poetry are not identical. And if they are not identical, why waste time, space and labour by opposing prose and verse? Let us go down to the roots. With 'the meaningless rituals of verse' (to use for once F. S. Flint's scathing qualification) we have nothing to do. What is poetry? What is a poem? What is a prose-poem?"

To which I might return, "And what is a poet? If no formal tests whatever are to be applied, — are you prepared to call e.g. Carlyle and Dickens poets? I know some German scholars who are quite ready to go that length. In fact the Fatherland hailed Carlyle as a poet long ago. And if Carlyle and Dickens, who were very poetical fellows and no mistake, with teeming imaginations, and with thousands of words at their disposal, gentle and forcible, beautiful and grotesque, words which they could marshal and array at will, in regiments of resounding sentences — if Carlyle and Dickens, why not Walter Scott? And if Sir Walter, why not Fielding? There are plenty of 'poetical' sentences in *Tom Jones*! Ah, but in this sublunary prison there are ever so many spirits who sometimes feel themselves confined, and who will on occasion — whether moved thereto by love, or patriotism, or wine, nay, even by beer, cider or 'square-face' — utter poetical sentences. Are they poets in those inspired moments? What, then, of the many more who, though experiencing the same emotions and perhaps far more strongly, yet remain tongue-tied? *Feeling* poetical — or romantic, or sentimental, or silly, whichever you like — and with the goddess Poesy enthronèd in their hearts, surely they are poets in everything but articulateness! Moreover, they may in other fields be undoubted artists, and if formal tests are to be entirely given up, why not call any and every genuine artist a poet? After conferring the title on Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and Jane Austen, on Fenimore Cooper of the Mohicans and on Captain Marryatt, the creator of boatswain Chucks, and, quite possibly, caught in the irresistible avalanche, on Captain Mayne Reid, G. P. R. James, Hugh Conway, Fergus Hume,

Phillips Oppenheim, William le Queux, Florence Barclay, Ethel Dell, Elinor Glynn, et hoc genus omne, we cannot in reason withhold it from Purcell, Handel and Beethoven, from Van der Neer and Ruysdael, from El Greco, Claude Lorrain, Turner, Daubigny, from Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, from Bouwmeester-Shylock and from James Meyer Fils, *professeur de dance* And we need not, we cannot stop even here. The famous French potter, Bernard Palissy, realizing his ideals in the teeth of a thousand adverse circumstances, crippled by the direst poverty, and never giving in, is, of course, a poet. But there are many more 'poets of action', Columbus and Joan of Arc, Alfred the Great and William the Silent, Judas Maccabæus and Piet Retief, Sir Aurel Stein, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Andrew Carnegie, Rockefeller Poets, sir, poets, every one of them!"

III.

Let there be no juggling with words. If we turn to an encyclopædia to look up *Shackleton*, *Sir Ernest*, we do not expect to see him defined as a 'poet of action'. Both the encyclopædia and the man in the street will persist in calling Sir Ernest an explorer, Rembrandt a painter, Handel a musician, Andrew Carnegie a business-man and philanthropist. And Alexander Pope, Robert Southey, Martin Tupper stand labelled as poets and will remain so as long as their names are remembered. Because they wrote poetry — bad poetry, worthless poetry, inferior poetry, if you like, but poetry — and Rembrandt and the others did not.

It is the loose and indiscriminate use of the word *poetry* that is the cause of much muddled thinking and unprofitable talk. Of course it is by no means an isolated case, but it is a particularly harmful one. Manifestly wrong as it would be to base our interpretation of the word 'captain' on Henley's boastful (and psychologically untenable) assertion that he was *the captain of his soul*, I do not think there is anybody in danger of doing so, possibly because it is a word which even a sentimentalist can pronounce without turning the whites of his moist eyes up to the skiey vault. About poetry, however, such a mass of such conflicting sayings have been uttered in the course of time, chiefly in the last two centuries, that the head of any unfortunate who, admiring the various utterers, wants to reconcile their extremely various utterances, gets converted into a steaming and boiling kettle full of the most heterogeneous soup. It is a thing made, it is a thing felt, it is a thing seen, it is a thing experienced, it is a message from Beyond, it is a luminous lamp within, it is a fascination, a spell cast upon us, it is a glamour which our own eyes throw upon what they contemplate. Byron exclaimed that the stars are the poetry of heaven, and by parity of reasoning goldfish might be termed the poetry of the pond, daisies and buttercups the poetry of meadows, thrushes the poetry of house-tops, sparrows the poetry of European streets, rats the poetry of — Enough.

IV.

I have an honest liking for our Dutch poet Peter de Genestet, two of whose utterances on poetry are rather often quoted in Holland. To attempt to reconcile them would be a tough job, and I shall not make the attempt. Number one is to the effect that 'poetry is everywhere, the question is only who can find it, and who cannot.' The other tells us, with the brevity which is the soul of wit, that 'prose and poetry are two'. It is clear that in the two verdicts the same word does service for two different notions. Are we right in assuming the first to be concerned with the 'raw material' of poetry?

Perhaps we are not, though to my opinion it is difficult to put on it an interpretation that, from a logical point of view, is more satisfactory. Its meaning would then come to this, that it is not 'aesthetic emotions' only that go to the making of poetry (and among aesthetic emotions it is quite safe to include the keen perception of the ugly which inspires *grotesque* art), but that the adequate expression, i. e. *transference* of the whole range of feelings, including 'horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation', by means of language, the language of *words*, will, if fixed in writing, be a piece of literary art. Will it therefore be a poem? Must its language to be perfectly adequate needs be metrical? Is 'recurrent rhythm', the rhythm of verse, essential? Will not 'veiled rhythm', the rhythm of literary prose, do?

I transcribe, from Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, some passages dealing with the ancient Babylonians' belief in demons. They open soberly enough:

"If we may judge from the fragments of their literature which have been deciphered, few people seem to have suffered more from the persistent assaults of demons than the ancient Babylonians and Assyrians, and the evil spirits that preyed on them were of a peculiarly cruel and malignant sort; even the gods themselves were not exempt from their attacks."

As I said before, this opening is sober; the statement is judicious; the appeal is to the intellect; the rhythm, though present, so quiet as to be almost imperceptible. This is the prose of a scientific man, whose aim is to *convince*; and who, though an eminent stylist when the spirit moves him, refrains for the moment from exerting all his literary gifts. But now Sir James warms with his subject; the bald statement having been made he enters into the feelings of the ancient Babylonians and makes us share these feelings. And the appeal being to our emotional nature, he ceases to convince, but instead *persuades*.

"These baleful beings lurked in solitary places, in graves, in the shadow of ruins and on the tops of mountains. They dwelt in the wilderness, in the holes and dens of the earth, they issued from the earth, they issued from the lower parts of the ground. Nothing could resist them in heaven above, nothing could withstand them on earth below. They roamed the streets, they leaped from house to house. The high and thick fences they penetrated like a flood, the door could not stay them, nor the bolt make them turn back. They glided through the door like a serpent, they pierced through the planks like the wind. There was no place, however small, which they could not invade, none so large that they could not fill. And their wickedness was equal to their power. "They are wicked, they are wicked," says an incantation. No prayers could move them, no supplications could make them relent; for they knew no pity, they hearkened not to reason, they knew no troth. To them all manner of evil was ascribed. Their presence was felt not only in the terrible winds that swept the land, in the fevers bred of the marshes, and in the diseases engendered by the damp heat of summer. All the petty annoyances of life — a sudden fall, an unlucky word, a headache, a paltry quarrel — were set down to the agency of fiends; and all the fierce emotions that rend the mind — love, hate, jealousy, and madness — were equally the work of these invisible tormentors. Men and women stood in constant danger of them. They tore the wife from the bosom of her husband, the son from the

knees of his father. They ate the flesh and drank the blood of men, they prevented them from sleeping or taking food, and to adopt a metaphor from one of the texts, "they ground the country like flour". Almost every part of the human frame was menaced by a special fiend. One demon assailed the head, another the neck, another the hips, and so on. They bound a man's hands, they fettered his feet, they spat poison and gall on him. Day and night must he wander without rest; sighs and lamentations were his food. They attacked even the animals. They drove doves from their dovecotes, and swallows from their nests; they smote the bull and the ass. They pursued the cattle to their stalls; they lodged with the horses in the stable; they caused the she-ass to miscarry, and the young ass at its mother's dugs to pine away. Even lifeless things could be possessed by them; for there were demons that rushed against houses and took walls by storm, that shut themselves up in doors, and hid themselves under bolts. Indeed they threatened the whole world with destruction, and there was none that could deliver from them save only the mighty god Marduk."

V.

There will be few, I presume, who will deny beauty to this piece of writing. Why is it beautiful? Is it because it treats of an abject belief in malicious demons? Of course it is not. Is it because of the 'fine words'? To give an affirmative answer would be preposterous. There is no special beauty in such words as *head*, *neck*, *hip*, *hands* and *feet*, in *bull* and *cattle* and *stable* and *she-ass*. And even they might be termed neutral words, in that they denote nothing particularly nasty; but what of the spitting, the poison and the gall?

Having said that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, John Keats goes on to enumerate a goodly number of such joys. The sun, the moon, trees, shade, daffodils, brooklets, and stories lovely and grand. Surely, the enumeration, besides being far from complete (a thing which may be condoned) is exceedingly one-sided. But it has this advantage that few of the items given will provoke dissent. We may, however, be quite sure that many people derive genuine aesthetic pleasure from the contemplation of things that leave another, an outsider, quite cold. Not to mention extreme cases as a newborn baby — bald-headed, toothless and with a face like a ball of mincemeat — a baby all the lady-visitors pronounce adorable, there are iron-mongers who will stand, lost in honest admiration, before a well-constructed mousetrap; there is many a drawer of the longbow who, could Munchausen rise from the dead and spin a fresh yarn in his presence, would think himself unworthy to kiss the ghostly shoes of that splendidly mendacious hero; there must be broomsquires who can no more bring themselves to part with an elegantly shaped broom than Hoffmann's Parisian goldsmith could tear from his heart and deliver up to his clients the jewels which he had undertaken to make for them. And here let me state the principle that we derive aesthetic satisfaction from the contemplation of whatever presents a perfect adaptation of means to ends. Anything made by human hands that presents such a perfect adaptation — whether a tea-urn or a fishing-vessel, a barracks or a rabbit-hutch, a windmill or a railway-bridge — will be beautiful. Will it, inasmuch as it has been *made*, be a work of art? It will, on certain conditions. First of all, it must touch a string of our emotional nature, and to exemplify this, let us resort to our old friend, Wordsworth's Peter Bell. We need not now fix our attention on the yellow primrose by

the river's brim, since this lovely little masterpiece of boon nature, being of no apparent or immediate 'use', was, to Peter, practically non-existent, and moreover, we are now interested in his attitude towards things made by his fellow-men, towards his beer-mug, for instance. This exceedingly useful object must have meant a lot to him, — but only as a temporary receptacle of liquid refreshment. It may have been a beer-mug that would have gladdened the heart of any painter of *still-life*, but Peter's eyes can only have rested on it wistfully when it was empty, or feasted on its foaming contents when it was full. Stay, did the beer itself then make to Peter an appeal which we might term aesthetic? Perhaps it did, but the emotion must have been too transitory to signify. The beer was intended to slake his burning thirst, and any aesthetic emotion roused by its colour, its effervescence, its little sparks and shifting gleams, was inevitably swamped by some far lower but immeasurably stronger emotion.....

Secondly, this responsive chord in our being must have been singled out and aimed at beforehand by the maker of the object. Coming across a well-built barracks, a man past military age may admire its proportions, but a young conscript who hates soldiering, detests drill, and who, if he dared, would treat his sergeant with the most sovereign contempt, will hardly do so. And it was not the architect's intention that the sight of his handiwork should fill any beholder with loathing. On the contrary, he must have said to himself when setting to work, "Now I am going to build something that, in its own way, shall be as fine as the Taj-Mahal in Agra." Did he achieve his object? As regards the conscript, to whom the very idea for which the building stood was repugnant, he did not. In the case of the older man he did. And he might likewise have succeeded with a conscript of a different type, or with a professional soldier, even with the unutterable sergeant. Clearly, though primarily an object of use, the barracks may, really and truly, be an object of art. And so may anything, from a bridge to a frying-pan, from a *gobelin* down to a pair of trousers. The mischief is only that, familiarity breeding contempt, the aesthetic appeal of very useful things is exceedingly short-lived — like that of Peter Bell's beer.

VI.

In proportion as the 'usefulness' of a thing is less obvious, its aesthetic appeal will be more insistent and more lasting, and necessarily so, because otherwise it will soon find its way to the rubbish-heap. Peter Bell's son inherited his father's beer-mug. Being a total abstainer he had no use for it, but — was it the artist in him, was it lack of energy, was it filial reverence? — he neither destroyed the accursed drinking-vessel nor parted with it to a dealer in *bric-à-brac*. No, he placed it — loving, not loathing — on his old-fashioned sideboard, for ornament, and in course of time the inebriating purpose it had served became completely forgotten. The thing, in fact, was no longer a mug, but a vase, a thing of beauty; was admired by visitors for its colour, shape, workmanship, and sometimes, by the gracious permission of Mrs. Bell the Younger, reverently handled by Dorothy Wordsworth or Mrs. De Quincey....

It is, of course, deplorable that many people should buy ugly tea-cups, coffee-pots, clocks and pianos, but it is unreasonable to expect them to get rid of these abominations as soon as their eyes are opened and they know them for the ungainly contraptions they are. For one thing, they cost money. And many a man will rather drink his tea out of an ugly cup than spend his last shilling on a finer one, going without his tea. The tawdry clock may be punctual, the sound of the ill-shaped and overdecorated piano may

be all right etc. We cannot but admit this, while insisting that a blank wall is better than one boasting a bad picture. Surely, such pictures ought to be destroyed, the walls they defile cleaned and cleansed. And bad musical compositions should not be hummed, sung, whistled or played, on penalty of life-long banishment. And bad, i. e. ugly, insincere and ill-written books, should go to feed a bonfire, not even a single copy for the British Museum being retained

After a long, but necessary digression, we have returned to books and to literature.

VII.

All that is written or printed is not literature, but all that is not literature is not on that account worthless. Not to mention price-lists, advertisements, regulations and byelaws, there are scientific books; and purely scientific books, although their keen reasoning, combined with clearness and economy of words, may produce the intensest aesthetic satisfaction, — are not literature, since their appeal is to the intellect and the beauty which a scientific man discerns in them, is a by-product. But purely scientific books there are comparatively few. In the majority of cases there will be, on the part of their authors, attempts to persuade as well as attempts to convince. Any scientific book that is intended for a wider circle of readers than that of specialists and experts, will serve to illustrate this fact, Sir James Frazer's 'Golden Bough', from which I have already quoted, being a brilliant example. So are Hudson's famous books on natural history, Macaulay's, Prescott's, Parkman's historical works, several books on economics, ethnology, psychology, art, many books of travel. They are literature because, in addition to their intellectual interest, they present a conscious endeavour to stir our emotions, which they do by quickening our imaginations, substituting, wherever they can, images for abstract symbols, and by the use of language which, though not metrical, is unmistakably rhythmical, rhythm being indispensable to draw our attention away from our immediate surroundings and everyday concerns, so that our imaginations are free to follow the author's. And what holds good for such 'scientific' books, applies with even greater force to works of fiction.

Poetry as a literary form is older than prose. Homer precedes Plato. The cause, I think, is not so very far to seek. Poems were sacred things, letters were sacred things, divine inventions. Poems having been handed down from generation to generation, the language in which they were couched — the metrical and often artificial language in which laws and customs, myths and legends, agricultural and other precepts, in short in which all tribal lore was transmitted and memorized, and again transmitted — differed in countless respects from actual speech

For a long time after being committed to writing they must have continued to set the fashion for other literary compositions. Think of love-letters. It is only educated people who can, i. e. who *dare*, let themselves go, in writing, in a way that is at once natural and passionately persuasive, whereas the cook in her epistolary confidences to her hussar will use the stilted forms and worn-out tags crowding the pages of the ill-written, quasi-romantic shockers that form her literary pabulum. The poor creature thinks it is "the thing" to do so, and imitates the jargon in which, as she fondly believes, *Mijnheer de Graaf* is accustomed to unbosom himself to the fair and refined Amelia. Being simple and colloquial (on paper) is, to her, *bad form*. And those ancient Greeks — Plato and the rest — must have been bold men, and must to many an old-fashioned compatriot have appeared bad men as

well, who first based their prose-style upon the language which they heard spoken about them and which they spoke themselves. But in trusting to the living language and to their own observant ears they were right, and speech being of necessity rhythmical they wrote rhythmical sentences, as everybody will who hears in his imagination whatever his pen is scribbling upon his paper.

VIII.

A modern English novelist whose writings illustrate this truth page after page, is W. E. Norris. He is not to be confounded with his American colleagues and namesakes Frank Norris and Charles Norris; neither is he in the front rank of authors. But our students, who would be ill-advised in modelling their sentences on those of Macaulay, Dickens or Meredith, might do worse than assimilate the pages of 'My Friend Jim', the opening sentences of which follow here.

"I remember it all as clearly as if it had happened yesterday afternoon. It is one of those little scenes which, without being specially significant or suggestive, manage somehow or other to imprint themselves upon the memory, and which remain there while so many hundreds of others fade away and vanish, as the years go on. When I closed my eyes for a moment just now the whole thing came back to me — the dark, musty - smelling study, with one broad sunbeam stretching right across it from the window; Bracknell, Jim, and I standing close together beside the high, empty fire place; old Lord Staines, looking uncommonly smart and spruce (as he always did in those days), a flower in his buttonhole, and a smile of serene beatitude on his handsome face; and my tutor blinking through his spectacles and addressing himself, after his customary fashion, to no one in particular."

This is the sort of prose for which one looks in vain in 'anthologies' like that of Mr. Pearsall Smith*), which I am bound to confess I dislike for more than one reason, chiefly for its vandalism in asking us to admire enamelled bricks instead of walls, fragments and ruins instead of buildings, but hardly less for setting up utterly false standards of what prose should be. I hold that, like every work of art, a literary product should, as far as possible, be judged as a whole, for that is what the literary artist set out to give. A novelist ought not to be admired merely for the sake of some descriptive pages or passages, but because the novel as such is well-written and well-constructed. A historian, a naturalist, an archæologist, should first of all be applauded for their judicious marshalling of unshakable facts, and only then for their 'purple patches', or rather for the golden buttercups that spring up, unsought, in the green and fresh grass of the meadows of their learning. A mediocre poem ought not to be gushed over merely because of some felicitous lines or epithets. And similarly, unimportant blemishes should be readily forgiven where the complete structure satisfies heart, soul and senses.

As regards prose, as it is nearest to every-day speech we shall always expect it to deal, first of all, in a homely, unobtrusive way with prosaic things, or with matters that concern the mind rather than the heart. If *The Golden Bough* consisted of nothing but lyrically descriptive passages such as those I have quoted, its fourteen volumes would be unreadable. They would impose too exhaustive a strain on our emotions for our minds to be able to take in, with befitting soberness of judgment, the far-reaching hypo-

*) 'A Treasury of English Prose', (Constable).

theses submitted for our consideration. And, as in a well-written prose-work poetic passages come unsought and unexpected, and do not crowd one another, we go, when we are in a lyrical mood and crave for lyrical outbursts, to an address where we know there is a supply for our demand. We go to the lyrical poet, who even when he has little to say, is enabled by the art of verse to turn this little into exquisite melody. He is the boy to sing us a song. Granted that verse is a more artificial form than prose, this matters not a whit, if we are constitutionally able to take a pleasure in artistry resulting from self-imposed restraints, restraints which — so long as they are in the tradition and not a manifestation of eccentricity — prove to be a help instead of a hindrance. The parallelism of a ballad, if well-managed, will satisfy and please; the like parallelism in a prose story will be intolerable, or, at best, please only once. Little prose-poetry is really exquisite; if the attempt is made at all, the result, as soon as it covers more than, say, four of five pages of print, is cloying. I am thinking here of the aphoristic prose-poems, written in Dutch by the Javanese prince Noto Soeroto. They are enervating, they produce mental lassitude. And the prose-poetry that we find, at intervals, in novels, in historical works, in 'persuasive' scientific books is, as a rule, rather noisy, and naturally so. When a man is talking to us and grows eloquent, he does not begin to sing, but he raises his voice. This is what most writers of prose-poetry do. They give the blare of brass instruments, which may be very inspiring, and the booming of the big drum, which I do not despise, which is often welcome, and more often necessary. At their best their music may be compared to the sound of that admirable instrument, the violoncello, but these moments of excellence are very few and very far between. And the violin, most exquisite and beautiful instrument of all — do I err when I say that as a rule its music is beyond the skill of even the most gifted prose-poet? Who among prose-writers can give us the *valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige* that we find in Baudelaire's *Harmonie du Soir*? In theory I cannot deny the possibility, but — where is the instance?

Well, I do remember some instances of exquisite prose-poems, by Dunsany. And there is one in Dutch which I rate highest of all; it is Lodewijk van Deyssel's prose-lyric 'on prose', and here follows part of an excellent English translation, by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, and occurring in the *London Mercury* for April, 1920.

"I love the sentences that march like troops of broad-backed men, walking abreast, shoulder to shoulder, following one on the other in ever-widening ranks, up hill, down dale, with the tramp of their footsteps and heavy movement of their strides. I love sentences that sound like voices underground, but come rising, rising, louder and in greater numbers, and pass and rise and ring and echo in the heavens.

I love words that arrive suddenly, as though from very far, shooting forth in golden brilliancy from a rift in the blue sky, or toppling high in the air, like dark rocks discharged from a straining volcano.

I love words that bang down upon me like falling rafters, or words that hiss past me like bullets.

I love words which I see standing there unexpectedly, like poppies or blue cornflowers in a field.

I love words that suddenly waft a perfume to me from the course of the style, like incense from a church-door or scent from a woman's handkerchief in the street.

I love words that in a moment rise softly, like a child's murmuring voice, from under the droning style.

I love words that just gurgle, like little stifled sobs.

I love the prose that blazes its joy and its rapture like stars above me, that lights glowing suns of love, that carries me over the thin ice of its disdain, through the rough black nights of its hatred, that clangs down upon me the green, copper voice of its irony and its laughter.

If you would please me, then stretch over my head a rainbow of language in which I shall see red anger raging, blue gladness rejoicing and yellow mockery laughing.

Take me up and carry me where you will: I crave for nothing more than to be powerless against the power of your Word.

Strike me with your Word; torture me with your Word and then let your Word fall down upon me like a rain of kisses"

IX.

Here I wish to make an end for the present. I am fully conscious that the subject is by no means exhausted, and I intend to return to it afterwards. Meanwhile I shall be glad to hear both from those who assent to my main propositions and from 'dissenters'.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Some Plays by Barrie.

The Barrie-ettes.

In contradiction to Shakespeare's much-quoted "What's in a name", I think there often is very much in a name indeed. *Barrie-ettes* with its French ending conveys to the mind something elegant, something of airy gracefulness, something that cannot possibly be clumsy, heavy and ponderous. And if there is one thing to be said of Barrie's plays in the very first instance, it is that by their airy grace and sweet fancy, they are something absolutely apart and unique in Modern English stage literature. Maybe some one will come and say, "but surely you cannot call the Modern Irish play a clumsy and awkward thing. Are not the plays by Synge fanciful and airy?" That is quite true, but then they base so much of their charm on old Irish Mythology and superstitions and fancies that have existed for centuries and centuries among the Irish peasantry, and they bristle with the names of the Old Gods and mythical persons, which if we do not know them tell us nothing at all. Whereas with Barrie it is all his own and springs from his own mind clear and bright and fresh as a mountain-stream and as new and bewitching as a plant that has just budded forth. And what is so curious with Barrie: all he writes seems quite natural and the most ordinary things of life are pervaded with an air of sweetness through his treatment of them.

With Barrie nothing is impossible, but Barrie's impossibility does not irritate us, does not make us cry out: "Oh, but that is absolute nonsense." We feel, as if somehow we have never looked at life in the right way, have only considered things in our matter-of-fact and practical dryness. It is as if Barrie was the first to detect all the glory there is in this life and in this world, in spite of its many horrors and sufferings. It is not as if

he closes his eyes to life's miseries and will not see them, but as if he opens his eyes as wide as he can to the other side of brightness and beauty and sweetness and reveals it to us with astonishing vivacity and clearness.

The title of my little essay may be misleading to the reader, as I shall not discuss all Barrie's plays, but have selected only five of them for treatment viz. *Mary Rose*, *The Admirable Crichton*, and *Quality-Street* to represent the most fanciful ones, and *Alice-sit-by-the-Fire* and *What Every Woman Knows* as the more practical.

Of the first three *Mary Rose* stands out almost quite by itself, as being pervaded by a quaint atmosphere of mystery and unreality, enhanced in the acting by softly-muted music played before the curtain is raised. The opening-scene reveals to us an absolutely bare and empty room, and a slovenly uninviting caretaker discussing with a young Australian soldier who appears to be interested in the house and wants to stay there, in spite of the caretaker's constant remonstrances and warnings. The fact that she does not straightway tell why she should not advise him to stay there, but only looks about her with helpless gestures and a horrified face makes the situation weird from the very beginning. However, the soldier insists and speaks lightly of ghosts and his not being afraid of them, because he gathers from the caretaker's behaviour that the house is haunted. She goes off to make him a cup of tea and he sits down in the darkening light of the room, lost in thought, while a door of which the caretaker was specially afraid, slowly swings open and soft music is heard. The tension is almost unbearable at this moment, when suddenly the scene is changed and we see the same house as it was some thirty years ago, a pretty old-fashioned sitting-room with a pleasant-faced old-world couple, who are receiving their future son-in-law, glowing with love, ardour and youth, as he has just asked their daughter Mary Rose to become his wife. They gladly give their consent, but when the young man goes off to Mary Rose to tell the result of his visit, the faces of the old couple overshadow, they put their dear old heads together and the mother says: "Hadh'n't we better tell him about it? I think it is more or less our duty" — and then the next time he is alone with them, the expectant listener hears the following curious story:

When Mary Rose was quite a young child, they went with her to Scotland, where near the coast there was a small island which the father liked to frequent on account of its fisheries. For Mary Rose, young as she was at the time, the island had a strange fascination. She loved to be left alone there with her sketch-book, while her father went out fishing in his little boat. One day he had left her as usual, while he had gone away to fish. When he came back after a few hours, fancy his surprise, when he could not find her anywhere. He looked all over the island, but small as it was, no trace of the child was to be found. In great dismay he went to his wife and they suffered intensely at the loss of their child. Yet his wife somehow could not get away from the place and they stayed and passed many miserable days. One day, when the father went out in his boat and as usual went near the island in the wild hope of finding his child, fancy his shock when he found her sitting exactly in the same spot, where he had left her the last time. But the strangest thing about it was, that when he had got to her and asked her what had happened, the child was absolutely unable to give him any answer, as to her it seemed as if she had only been there a few hours as usual. She could not understand the joy of her parents at seeing her back, and what had happened during her

stay at the island had always remained a mystery to them. They had left the place as soon as possible and never wanted their child to come near it again. She had grown up an ordinary young girl, unspeakably sweet to them, only now and then a very very vague memory would come to her of the strange island. Then she would grow a little sad and restless, but nothing real she could or would say. This strange story is what the parents tell the young man. But he, a typical practical young Englishman, makes light of the story and is only too eager to receive his future wife from the hands of her parents.

The second act shows us the husband and wife some five years after their marriage. A strange longing for the little Scotch island has gradually filled young Mary's mind again. In the beginning her husband resisted, but later on, when he saw nothing strange or abnormal about his wife, he thought it silly not to yield to such a dear wish of hers, and for their holiday they are going to visit the place. They have a little son left in England. We see them landing on the island, a perfectly happy couple. Their boat is rowed ashore by a Scotchman Cameron, and Barrie cannot let the opportunity slip by, but in the ensuing conversation between Cameron and Mary's husband he takes the English to task about their superficial knowledge and education. They are picnicking. Mary's husband wants to make a fire and roast trout. Now Mary after professing the most tender love for her husband grows absent-minded, the eerie music is heard again, a trance comes over her and while her husband is making a fire, Mary is softly drawn away by an irresistible unseen force. When her husband turns round she is gone and the act finishes with his wild and doleful cry of 'Mary Rose!'

The following act takes place 25 years later. Mary Rose has never come back. We find ourselves in the same room, Mary Rose's parents have grown grey, but their sorrow at their daughter's loss is softened by time. The old father is even aware of it and regrets that he no longer feels his sorrow so keenly, and that even days pass when he does not think of his daughter at all. The husband who in his hopeless sorrow went to sea, is expected home that day. He appears grey, old and careworn. All of a sudden a telegram arrives from a certain Mr. Cameron from Scotland, telling that Mary Rose has been found again in the same island and that he is bringing her home; and very soon afterwards she appears in the circle of her bewildered relations. And the weirdness about it is, that she has not changed at all and is just like the rosy young wife of 25 years ago. Yet there is a strange look in her eyes, she cannot understand the anxiety of her relations, and asks where her baby is, absolutely unaware, that he is now a full-grown Australian colonist. It is all utterly sad and strange and the scene ends with this puzzling strangeness.

The last act is like the first. The young man sitting by the fire is Mary Rose's son. She appears as a ghostlike figure, looking for her son, wanting to seek him and to be fondled and protected by him. The young man overwhelmed by her sorrow takes her in his arms, trying to make it clear to her that she is with her son, that he is comforting her; but reality cannot touch her and she remains sad and forlorn, and disappears, leaving her son sitting dejectedly near the fire. Now the caretaker comes back and he says to her that she has been such a long time making him a cup of tea. To which she answers, that she has only been ten minutes. The answer puzzles him in no small degree, as it seems to him that she has been away a lifetime.

This curious mixture of wildest fancy and reality is the real Barrie product. What writer would dare to bring a prosaic telegram, for instance, into a piece like this, where everything tends to the mysterious and the unreal and the ghostlike? It is as if on purpose he gives some tangible touches to balance the ungraspable, the unexplainable. Such are the figure of the clergyman, the friend of Mary Rose's father, who is always mildly quarrelling with his friend about the authenticity of old prints. Such is Cameron the Scot, the poor University student with his great learning, who reads Euripides in his boat and earns his living in the holidays by rowing tourists about. Such is Mary Rose's practical husband and her son who does not believe in ghosts, nor in learning, only in the realities of life. For the rest all is fantastical. The girl is always mentioned as Mary Rose, never as Mrs. So and So. Her parents are a sweet old-fashioned couple dreaming away their days in happiness. From the moment she appears up to the very end of the play, she is the same youthful dreamy girl.

The play has puzzled the English public not a little, and the strangest explanations have been given of it. Some call the Island, that likes to be visited, the Spirit World, the Land of the Unknown, that lures the thoughts and fancies of all of us. Some people even think it a warning against modern Spiritualism. We should not try to wish our departed back from the happy world where they have gone and where they do not change; where the young are always young and the old grow no older. To show how much the English mind is occupied by this play, the following cutting from the *Manchester Guardian* may serve as a proof.

Mary Rose.

A Warning to Parents.

(From our London Staff).

Poor "Mary Rose", who was rapt away by the fairies as a child, and then as a young mother enticed by them again for a sojourn of twenty-five years in fairyland, was subjected the other day to a careful psychological analysis, from which she emerged in woeful condition. The lecture was given by Dr. Constance Longmaid, of the Lady Chichester Hospital for Nervous Diseases.

Sir James Barrie's drama, said the lecturer, provided a study of the highest value of one of the most fundamental human problems. It was a story of the unconscious bondage to parents and family resulting in the stabilisation of the infantile personality. The mother of Mary Rose was one of those women who mothered the members of their circle so persistently that they imposed a certain childishness on them. In studying cases of adult childishness it was often found that the mother's influence was very strong. It often produced incompetence and timidity. It was the duty of parents to help the mental development of the child. The parents of Mary Rose refused to do this. They refused to liberate the infant personality, and so they betrayed her to her death. Mary Rose was one of those children who did not wish to grow up. She dreaded the idea of individuality and responsibility.

Barrie had fixed the times of her withdrawal from the world of reality, first, when she was approaching girlhood, and again when her child was growing beyond the period when she could keep it as a plaything. Her parents were in love with Mary Rose and tended to

keep her dependent and undeveloped and she, being in love with them, was lured on the one side by the tenderness of the mother and on the other side by day-dreams and phantasies. The law of life demanded that psychic development should keep pace with physical growth; otherwise there was failure of adaptation, which might manifest itself in neurosis, dissociation of the personality, or complete alienation.

Mary Rose returned from her two absences of 30 days and of 25 years as she might have returned to the world from an asylum. In Maeterlinck's play "The Betrothal" Tytyl followed fantasies having a prospective meaning leading to the expansion of life, while Mary Rose's phantasies were retrospective and retrogressive and led to contraction of the personality and death.

The lecturer concluded by contrasting Mary Rose with her son Harry. She had fled into the unconscious at the age of 12. At the same age he ran away to sea into the concrete world of reality. She became etherialised and dissipated into the unconscious. He became a man alert and vital. In his dealing with his mother's ghost he discovered of what he was made. He showed intuition, tact, and judgment, and by his treatment of her he had satisfied her restlessness and laid the ghost.

But I think we must not try and explain that which comes forth from Barrie's fantastic mind, but just accept it as it is, strange, weird, unreal, often sad, just as in life many things cannot be explained and will always remain strange and fantastic and make us sadly wonder at life.

My readers must excuse any irregularities in the story of Mary Rose, as I have not seen the play in print, and write from memory as I saw it acted a year ago.

The Admirable Crichton is another Barrie play. It is the romance of a butler, and of a fairy-like metamorphosis brought about by most wonderful circumstances. And it is all so natural and so logical.

Crichton is the most perfect type of the ideal butler in the house of Lord Loam. Lord Loam with his nonsensical ideas about an unpractical equality allowed only once a month, bores and inconveniences both his staff of servants and his three ultra-aristocratic daughters, who are almost too refined to think or to breathe. In the first act Barrie subtly caricatures the English aristocracy and gets some fine fun out of them. The whole party, father, three daughters, the Hon. Ernest Woolley their wit, and Treherne the clergyman, together with Crichton and Tweeney a scullery maid, the only one of the female staff who would go as single maid with the three ladies, are wrecked when out yachting and cast on a desert island, probably for the rest of their lives.

And now comes the wonderful thing. Here amidst the resources of nature only, far away from the hampering influence of human society, the characters can develop freely. And the cringing, fawning, faultless butler proves to be a man full of natural sagacity and practical sense. Here his talents can develop and he is the man who with the simplest means constructs the most ingenious apparatus. To him they turn in any difficulty and he always finds a way out for them. And of course gradually they look up to him as their superior man, their master. But the curious thing is not that they look up to him and fear him as their master, but that he behaves as such absolutely and treats them as his abject slaves, who have to attend his every whim. He has to be waited upon like a true-born aristocrat, he

is *the* man in their home, for whom the *bonnes bouches* are kept, for whom the girls make up and dress in the only skirt they have. One smile or an appreciation for one of the girls makes them frightfully jealous of each other, and Mary, the eldest and a fine type of woman, is happy beyond bounds, when he asks her to be his wife. It is her and his crowning moment. He has come to his fullest development and she to her noblest. But it is at the same time the hour of their doom, of their return to ordinary circumstances, as a ship comes to the island and takes them back to England, Crichton to his butlerdom and her to her slavery of an aristocratic lady, who is destined to marry a more or less inane fool of an aristocratic husband. The look in Crichton's eyes, the attitude of his body suddenly changes and he falls back to his habit of holding his hands together in that peculiar butler way. He falls back so absolutely to butlerdom, that we can no longer find out whether he feels happy or miserable. He has lost all human attributes, is only a butler again, whose face never betrays any feeling, whose eyes never reflect any inward emotion, whose whole being is bent upon servility, upon waiting on his master, being polite, always agreeing with what is said and never possessing an opinion of his own.

The play might almost be a plea for the liberation of the domestic servant, not by the unpractical way of phantastic democracy, of treating them as equals in a surrounding of unequalities, but by giving them B.'s phantastic chance of growing anew, as it were, in fresh and healthy surroundings, where they can freely move and develop and expand in every direction. Where even the nearness of their former masters does not hamper them, as these are shown in a new light and display themselves as they really are, the stupid stupid, the awkward awkward, the clever clever, and no longer as the haughty soulless masters they were before. The play is typically English too, as nowhere else do we find feudal relations existing between masters and servants such as among English aristocrats.

To show Barrie's many-sidedness I will pass on to *Quality Street*, the third play under discussion. Though the subject is widely different from *Mary Rose* and *The Admirable Crichton*, it has many things in common with them and just as in *The Admirable Crichton* its theme is a transformation scene. Barrie seems to have taken the plot almost entirely from his novel *Sentimental Tommy*, where Miss Ailie and Miss Kittie had a blue-and-white drawing-room, lost their capital, set up a school which was almost too much for their poor brains, and where last not least Captain Ivie McLean was in love with Miss Kittie, who unfortunately died before his return after an absence of 10 years. Then we get the pathetic story of how in the end he asked Miss Ailie to become his wife. The play is as sweet as the story in *Sentimental Tommy*, but Barry makes a few changes and a happier ending. We do not recognize it as a dramatized story. When we see it acted it is a play born and made for the stage.

On reading the play it struck me from the very first that there was an atmosphere in it, reminding one strongly of *Cranford*. Maybe that the drawings by Hugh Thomson, who also illustrated *Cranford*, more easily suggested the likeness. But the sweetness of the two old-fashioned ladies is very similar to that of the *Cranford* ladies. And the return of the man after an absence of many years, in the one case a beloved brother and in the other an intended husband, makes the books read very much like each other. Only in *Cranford* there is a clinging sadness, as Miss Matty has suffered so much through her loss of fortune and her frail health, that she cannot enjoy life to the full any more. And now here comes the difference again. In *Cranford* everything passes in a natural and ordinary way, and the turning

up of the *deus ex machina*, the rich brother, when it is almost too late, is wonderful, but not necessarily untrue to life. So Mrs. Gaskell is justified in bringing him in and her story does not lose its verisimilitude. But B. takes resource to his wildest fancies and makes anything possible in his world of fantasy.

In *Quality Street* we have a bevy of sweet old-fashioned ladies, very particular, very prude, very lovable. The story centres round Miss Susan, a middle-aged lady, and her young and pretty sister Miss Phoebe, Miss Phoebe of the ringlets, who expects at any moment an offer of marriage from Captain Valentine Brown. However, instead of declaring his love, dashing Captain Brown tells her, he has enlisted to go and fight in Corsica. As they have just lost their fortune, the marriage would have come in very handy. Captain Brown who had invested their money for them, believes them well off, they never betray their secret and he takes his farewell, leaving a very disappointed Miss Susan and an almost broken-hearted Miss Phoebe. They bear up bravely under their misfortune, set up a genteel school and have to struggle with the greatest difficulties, as both their constitutions and their brains are not fit for the lives of clever and hard-worked school-mistresses. A comical episode occurs, when the father of one of the bigger girl-pupils insists on his daughter learning algebra. Both Miss Phoebe and Miss Susan are non-plussed by the difficulties of this branch of science. Miss Susan asks. "What is Algebra exactly, is it these three-cornered things?" Whereupon Miss Phoebe answers: "It is x minus y equals z plus x and things like that. And all the time you are saying, they are equal, you feel in your heart why should they be." Amusing and pathetic at the same time is Miss Phoebe trying to cane one of the boys, who has fought another boy in the street for the honour of the school, as that boy said, that when she caned, she didn't draw blood. She wants to let the boy off, but he bursts out crying, employing her to give him the promised caning. When she does give it him in an unprofessional manner he corrects her, but she is too soft-hearted to follow his instructions and will never learn it. And when she almost cries with despair he says: "If any boy says you can't cane I will blood him".

But the worst of their keeping school is that Phoebe has quickly lost her good looks and is growing into a careworn old girl. After an absence of ten years Captain V. Brown comes back and on paying a visit to his former friends, he is shocked at the change in Miss Phoebe's appearance. All her pretty curls are hidden under a cap, her brilliant complexion is gone, she is a sedate old lady. He never thought he would find things changed so much and has even come with cards for a ball that is going to be given. But she refuses, thinking herself too old. She is thirty. And now B. steps in and takes a risky step and makes it all go off like a shot. And the curious thing about it is, that though we almost know for certain that such things cannot happen, we accept it from him and read on and on, fascinated, and eager to know how it all will end. There is another great transformation scene. Miss Phoebe all of a sudden has enough of her sedateness and her demureness, and is advised and instigated by their faithful servant Patty. She rejuvenates herself, letting her curls down and dressing young again, and becomes so dashing and defying in her appearance that she passes for a young niece of hers, Miss Livvy. She goes to the ball and sets up audacious flirtations with all the young and old men and of course with Captain Brown himself. She expects Captain Brown will go down on his knees before her, but he only sees in her the niece of Miss

Phoebe, and thinks it a pity that she is such a heartless flirt. He tells her so and informs her at the same time that he dearly loves Phoebe, old and careworn and unattractive though she has grown. Now Phoebe is in a nice quandary and thinks she has spoiled it all. But everything comes all right. Miss Livvy the niece is supposed to be ill and in the end bundled out of the house by Brown himself. Barrie juggles and ticks us with his language, as he loves to do, so that in the end we do not know whether he did not mean Miss Livvy as a fictitious, symbolical person, representing heartless youth and whether Captain Brown did not understand and see through the trick from the very beginning.

There remain to be discussed *Alice-sit-by-the-Fire* and *What Every Woman Knows*. In the former, Alice, the mother of two almost grown up children and one baby is, together with her daughter, the pivot of the play. She has lived with her husband in India for some time and they are expected back when the play opens. Their two elder children, Amy, a rather exalted young thing of about seventeen, and Cosmo her brother, aged thirteen, dressed in naval uniform, are speculating about their parents whom they have not seen for several years. What Cosmo dreads above all things is a sentimental father who will try to kiss him, whilst Amy is in doubts about what sort of a mother hers will be. They both wonder how their baby sister of two will behave, whether she will prefer her nurse who has had her since she was two months old to her mother. The parents and especially the mother, are just as much fluttered about what kind of a girl their Amy will be. Alice is a pretty woman of forty, with a heart as fresh and young as if it were her daughter's. Her great anxiety is that her daughter may not like her, for she is hungry for the love of her children whom she has missed so many years.

The meeting between the parents and the children comes off in a rather strained way, even with the baby. They have all of them been out of practice for such a long time. Only baby seems to have taken to the Colonel. It is all very painful, both to parents and children, but we really pity Mrs. Grey Alice most of all. She is doing her best so much and her children's and her own apparent coldness cuts her to the heart, as it is really called forth by her fear of being too demonstrative and the children's ignorance of their mother. The result of their meeting is that she smacks Cosmo's face, because she thinks he insults her and shakes Amy when Amy drives her to desperation by pretending she has a friend whom her mother may not know about. Then Stephen Rollo, their old friend, is ushered in and Alice receives him in her warm and friendly way and chaffs with him and promises to visit him with her husband. But to the silly sentimental eyes and ears of Amy and her inseparable friend Ginevra who have just had their first week of sensational plays, the innocent meeting appeared like a guilty rendez-vous and the poor girls are miserable and heartbroken and do not know what to do to save the honour of Amy's mother. In their dear stupid romantic little heads a plan ripens. Amy in order to save her mother follows up the advice of old-fashioned stage romance, and in her best dress goes all alone to Stephen Rollo's rooms at night. There Barrie revels in a most delightful denouement of sweetness, naughtiness and misunderstanding mixed, so that in the end we do not know whether Alice knew that Amy knew or Stephen knew that Alice knew. or whether anybody knew that anybody else knew, but the only thing we do know is that Alice is the sweetest little mother existing, that every one who sees her must love her and that Barrie has described her as he only can. Her last speech typifies her. Her daughter is engaged.

Alice: "It's summer done, autumn begun. Farewell summer, we don't know you any more. My girl and I are like the little figures in the weather-house; when Amy comes out, Alice goes in. Alice Sit-by-the-Fire henceforth. The moon is full to-night, Robert, but isn't looking for me any more. Taxis farewell — advance four-wheelers. I had a beautiful husband once, black as the raven was his hair — Pretty Robert, farewell. Farewell Alice that was; it's all over my dear. I always had a weakness for you; but now you must really go; make way there for the old lady!"

"What Every Woman Knows!" How practical it sounds and prosaic and matter-of-fact. It almost reads like an advertisement of a much praised and much needed article of food or dress. And the play begins with stern matter of factness of the strictest rigidity. A typical Scotch family of hard workers who have grown rich, Alick the father, with his two bachelor sons David and James and their sister Maggie. Maggie is not good-looking and not so very young any more, she has a soft Scotch voice and a more resolute manner than is perhaps fitting to her plainness, Barrie says of her. But she is loved by her father and brothers with a love that is touching and though very matter-of-fact and prosaic, romantic again in its deep tenderness. The minister on whom she had set her heart does not ask her and the brothers understanding her disappointment try to make up for it in their stupid but well-meant way by buying her a muff and a gold watch, as if it could make her forget her neglected love. Their one anxiety is, that Maggie will be an old-maid. Now Barrie brings in an eligible young man for her in a most wonderful way. There comes a burglar to the house, who steals in at nights, only in order to read their books. As they are rich, they have a book-case full of them, and none of them ever reads a single one. The poor young man, a penniless student, who is a railway-porter in the day-time, hungers for knowledge. When he is caught in the act of reading on the sly, he explains his case and in their practical Scotch heads an excellent plan ripens. They make a compact with him. They are to give him money in order to finish his studies and when he is ready, he is to marry their sister. He accepts in his eagerness to study, and Maggie accepts, probably, because she loves the young man, from the moment she has set eyes upon him. The compact is binding for John Shand, the young man, but leaves Maggie free to accept or refuse him at the end of his study.

The following act brings us in the midst of election scenes. John, risen on the social ladder, is making electioneering speeches at Glasgow and is on the point of being chosen. Maggie is his right hand, that is to say, she is clever, helps him with his speeches, puts the finishing touches to them and makes his work stand out from the rest of his fellow-workers, adds the special touch of genius, which he misses. He only possesses the brains. But she helps him in such a way, that he is not aware of it and thinks himself the inspired fellow he is not. He has accepted Maggie as a matter of course, as the result of his bargain. Maggie in her nobleness of mind had given him an extra year of freedom to prepare for his parliamentary career and even at the end of that year she had wanted to give him his freedom, should he have desired so. But he had accepted her, though he had never been in love with her. Now that he is becoming the great man, he comes in contact with society ladies, who flatter him and make much of him. He succumbs to the temptation and thinks himself in love with one of them, Lady Sybil Tenderden, whom he met with her aunt the Comtesse de la Brière. The latter, a witty Frenchwoman, at once sees through John and Maggie and grows very fond of her Scotchty or

Miss Pin, as she likes to call Maggie. Maggie has seen all this love-making coming on and very painful situations ensue, e.g. when the brothers come on the second anniversary of John and Maggie's marriage and John has forgotten all about it and bought a present for his lady-love. But Maggie who by chance has got to know it, protects and scourges John at the same time, by saying he bought a pendant for her; only she cannot find it at present, must have mislaid it somewhere. Lady Sybil grasping the horribly painful situation, hands her the pendant unseen. But the atmosphere grows too tense and John and Sybil confess their love. The brothers are horrified, want to save him for their Maggie, but Maggie implores them to leave the situation in her hands, as she knows how to deal with it.

And she does know how to deal with it. She sends her brothers off and talks with John and Sybil as if it were the most natural thing in the world and quite a matter-of-fact affair. Only she tells Lady Sybil that it is awkward for her to go away at once, that she should like to wait till the laundry has come home and to John she says it would be a pity to make it public, before his speech at Leeds has come off, as that will probably procure him a seat in the cabinet. So she makes the Comtesse de la Brière invite him and Lady Sybil. Then he has time to prepare his speech and gets to know Lady Sybil better. And clever little trickster that she is, she saw from the very beginning that Lady Sybil would never make him a good wife, that she is only a pretty doll, but lacks the fine humour and cannot give the inspiration John unconsciously wants for his work, which is only brainy and nothing more. So when the speech he and Lady Sybil prepared together is finished it is disapproved of by Mr. Senables, a member of the Cabinet who is interested in John and wants to promote him. The speech is wanting in the indefinable little somethings, the Shandyisms, as they have been called, which used to make his speeches stand out from among those of others.

Now Maggie appears upon the scene, to make the final arrangements between John, Lady Sybil and herself. She has heard of the speech, and has brought one with her, full of her own sparkling wit, which she wants to pass off as a revised speech of John's. John is non-plussed at first; Lady Sybil is in despair, but Maggie's matter-of-fact way brings her to the confession that after having been together with S. for a whole month, she is utterly bored by him. She has found out that she did not really love him. And then Maggie sweetly and modestly comes to take up her place by John's side, by the husband she adores, whose weak points she knows, but can forgive because of her great love for him. She describes their relation so well when saying: "Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It is our only joke. Every woman knows that". And then she implores John to laugh at her sweet joke. John, who is quite broken and humiliated by such true and splendid love, fortunately for Maggie, breaks into a bright laugh. And here the play ends.

In *What Every Woman Knows* we have Barrie at his best. Delightful is the way in which he gets at the weaknesses and the curious characteristics of the Scotch, without the slightest admixture of malice. It took a Scotchman to describe them with so much loving insight. Maggie and her relations and John Shand are touched off to the life in their remarkable blend of matter-of-factness and honest, deep sentiment. Maggie is the pivot of the play; all the men at home adore her, and wish her happy and honoured in marriage. Then John is thrust into her life, with his practical ambition,

and his hard fight for advancement in his career; who had, as Maggie put it, missed the prettiest thing in the world, romance, the fun with the lasses, the Saturdays of life — and who never, until the crowning moment of the play, knows with how great love Maggie has encircled him.

Taking together the five plays here sketched in bare outline, they have, each of them, some great truth to reveal that is of supreme value in life. However, when reading or seeing them, we are hardly aware of their seriousness, but are fascinated most by their sparkling wit. They provoke an occasional tear, but oftenest their effect is laughter — not the silly guffaw at horseplay — but the healthy laugh or the quiet smile that is born from the enjoyment of the good and noble things of Earth.

L. SNITSLAAR.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. The Association is entering on its third year under very auspicious circumstances. It has just registered the first signal success of its efforts to contribute towards the improvement of facilities for the scientific study of English. The number of its local branches is increasing; and the Executive Committee is in a position to announce a series of interesting lectures by well-known speakers for several months ahead.

The first of these is being given by Mr. Allen S. Walker, Hon. Secretary of the British Archaeological Association. He will be remembered by those who have attended the courses at Bedford College, both for his lectures and his excursions to places of interest in London. In the report on the Holiday Courses of Messrs. Ripman and Jones inserted in *Engl. Studies* I, pp. 177—180, the following reference to his work occurs: "The way in which Mr. Walker conducted a party of over two hundred over these various buildings (Tower, Guildhall, etc.), how he made himself understood by every one of them, called their attention to the principal parts, was simply splendid."

Mr. Walker will lecture on *London, the Capital of England, the Story of its Birth and Growth*. The lectures will be illustrated by lantern slides. The dates have been fixed as follows: Groningen 5 October, Utrecht 6 October, Haarlem 7 October, The Hague 8 October, Nijmegen 11 October, Amsterdam 12 October, Rotterdam 13 October.

The majority of branches will receive a second lecturer in November, probably Mr. Adair, Reader in Modern History at University College, London. Particulars, when settled, will be communicated by the local secretaries.

As has been already announced, Mr. Compton Mackenzie is expected to come in February, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton has consented to lecture some time next spring.

A new local branch has been formed at Nijmegen, with an initial membership of well over one hundred. The Committee consists of Mr. F. H. Hague, chairman; Miss A. H. A. Koch, hon. secretary and treasurer, Sloetstraat 10; Mrs. N. Schlimmer-van Oppen, Mr. D. van Bruggen and Mr. R. W. Zandvoort.

The efforts made by the Association in collaboration with the *Anglo-Batavian Society* to induce the Universities of the South of England to arrange courses for Dutch students during term time, have resulted in the institution by the University of London of **Courses on Aspects of English Life and Civilisation suitable for Students from Foreign Countries** to be given at University College, London, during the three terms of the session 1921—1922. (First Term: Monday, October 3rd, 1921, to Wednesday, December 21st, 1921. Second Term: Tuesday, January 17th, 1922, to Wednesday, March 29th, 1922. Third Term: Tuesday, April 25th, 1922, to Thursday, July 6th, 1922.) The Programme, which could not be published in our organ until now (it came to hand in the latter part of August, and was shortly afterwards published in extract in the leading newspapers and in the *Weekblad voor Gymnasium en Middelbaar Onderwijs*, and forwarded to the local branches) is here reproduced in full.

PROGRAMME.

(The index letters after the Arabic numerals may be used as a short way of indicating each Course)

A. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. (Y1) GENERAL COURSE (1579-1800). Professor Ker and Dr. Chambers.
Mondays and Fridays at 12 a.m.
2. (A8) THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Professor Ker.
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 a.m.
3. (A9) THE MIDDLE AGES. Professor Ker.
Tuesdays at 12 a.m.
4. (A10) SHAKESPEARE. Professor Ker.
Wednesdays at 12 a.m.
5. (A12) THE ENGLISH NOVEL. Dr. Baker.
Thursdays at 2 p.m.
6. (A13) FROM 1800 TO THE PRESENT TIME. Dr. Baker.
Thursdays at 3 p.m.

B. ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

1. (Y2) HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE. Mrs. Blackman.
Wednesdays at 12 a.m.
 2. (A1) INTRODUCTION TO OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH. Sir Gregory Foster.
Fridays at 9 a.m.
 3. (A2) HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Mr. Grattan.
Fridays at 11 a.m.
- ESSAYS. Essays are set in connection with each of the above Courses. There is also a special Essay Class conducted by Mr. Oswald Doughty.

C. ENGLISH HISTORY.

1. (Y1) GENERAL COURSE TO 1485. Professor Montague.
Wednesdays at 11 a.m.
2. (Y2) GENERAL COURSE FROM 1485. Mr. Neale.
Tuesdays at 2 p.m.
3. (Z1) ENGLISH POLITICAL HISTORY TO 1485. Miss Thornley.
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11 a.m.
4. (Z2) ENGLISH POLITICAL HISTORY TO 1901. Professor Montague.
Tuesdays at 12 a.m., and Fridays at 3 p.m.
5. (A14) THE ACTUAL WORKING OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. Professor Pollard.
Mondays at 12 a.m.
6. (A16) THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL IDEAS. Professor Pollard.
Tuesdays at 12 a.m.
7. (A22) OUTLINES OF ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY FROM 1600. Mr. Adair.
Tuesdays at 10 a.m.
8. (S7) SOME ASPECTS OF THE HISTORY OF LONDON. Miss Davis.
Fridays at 5.30 p.m.
9. (A34) SEMINAR ON THE HISTORY OF LONDON IN THE XV AND XVI CENTURIES. Miss Davis.
Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.
10. (A35) SEMINAR ON ENGLISH SOCIAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY IN THE XVIIth CENTURY. Mr. Adair.
Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m.

D. POLITICAL ECONOMY

1. (Z4) THE HISTORY OF SOCIALISM. Professor Foxwell.
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4 p.m.
2. (A1) AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS IN THE LONDON MONEY MARKET. Mr. Hartley Withers.
Mondays at 6.15 p.m.

E. GEOGRAPHY.

1. (Z3) EUROPE AND THE MEDITERRANEAN LANDS OF ASIA AND AFRICA. Professor Lyde.
Mondays at 3 p.m.
2. (A1) APPLIED GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. Professor Lyde.
Mondays at 2 p.m.

F. PHILOSOPHY.

1. (Y2) CURRENT PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS. Professor Hicks.
Fridays at 6 p.m.
2. (Z4) GENERAL HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. Professor Hicks and Mr. Ginsberg
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 p.m.

G. HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

1. (S1) GENERAL HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF SCIENCE. Dr. Wolf.
Wednesdays at 3 p.m.
2. (S2) BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE. Professor Elliot Smith.
Mondays at 5 p.m.
3. (S10) HISTORY OF THE BIOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL SCIENCES TILL THE 17th CENTURY. Dr. Singer.
Thursdays at 5 p.m.
4. (S11) HISTORY OF THE BIOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL SCIENCES FROM THE 17th CENTURY. Dr. Singer.
Thursdays at 5 p.m.

H. HISTORY OF ART.

1. RISE OF MODERN ART OUTSIDE ITALY. Dr. Borenus.
Fridays at 5 p.m.
2. SOME PHASES OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH PAINTING. Dr. Borenus.
Fridays at 5 p.m.

I. ENGLISH AND COMPARATIVE LAW.

1. (ZA2) (a) THE ORIGIN, HISTORY AND GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH EQUITY JURISPRUDENCE, ETC. Mr. Hurst.
1st Term: Tuesdays at 6.15 p.m. 2nd and 3rd Terms: Tuesdays at 6 p.m.
2. (ZA6) HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. Professor Bellot.
Thursdays at 7.15 p.m.
3. (ZA8) CUSTOMARY FEUDAL SYSTEMS. WELSH AND IRISH TRIBAL CUSTOMS. SCOTTISH CUSTOMARY LAW. Professor de Montmorency.
Thursdays at 5 p.m.

J. SPOKEN ENGLISH AND ENGLISH PHONETICS.

A complete Course including Ear-Training Exercises, the Grammar of Colloquial English, Composition and Conversation Classes occupying about nine hours a week. The Course is conducted by Professor Daniel Jones, Mr. H. E. Palmer and the members of the staff of the Department of Phonetics.

CERTIFICATES.

1. Students who attend their Courses regularly throughout the Session will be entitled to Certificates of Attendance.
2. Students whose attendance is satisfactory and who satisfy the requirements with regard to examinations at the end of each Term and at the end of the Session, will receive Certificates.
3. Students who take a complete Course in Spoken English and English Phonetics, may obtain College Certificates for Proficiency in Spoken English.

FEES.

1. For any of the above Courses (except that of Spoken English and English Phonetics) of not more than 12 hours a week.
Session: 30 Guineas, payable in three instalments:
First Term, 12 Guineas; Second Term, 10 Guineas; Third Term, 8 Guineas.

2. For any of the above Courses (except that of Spoken English and English Phonetics) of not more than 6 hours a week.
 Session: 15 Guineas, payable in three instalments:
 First Term, 6 Guineas; Second Term, 5 Guineas; Third Term, 4 Guineas.
 (Note: These fees include membership of one of the College Union Societies.)
3. Full Course in Spoken English and English Phonetics.
 Session: 18 Guineas, payable in one sum.
 (Students attending this Course, who wish to join one of the Union Societies, pay an additional fee of £2 2s. 0d.)
4. All fees must be paid within 14 days of the beginning of the Session or Term for which they are due.

RESIDENCE.

There are, in connection with the College, two Halls of Residence, one for men and one for women.

A register of boarding-residences is also kept. The residences are not under the control of the College authorities.

Students desiring to enter for any of these Courses, should communicate with the undersigned immediately.

Students should arrive in London not later than SEPTEMBER 31st (*sic*), 1921.

WALTER W. SETON, M.A., D.Lit.,
 University College, London,
 (Gower Street, London, W.C.)

From information supplied by Dr. Seton it appears that there are no remaining vacancies at the two Halls of Residence for the coming session. In connection with an enquiry on behalf of students who wished to take one term only of the course in Spoken English, Dr. Seton writes: "In connection with the Phonetics Classes, I have to say that for several years the number of applications for admission from Foreign Students has been so great, and students require so much individual attention that we have found it almost necessary to limit admissions to students who are prepared to work at the College for the whole academic session. However, each case is considered on its merits."

Editorial. We have much pleasure in giving wider publicity to the above programme among students of English. As some of our readers may know it is the result of the efforts of the *English Association in Holland* to obtain for students of English something that can bear comparison with what students of French are offered in the courses at the University of Paris. It had been felt for some time that the Holiday courses for foreign students in London did not and in fairness could not be expected to supply what foreign students of English really wanted. What is now offered by the University of London is more than most of the promoters of the plan had thought likely to be obtainable. We hope that many students from Holland will make use of the opportunity, even though the announcement comes inconveniently late. If this should prove the cause of a small number of applications we may hope that the experiment will be repeated.

A few remarks on the details of the programme may be in place here. It is clear that it is somewhat advanced students that will be able to profit most. We suggest that students should go who have passed their *candidaats* (A) examination. It would be a pity for such students to spend all their time at either of the Dutch universities. What these can offer — it is necessary

to speak out plainly — is very little. The only good point, at present, in the organization of English studies at the two universities where it can be said to be organized at all, is that they provide a sound training in the historical study of the language. We doubt if the teaching of the University of London can better it. But in other respects it would really be foolish to make any comparison at all. Neither in the study of English literature nor in that of modern English can our universities bear any close scrutiny, still less comparison with a university that can point to scholars like Professor Ker and Dr. Chambers, to say nothing of Dr. Baker whom we know, on the best and independent authority, to be an excellent lecturer.

What makes the programme so valuable, too, is the inclusion of subjects that are really ignored in the Dutch universities. What is provided in these courses is a teaching of English studies as it is understood in England, taking the study of the Classics for their model, instead of the one-sided restriction to language and literature, the unsatisfactory results of which have been frequently alluded to here.

Finally we may advise students not to miss the course in Spoken English. It is what it is least possible to obtain later; books may, more or less adequately, replace the teaching of history, or law, or indeed any of the subjects of this programme, but not this last. And the results of a study of this part of the subject are better when a student is still young.

Translation M. O. 1921.

Wij maken thans gebruik van het voorrecht van den romanschrijver en slaan wederom stilzwijgend eenige onbeduidende jaren over, om tot een voorval te komen, dat plaats greep toen Jan zestien jaar oud was, en dat op zijn volgende loopbaan meer invloed had, dan men er in 't eerst van had kunnen verwachten.

Schoon Jan op dien leeftijd reeds een geoefend ruiter was, kende hij geen grooter genoegen dan om te voet, enkel vergezeld door zijn trouwen hond, in de omliggende velden op jacht te gaan. Dan trok hij bij zonsopgang het slot uit, om er niet zelden eerst tegen het vallen van den avond met een volle weitasch terug te keeren. Zelf was hij onvermoeid, en het was dan ook alleen uit bezorgdheid voor zijn geliefden hond, dat hij zich van tijd tot tijd een oogenblik nederzette, om zijn boterham met het dier te deelen, of hem de gelegenheid te geven om wat te drinken alvorens den tocht voort te zetten.

Eens keerde hij met wild beladen en vroolijk neuriënd, over de hei weder huiswaarts. Het was een dier schoone herfstavonden, waarin de hemel gekleurd is met de heerlijkste afwisseling van goud en rood. De heide stond in vollen bloei en vervulde de lucht met de zoetste geuren. Een plechtige stilte heerschte alom, alleen onderbroken door het suizen van het zachte avondwindje, het verwijderd geloei der runderen, die naar hunne stallen terugkeerden, en het eentonig geluid der klinkende schelletjes van de kudde schapen. In de verte rees uit het donkere groen der boomen de spitse kerk-toren trotsch en statig omhoog, en daarachter ontwaarde het oog de daken van het hertogelijk slot. Vóór hem stroomde de Rijn door vette weiden of vruchtbare boomgaarden en kaatste als een spiegel den schoonen hemel terug.

Hoe dikwijls Jan dit prachtige natuurtooneel ook aanschouwd had, telkens wekte het zijn bewondering weer op. Want wie de natuur liefheeft, kan

nooit genoeg genieten van hare schoonheid, en de indrukken, welke zij teweegbrengt op zijn gemoed, worden met de jaren sterker.

Onwillekeurig bleef Jan op de helling van den heuvel staan om zijne oogen te vergasten aan het heerlijke schouwspel. Slechts de boven beschreven geluiden en de rook, die in lichtblauwe wolkjes uit de schoorsteenen van het verwijderde dorpje oprees, kondigden de nabijheid der menschen aan. Verzonken in bewondering en verrukking, gevoelde hij zich diep bewogen, toen de onverwachte verschijning van een naderend rijtuig zijn gedachten een andere wending gaf en hem benieuwd deed zijn wie hem aldus in de eenzaamheid kwam storen. Het duurde niet lang of het voertuig, getrokken door vier stevige paarden, kwam langzaam den heuvel oprijden, waarop Jan stond. Het was een prachtig rijtuig met een wapen geschilderd op de portieren, en op den bok naast den koetsier zat een page, tegen de koude avondlucht geheel in een paarsen mantel gewikkeld.

We now make use of the privilege of the (a) novelist and again pass over in silence some unimportant years, to come to an event that took place when John was sixteen years old and had a greater influence on his subsequent career than could have been expected at first.

Though he was a trained horseman at that age John knew no greater pleasure than to go hunting on foot in the surrounding fields, accompanied only by his faithful dog. Then he left the castle at sunrise, not seldom to return only towards nightfall with a full gamebag. He was tireless himself, and it was only out of solicitude for his beloved dog that he sat down for a moment from time to time to share his bread and butter with the animal, or to give him an opportunity to drink some water before proceeding on his way.

Once he was returning home again across the heath, laden with game and humming cheerfully. It was one of those beautiful autumnal evenings when the sky is coloured with the most glorious variety of gold and red. The heather was in full bloom and filled the air with the sweetest scents. A solemn silence reigned everywhere, interrupted only by the sighing of the gentle evening-breeze, the distant lowing of the cattle returning to their sheds and the monotonous sound of the tinkling bells of the flocks of sheep. In the distance from the dark green of the trees, there rose proud and stately the pointed steeple, and behind it the eye discerned the roofs of the ducal castle. Before him flowed the Rhine through rich meadows or fertile orchards and reflected like a mirror the beautiful sky.

Often as John had contemplated this beautiful scene, it roused his admiration every time. For whoever loves nature can never enjoy her beauty enough, and the impressions she makes on his mind become stronger with the years.

Involuntarily John paused on the slope of the hill to regale his eyes with the splendid spectacle. Only the sounds described above and the smoke rising in pale blue clouds from the chimneys of the distant village indicated the presence (neighbourhood) of man. Absorbed (Lost) in admiration and delight he felt deeply moved when the unexpected appearance of an approaching carriage gave another turn to his thoughts, and made him wonder who thus came to disturb him in his solitude. It was not long before the vehicle drawn by four sturdy horses came slowly driving up the hill where John stood. It was a beautiful carriage with a coat of arms painted on the doors, and on the box by the side of the coachman sat a page, completely wrapped in a violet cloak against the old evening air.

Translation.

1. Van Dijck at once set to work and took out of the chest some weapons, which he tied up together in a cloth. 2. Having quite recovered his composure he turned his thoughts with intense satisfaction upon the fast approaching attainment of his purpose. 3. His conviction that he was going to perform an act that was to save liberty and cause the true faith to triumph, had never been shaken for a moment. 4. While thus, in solitude, he was engaged in making the last preparations and carefully loading the pistols he thought of the morrow with a feeling akin to gratitude. 5. Although he did not disguise from himself the importance of the moment, no thought of wavering entered his mind, when gradually sinking into deep thought he imagined himself on the road to Rijswijk and heard the report of the pistol with which he would shoot the Stadtholder through the heart.

6. With a sort of fierce pleasure he recalled everything he had suffered during the last few years, as though it did him good to rip up those painful sores with his own hands. 7. He had been sitting thus for some time, buried in deep thought, when he was suddenly roused by an unusual stir of many footsteps in the street, and directly afterwards, heard the front-door open and some people enter. 8. Motionless and with bated breath he listened intently to what was going on downstairs. 9. Suddenly a deathly pallor overspread his features; with both hands he clutched the table and, as if fearful of betraying his presence by the least sound or perhaps missing anything of what he might be able to hear he bent forward and fixed his gaze on the door. 10. He had distinctly heard a voice asking sternly for the innkeeper and thought he heard immediately afterwards that the same voice spoke of a chest which had been brought into the house the day before. 11. His dreadful suspicions were confirmed when he clearly heard the words: "Where is that chest, which I demand from you in the name of the Government?"

12. There was no longer any doubt! Without knowing what he did van Dijck started to his feet and rushed to the window. 13. There, in the street, he saw two constables, surrounded by a crowd which gazed up at the house with curiosity. 14. He saw that he was lost, the thought entered his mind like a flash and stupefied him for an instant. 15. Quite mechanically he jerked open the lid of the chest to take out the remaining pistols, and threw some of them on the bed and some under it, without realizing that this was only a waste of time. 16. Presently, however, he came to his senses and recovered his fortitude and presence of mind. 17. Suddenly he saw the uselessness of his behaviour, wrapped himself in his cloak, pulled his hat over his eyes, snatched a dagger from the table, and passed out through the door, firmly resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible if he could not save himself by his intrepidity.

Observations. 1. *Van Dyck began to work at once* betrays ignorance of the true idiom. *Go to work* has an altogether different meaning: We must go to work cautiously (Grant Allen, *An African Millionaire*). — *Took from the box*. *From* often interchanges with *out of*: He stuffed his pipe from a leather bag (Baroness von Hutten, *Pam.*). Drinking coffee from (= out of) a glass (*Royal Magazine*, Jan. 1904, p. 220). The pretty pigeons that we had tamed to peck their food from our hands (Anne Brontë, *Agnes Grey*, Ch. I). — *Button up a cloth* is ridiculous, we button up our coat but not a string or cloth. A *linen* for a cloth is another funny rendering, in the singular the word formerly meant a *linen gown*. (*Oxford Dictionary*).

2. *Having regained his usual calmness his thoughts turned....* When the subject of the principal clause and that of the head clause are not identical, it is wrong to use a dependent participial construction, though even English writers occasionally fall into this error. Fowler (*The King's English*) calls this construction "half justified by attachment to a subject implied in the possessive pronoun", but adds: "Perhaps better avoided." — *The so near fulfilment of his object*. Sounds clumsy, though instances occur, see Krusinga's Chapter on *Word-order*.

3. *He was about to accomplish a deed. Action-Act-Deed.* *Action* more particularly denotes the operation; *act* and *deed* the accomplished result. An action may include many acts. *Deed* is applied chiefly to acts which are for any reason especially noteworthy, it is a more formal word than the former two (*Century Dictionary*). When Miss Sharp had performed the heroic *act* (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*). Are the *actions* of men, and therefore of societies, governed by fixed laws? (Buckle, *History of Civilization*, I, ch. I.). The *deed* (i. e. a murder) that had been done in their midst. (*Strand Magazine*, 1894, p. 316). *Accomplish - Achieve - Perform*. These words agree in representing the complete doing of something. It is no simple or trivial thing which is said to be *accomplished*, but something of a complex nature, involving sustained effort in labour or in skill. *Achieve* suggests difficulties triumphed over with a corresponding excellence in the result. *Perform* may mean no more than a doing which is continued till the work is completed. (Smith, and *Century Dictionary*). — *Which would save the liberty*. The article is improperly used before an abstract word used in a general sense. — *Make true faith triumph*. Here the definite article ought to have been used, only in familiar combinations consisting of an adjective and a noun is omission of the article the rule: Sunny Italy, Merry Old England.

4. No definite article should precede *solitude*. *Solitariness*. — *Final preparations (preparatives)*. To an American visiting Europe the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative (Washington Irving, *Sketch Book*). — *Charged (laded) the pistols*. Neither of these variants will do. We *charge* a Leyden jar, *lade* (or more usually *load*) a vessel. — *With a certain feeling of gratitude*. — *The following (next) day*. —

5. *He was fully conscious of the importance of the moment. He could not conceal from himself the importance....* She could not conceal from herself that the prospect had something ignominious about it. (Dor. Gerard, *The Eternal Woman*, ch. XX). In undertaking the task of writing such a work I did not disguise from myself the difficulty of what lay before me (H. C. Wyld, *Historical Study of the Mother Tongue*). I cannot disguise from myself the fact that if I lose your soul God will hold me responsible (Geo. Moore; *Lake*, p. 139, Tauchnitz). — *Wavering - Hesitation*: We waver through irresolution and hesitate through fear, if only the fear of making a mistake. — *In imagination he saw himself on the road to Rijswijk. In his imagination is right*. In his imagination he heard the sudden sharp order to stop (Cyril Mc.Neile, *Bull-Dog Drummond*). *In idea*. — *When he buried in thought imagined himself....* The subject should come immediately before its verb. — *Crash* (of a pistolshot) should be *crack* or *report*. The compound *pistol-shot* report also occurs (*N. E. D.*) — *Stadholder*. The English spelling is *stadt-holder* perhaps to ensure the voiceless pronunciation of the Dutch *d* (compare the spelling *veldt*).

6. *He recalled to mind*. A blending of *to recall* and *to call to mind*, *bring back to the mind*. As he recalled the haughty rebuff, Master Vincent tasted again all the savour of anger. (*Pearson's Magazine*, Dec. 1913, p. 687).

The "Yellow Room" by Gustave Leroux recalls the days when really great men condescended to write detective stories. (G. K. Chesterton in *The Illustrated London News*, Oct. 24, 1908). — *Of late years.* — *To reopen those painful sores.* *Rip open old sores* does not seem to be current in this figurative sense. (*Rip open a sack*). — *With own hands* is not English. *Own* is preceded by a possessive pronoun or a genitive. Hence we say: *A will (opinion) of his own* for *Du. een eigen wil* (meaning).

7. *So he sat* = *Dus zat hij.* — *He sat thus for some time.* Less vivid than *He had been sitting thus.* The time of the action is defined by the following clause beginning *toen hij onverwachts.* — *Lost in thought (meditation).* — *He heard the front door be opened.* The auxiliary is omitted in passive constructions with the verbs *hear, see, feel* and some others. I heard it said, saw it done, felt my arm grasped.

8. *Immovable* means: incapable of being moved. Often (less strictly, according to the Oxford Dictionary) used in the sense of *motionless.* — *He listened sharply* is correct. Their business was to listen sharply (*N.E.D.*). *While he held (caught) his breath.* *Bated breath* suggests restrained breathing.

9. *All at once; All of a sudden; Of a sudden:* Now usually with preceding *all* (*Oxford Dictionary*). — *He grasped the table convulsively. Clutched...* *convulsively* Redundant, for to clutch = to seize convulsively or eagerly (*N.E.D.* s.v. *Clutch*.) — *As if he feared to betray his presence by the least sound, or perhaps so as not to miss anything of what he might be able to hear.* — *He feared he would betray* must be *should betray*. In direct speech the words would be: I fear I shall betray... — *Leant forward* has nearly the same meaning as *bent forward*: Then he bent forward in his chair (Hugh Walpole, *Green Mirror*, I, Ch. III). She saw her bending forward (*Ibid.*, Ch. V). Philip leant forward (*Ibid.* Book II, Ch. III).

10. *Had clearly heard.* — *A voice which, not: who.* — *A firm tone* is not the same as a *stern tone.* — *Meant to hear.* To mean is not used in the sense of to *think, suppose.* Even if it were, the sentence would be wrong because to *think* (or to *fancy*) cannot be followed by an infinitive (except when the meaning is to *expect*). — *Had been brought into* (not *in*) *the house.* — *Taken into the house:* To *bring* is to convey to the place where the receiver is or where the bearer stays. This distinction is occasionally lost sight of: He took the ladies their bath water (*Royal Magazine*, Oct. 1913, p. 556). It was her custom to take the young woman a cup of chocolate (*Strand Magazine*, Oct. 1915.)

11. *His terrible suspicions became certainty* is right. His suspicion became certainty (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1909, p. 267). — *The box which I demand of you.* Some verbs (*buy, borrow* e.g.) may take either *of* or *from*. Wage increases are being demanded *from* the Grand Trunk Line of Canada (*Times Weekly*, March, 5, 1920). We demand *of* superior men that they be superior (Emerson, *Fugitive Slave Law*.) — *Summon from you* could not be said. We summon a man to appear in court or summon him to do some specified act. — *In the name of Government.* The suppression of the article is unusual (Poutsma II, 553). Government must educate the poor man. (Emerson). This he sent up to Government (Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, II, 210).

12. *There was no more room for doubt.* — *Sprang to his feet.*

13. *Bailiffs.* This word is variously applied, viz. to an officer whose business it is to execute arrests, to an under-steward of a manor or estate (appointed to manage forests, direct husbandry operations, collect rents etc.). Sheriffs are the sovereign's bailiffs and their respective counties are called their bailiwick. The term bailiff is also applied to the persons in charge

of royal castles, as the *Bailiff of Dover Castle*. But the name now generally applies to the bailiffs of sheriffs or sheriff's officers. Such are either *Bailiffs of Hundred* or *Special Bailiffs*. The former are appointed by the sheriff to collect fines, summon juries, execute writs and attend at assizes or quarter sessions. The latter are men selected for their skill in hunting and apprehending persons liable to arrest.

14. *The thought flashed through his mind* (flashed through his brain; flashed upon [across] him). "By Jove!" the thought flashed through the mind of Farll. "The chap's shy, I do believe!" (A. Bennett, *Buried Alive*, Ch. I). As a *flash*. The thought is compared to a flash and therefore *like* should have been used: He fought *like* a lion, as a soldier. — *Stunned him*. — *Made him lose (not loose!) his head*. Does not correspond to our *maakte hem wezenloos*. Made him thoughtless (onnadenkend, achteloos) is still worse.

15. *Automatically* is right. He went on rowing idly, half automatically (G. Eliot, *Mill on the Floss*). We know that a frequently repeated act of muscular skill finally comes to be done almost automatically (*Century Dictionary*). — *Loss of time*.

16. *He recovered his senses and regained*

17. *The uselessness of his proceeding*. — *Mantle*. Wrapping his *mantle* closely round him (Orczy, *I Will Repay*). — *Pulled his hat (down) over his eyes*. He was dressed like an ordinary tramp and had a slouch hat pushed over his eyes. (*Strand Magazine*, Feb. 1903). A slouch hat pulled over his eye (*London Magazine*, Aug. 1904, p. 299). — *Picked up a dagger*. — *Fully determined*. — *When he could no longer save himself* is quite possible here, but marks time.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss A. H., Flushing; J. P. P., Rotterdam; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss A. E. S., Enschedé; B. de W., Moordrecht; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Mr. K. de V., Dokkum.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maerlant, Brielle, before November 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Zij, die lang in een stad wonen, kunnen zich nauwlijks voorstellen, hoe saai het is, zijn leven op een dorp te moeten doorbrengen. Daar is alles op veel kleiner schaal ingericht; veel wat er in de stad onopgemerkt voorbij gaat, wekt daar de algemeene aandacht; alle menschen kennen elkaar zoo wat, of liever, meenen elkaar te kennen, en wat den een overkomt is voor den ander een onderwerp van gesprek. Terwijl in een stad (van eenige betekenis ten minste) de jeugd groot wordt zonder dat iemand op hen let, behalve de ouders en eenige vrienden van den huize, weten de dorpelingen bijna van elken knaap het karakter en de geschiedenis te vertellen. Zoo wist ieder dat Jan B., de zoon van den schoolmeester één van de knapste en betrouwbaarste knapen was van het dorp, ja, van de geheele omtrek. Sommigen hielden hem voor één der meest begaafden van het geheele land. Vooral bij hen, die nooit of zelden van hun dorp af geweest waren, stond het als een paal boven water, dat Jan zijn weerga niet vond. Op zijn vijfde jaar las hij vlot, wat hem onder de oogen kwam; op zijn vijftiende was hij zijn vader voorbijgestreefd. Toch was Meester B. een geleerde. Dat kon ieder, die het niet wist, dadelijk aan hem merken. Zijn eerwaardige kale schedel met een krans van blonde krulletjes, zijn bril, die hij op het voorhoofd schoof, als men zou meenen, dat hij hem juist moest gebruiken, namelijk als hij lezen ging; zijn zwarte rok, dien hij dag aan dag, van den morgen tot den avond aanhad; zijn magere blanke handen, met inktvlekken, op de vingers; zijn langzame gang, zijn deftige spraak, waarin alle klanken zoo duidelijk werden gehoord, dat alles maakte van den schoolmeester een man van buitengewoon gewicht. Zelfs de dominé werd door hem overschaduwd en de burgemeester kwam in geen vergelijking. De eenige die zoo wat met hem gelijk stond was de eigenaar van een

naburige buitenplaats; deze had althans een groote bibliotheek en gewoonlijk veronderstelt men, dat ook iets daarvan in het hoofd van den bezitter zal zijn gevaren. — In die bibliotheek was het, dat Jan B. zijn studie had voortgezet en de kennis en wijsheid had opgedaan, die zijn vader miste. De eigenaar achtte het in stilte een eer, dat het eigenlijk zijn boeken waren, die Jan gemaakt hadden tot wat hij was. Daarom mocht hij de knaap graag lijden, en nu en dan dreef hij zijn vriendelijkheid zoo ver, dat hij hem te dineeren vroeg. Den nacht, die aan zulke dagen vooraf ging, kon Jan bijna geen oog dicht doen; en ging op den dag zelf veel te vroeg op weg, om toch maar niet te laat te komen.

Reviews.

Two Plays from the Perse School. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 1921. 3/6 net.

Another Perse Play Book. On a previous occasion, in connexion with my review of Arnold Smith's *Aims and Methods in the Teaching of English*, which appeared in I, 5, of this journal, I briefly referred to one of these interesting volumes: the first specimen of the work of the Perse Grammar School at Cambridge I happened to come across. As appears also from the latest publication, this work is entirely out of the common, even more so with us than it is in England, where the 'dramatic method' of teaching is finding an increasing number of enthusiastic advocates and where its application is by no means exceptional. In my opinion the principles underlying, not only the dramatic method of teaching language and literature, but the educational system generally, of such schools as the one at Cambridge, deserve to be far more widely known than appears as yet to be the case. I am somewhat doubtful, however, that this is the place to enlarge upon this subject and to emphasize the importance for educationists to observe the reforms attempted across the Channel, in the very country that is often supposed to be a stronghold of conservatism. I must content myself, therefore, to bring out only a few points that give the key to the explanation how results, such as are shown in the present booklet, are arrived at. In this respect both the Headmaster's *Preface* and the *Introduction* by Mr. Happold, the master under whose guidance the work was done, are of particular interest.

To begin with, Dr. Rouse distinctly warns readers that even the best teacher cannot count on attaining at the desired result, if he should try the dramatic method of teaching literature without regard to the lines on which the rest of the teaching in the school is carried on. The work published in the Perse Play Books is the result of group work done on a large scale and from the very beginning (when the boys are 7 or 8), and the guiding principle "is carried through all the human subjects right to the end language, literature, history, geography and art".

"The principle is, to aim not at instructing or informing, so much as bringing out and guiding what is in the pupils." He also points out, that, although, of course, there must be discipline, its nature is very different from that which is generally considered as such. It is characterized by freedom from restraint. There should be plenty of spontaneity.

In Mr. Happold's account of how the two plays came to be written, one is struck by such a sentence as: "I held a tea-party to discuss it" (viz. a difficult scene), and it appears that such friendly gatherings are not uncommon. Such observations, indeed, make one realize that the circumstances under which teacher and pupils work together, are radically different from what

we are used to. The master is like an older comrade. "I do not think", says Mr. Happold, "that under the old methods of discipline plays could be written at all", and he adds, that it is doubtful whether the boys could do it, without the previous training in stagecraft they have gained by *acting*.¹⁾ The acting itself is an essential part of the method. In the case of a play by Shakespeare, for example, an acting version is mostly made, but we are also told, that "a form of the average age of fifteen acted the whole text of *Lear*".

Whatever we may think of the writer's statement, that "*Hamlet* and even *Lear* are well within the compass of boys of from fourteen to fifteen and a half", there can be no doubt, when we see the results, that the dramatic method does bring out what is in the pupils. What is now put before us gives fresh evidence of the fact, that mere boys can achieve something remarkably good, *provided they are properly guided*. However, it is evident, that this kind of guidance requires no common qualifications, such as the average teacher can hardly be expected to possess

It is expressly stated by Mr. Happold, that the text of the plays is almost entirely the work of the boys themselves, and that his own part was merely that of adviser and critic. He gave encouragement and offered suggestions and is responsible for putting the scenes together.

The first play, *The Death of Roland*, is a tragedy in blank verse. Though it began as group work, the tragedy as it stands was mainly written by one boy of about fifteen, who in the course of its composition took complete control. It is an extraordinary achievement for a boy of this age, and it is a great credit to the organization of the Perse School, that in it such individual talent finds scope for development.

The second play is of quite a different nature. It is a farce, called *The Duke and the Charcoal Burner*, and is based upon one of the Arabian Nights, which has been transformed into a story with a medieval setting. What makes it specially interesting is, that it is the result of the combined efforts of the pupils of a whole class. From an educational point of view, therefore, it is by far the more important of the two. It is this kind of work that the Perse School rightly prides itself upon. An essential feature of it is, that *the boys work together for a common purpose*; each 'does his bit', be it ever so modest. Their imagination is stimulated, they are in it heart and soul.

No doubt the appeal that is thus made to the pupils' own activities, to their interests and ambitions, is one of the strong points of the method. Does not modern psychology emphasize the importance of the emotional element in the development of the intellect?

It need hardly be observed that, in making their boys write and act plays, the teachers of the P. S. do not aim at turning out playwrights and actors. What they do hold is that their method is apt to engender in the youthful mind a love of literature. The boys' own feeble attempts, so Mr. Happold argues, will make them realize all the better the superiority of the

¹⁾ His boys are in the adolescent stage, the very age when they are becoming self-conscious and awkward. *Young* boys, according to him, can act anything, as may be proved by Perse Play Books Nos. 1 and 3. I may add, that I am personally convinced of the correctness of this statement, basing my opinion on what I saw in one of the L. C. C. Secondary Schools, under the direction of the Headmaster, Mr. Arnold Smith, mentioned before. Among the diversity of things acted by his youngsters was a dramatized version of *Sohrab and Rustum*; a short play that seemed to come more natural to them was the dramatic story of how Thor's Hammer was stolen. There were lively proceedings and it was evident, that the words were largely extempore.

master craftsmen in literary art and thus help them in learning to appreciate good literature.

It has not been my intention to discuss these boy plays as one would mature literary work. They owe their chief interest to the way they came to be written rather than to their literary merit. But although Dr. Rouse rightly remarks that they are not to be judged by the ordinary standards, he need not have put forth this plea with reference to *Roland*; indeed this juvenile production contains portions that a full-fledged author might be proud of. Thus the beginning of Scene 6, where Charlemagne and his ancient councillor Naimés are discoursing upon the vicissitudes of life is so surprisingly 'mature', that one would not have credited a boy under fifteen with the authorship, had not Mr. Happold specially certified to it.

The following farce is an amusing thing and should interest all those who care to know what boys are capable of under conditions such as obtain in a school where the ruling principle is 'The Play Way' (title of the *Perse Play Book* containing the exposition of the method).

It would seem to me, that this principle receives too little recognition in our Secondary Schools. I daresay there are very few of us who do not feel need of some sort of reform, but we shun drastic measures, and in the meantime we continue to worship the Idol of Useful Information. In the somewhat oppressive atmosphere of this kind of worship the reading of such a book as the above will be found particularly refreshing.

Steenwijk, May 1921.

C. J. VAN DER WEY.

Brief Mentions.

Our Title and Its Import. By PROFESSOR OTTO JESPERSEN.
Publications of the Modern Humanities Research Association
no. 4. Bowes & Bowes. Cambridge, 1921. 1/—.

Professor Jespersen declares in the opening words of his presidential address that the telegram informing him of his election filled him with joy and pride, in fact caused an attack of vanity from which it took him considerable time to recover. Surely this is carrying modesty too far. Nobody in the audience, we suppose, would fail to understand that the Association, wisely, only honoured itself by the election, and also promoted its chances of increasing its membership on the Continent. And although the usefulness of an association such as this is necessarily limited, it can only do its work by the cooperation of numbers. Among the tasks that the Association has until now undertaken the chief is probably that of providing its members with bibliographical data, as in the *Bibliography* noticed in our June number. We expect that the support of men like Professor Jespersen will induce many to join who until now had doubts about the character of the society. — K.

A Handbook of Present-Day English. Vol. II, English Accidence and Syntax. By E. KRUSINGA. Third Edition. Kemink & Zoon. Utrecht 1921.

The first part of the new edition (432 pp.) is now ready. The second and final part of about the same size will appear before the end of the year. In the present edition some subjects have been treated more fully. Such are aspect, both with regard to the finite and the non-finite verb; some of the pronouns; prepositions; sentence-structure; and wordorder. The book in its present form aims at giving a complete survey of the structure of living English. — K.

La Poésie Anglaise d'aujourd'hui. Par FLORIS DELATTRE. Extrait de la Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes, Janvier—Février 1921. Paris, Henri Didier.

Prof. Delattre, who contributes a regular annual survey of English poetry to the *Revue Germanique*, has sent us an offprint of an article on the poetry produced between the years 1914 and 1920. In it he briefly reviews the outstanding characteristics of the work of the "Georgians", the soldier-poets, and the advocates of peace and reconciliation after the cessation of hostilities. A few typical quotations illustrate this well-written summary. — Z.

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[The *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, the first three numbers of which are here announced, is edited by F. Baldensperger, professor at the University of Strasbourg, and P. Hazard, professor at the University of Lyon. Publisher: Edouard Champion, 5 Quai Malaquais, Paris. Annual subscription fr. 40. — From the list of forthcoming contributions we quote: Em. Audra, Du Resnel, traducteur de Pope. — J. M. Carré, Goethe et Emerson. — R. S. Crane, Voltaire's *Candide* in England in the XVIIIth century. — E. Estève, Byron en France après le Romantisme. — F. G. Richmond, Extraits d'une traduction anglaise du Chantecler de Rostand. — For the benefit of that large majority of our readers whose interests are not confined to English literature alone, we shall mention the full contents of the *Revue* regularly.]

Germanisch-Romanische Monatschrift. IX, 7/8 (May-August 1921). Includes Dornseiff, Das zugehörigkeitsadjektiv und das fremdwort. — Kleine Beiträge (*tun* as an auxiliary of modality in German; affective vowel changes and unvoicing of consonants in German; Verner's law in colloquial German; der *nächste* in the meaning 'the second after this'; Taine on Shakespeare). — Bibliography.

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Lancelot and Guinevere.

When we read Malory's tale of love and strife, of piety, treason and loyalty, we may well wonder what made Tennyson see in it the rough material for a moral allegory. For the mind of the mediaeval compiler is divided between admiration for the faithful love of Lancelot and Guinevere and a strong belief that all worldly love is weakness and the human heart, to become perfect, must give itself to God alone. Their passion runs through the texture like a crimson thread that thickens and thickens until it usurps almost the whole fabric of the story and it ultimately leads to the ruin of Arthur and his Table Round; but our sympathy for the too worldly couple is maintained to the end, and the thought that their love is sinful because Guinevere is married, which is uppermost in Tennyson's mind, hardly occupies the older writer.

A God who must punish even guiltless sinning against his laws pursues Malory's heroes as inexorably as jealous Fate drives its victims to perdition in the classical drama. Though it is by divine order that Orestes has killed his mother, Fate sends its servants, the Furies, to plague him and avenge the deed. Arthur's act of unconscious incest brings down on him the wrath of God; it is fated that he shall be slain by Mordred, the fruit of his sin. This God does not pause to weigh motives or make allowance for error; he is not softened by suffering or remorse. How far remote all this is from modern conceptions of divine love and divine justice! A child is born to Arthur and Bellicent; God requires vengeance for it, not because Bellicent is Lot's wife, which Arthur knew, but because she is Arthur's sister, which he did *not* know.

In the old romances, the most beautiful qualities of a knight are strength and courage. A knight is bound to rescue any woman when she is in danger, for women are feeble and timid. But he owes his services and his protection especially to the lady who honours him with the permission to wear her badge; and he neglects every other duty to prove her purity and innocence "with his hands". The lady admits her champion into her intimacy and even makes him her adviser in matters of love.

"Madam", says Tristram to La Beale Isoud, "I promise you faithfully that I shall be all the days of my life your knight". "Gramercy", says La Beale Isoud, "and I promise you there-against that I shall not be married this seven years but by your assent; and to whom that ye will I shall be married, him will I have and he will have me if ye will consent". (Malory, *Le Morte Darthur*, p. 172) ¹⁾.

So it was perfectly allowable for this relation to exist between a knight and the wife of another, and this situation seems to have had great attraction and piquancy to our forefathers. The husband accepted this homage to the beauty and purity of his wife until the thought arose in him that the two "s' aimaient d'amour".

This poetical relation of a knight and his lady exists between Lancelot and Guinevere. On the day when Lancelot was made knight, he lost his sword, and Guinevere, finding it, lapped it in her train and gave it him when he needed it; "and else he had been shamed among all knights". And then he promised her ever to be her knight in right or in wrong. But very soon we hear the two mentioned as a pair of perfect lovers. Their

¹⁾ Globe edition.

²⁾ Cf. Pollard in the Preface to his edition of Malory.

relation, however, is not held impure and, although they are not "clean in will and in work" (cf. p. 327), they consider themselves, with perfect naïveté, faithful and loyal to the king. "Ye have betrayed me and put me to the death", Guinevere exclaims when Lancelot is going to depart in quest of the Grail, "for to leave thus *my lord*". (p. 354).

Arthur in Malory is very unlike the moral hero that Tennyson has made of him. He is the true product of a time in its moral infancy. Brave and fond of battle and joust, he is much afflicted when his knights have taken the vow to go in quest of the Grail, for he knows that many will die in the quest and he has "an old custom to have them in his fellowship". But the resolution to have a farewell-tourney in their honour half consoles him. In his conception of love, he is diametrically opposed to Tennyson's ideal knight:

"For Madam", said Sir Lancelot to the queen who reproached him with the tragic fate of Elaine, "I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint. That is truth, said the king and many knights, love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he loseth himself." (p. 432). ¹⁾

And the following passage will seem, I am afraid, rather shocking to those who know Arthur only from Tennyson's version:

"And therefore, said the king, wit you well my heart was never so heavy as it is now, and much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enow, but such a fellowship of good knights, shall never be together in no company." (p. 459.)

Sir Lancelot is of later growth, a product of more civilized times and of a race more versed in courtly manners. Mr. Pollard says of Malory's picture of him that it is "perhaps the most splendid study of a great gentleman in all our literature". There is an atmosphere of loving veneration around him; all the knights — except such types of unknighthliness as Meliagrance and Mordred — are glad to own his superiority. He is not only the bravest knight and the most successful in strife; he is also the most generous and the worthiest. We are often reminded that he is a sinful man, i.e. not a perfectly holy man like his son Galahad, who, having what sometimes seems to be the highest mediaeval virtue, chastity, is allowed to see the Sangreal in all its divine splendour; but of *all sinful men* he is the noblest and the best. Lancelot is the avenger of oppressed innocence, the hope of all who suffer wrong. And he possesses that most amiable quality of all: he is truly modest, he is doubtful of his own worth. When all the knights, and many kings, Arthur included, have vainly searched the wounds of the youth who can be cured only by the touch of the noblest, Lancelot happens to come by. The passage is too fine to be much curtailed:

"Then said Arthur unto Sir Launcelot: Ye must do as we have done.... Heaven defend me, said Sir Launcelot, when so many kings and knights have assayed and failed, that I should presume upon me to enchieve that all ye, my lords, might not enchieve. Ye shall not choose, said King Arthur, for I will command you for to do as we all have done.... And then all the kings and knights for the most part prayed Sir Launcelot to search him; and then the wounded knight, Sir Urre, set him up weakly, and prayed Sir Launcelot heartily, saying: Courteous knight

¹⁾ Cf. the corresponding passage in *Lancelot and Elaine*:

"Then answered Lancelot.....
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart —
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound. —
Free love, so bound, were freest, said the King."

I require thee for God's sake heal my wounds, for methinketh ever sithen ye came here my wounds grieve me not. Ah, my fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, Jesu would that I might help you; I shame me sore that I should be thus rebuked, for never was I able in worthiness to do so high a thing And then he held up his hands, and looked into the east, saying secretly unto himself: Thou blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I beseech thee of thy mercy, that my simple worship and honesty be saved and thou blessed Trinity, thou mayst give power to heal this sick knight by thy great virtue and grace of thee, but, good Lord, never of myself. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Urre to let him see his head; and then devoutly kneeling, he ransacked the three wounds, that they bled a little, and forthwith all the wounds fair healed, and seemed as they had been whole a seven year

Then King Arthur and all the kings and knights kneeled down and gave thankings and lovings unto God and to his Blessed Mther. And ever Sir Launcelot wept as he had been a child that had been beaten." — (p. 449-450).

Lancelot is nobler than the king. Arthur does not scorn to entrap the queen, and to take an adversary at a disadvantage. Lancelot never strikes a fallen knight and he uses consideration even for those who have wronged him. One day his horse is taken from him while he is asleep, and shortly after he meets a knight who is mounted on it. Lancelot strikes the thief down to the earth, and takes away his property; but before leaving the wounded knight he ties the latter's horse to a tree that he may find it when he is arisen.

But the nobleness of his character appears most in his attitude towards the king and the queen. When he has led Guinevere to his own castle to save her from her husband's jealous rage, he hears that the pope has forbidden further hostility. He thanks God for it. "For God knoweth, said Sir Launcelot, I will be a thousandfold more gladder to bring her again than ever I was of her taking away". (p. 464-465).

This peace and safety of the queen, however, is not to last; suspicion spreads at court and to save the honour of his lady Lancelot resolves to leave her for ever.

"And then Sir Launcelot said unto Guenever in hearing of the king land them all: Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship for ever; and sithen it is so, I beseech you to pray for me and say me well; and if ye be hard bested by any false tongues, lightly, my lady, let send me word; and if any knight's hand may deliver you by battle, I shall deliver you. And therewithal Sir Launcelot kissed the queen; and then he said all openly: Now let me see what he be in this place that dare say the queen is not true unto my lord Arthur, let see who will speak an he dare speak. And therewith he brought the queen to the king and then Sir Launcelot took his leave and departed; and there was neither king, duke, nor earl, baron nor knight, lady nor gentlewoman, but all they wept as people out of their mind. . . . And thus departed Sir Launcelot from the court for ever." (p. 468).

It is strange to remark how, as has been said already, the love of Lancelot and Guinevere is alternately cried down as a worldly weakness and held up as an exemplary virtue. Good and evil meet in this undying passion. Lancelot is sometimes weighed down by a sense of sin. During his quest of the Sangreal, he hears a voice warning him to quit the holy cross by which he has been lying. And then he relates the story of his life to a hermit: "how he had loved a queen unmeasurably and out of measure long; — and all my great deeds of arms that I have done, I did for the most part for the queen's sake; and never did I battle all only for God's sake, but for to win worship and to cause me to be the better beloved, and little or nought I thanked God of it." (p. 364).

The queen does not seem conscious of having done wrong before her husband's death; and then her simple words of remorse and self-reproach

go straight to the heart. She prays Sir Lancelot "never to see her more in the visage"; "for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain". (p. 483).

Other passages prove the author's admiration for the beauty and constancy of their love, for instance where Guinevere rides 'a-Maying, clad all in green'.

"Nowaday men can not love seven night but they must have all their desires; that love may not endure by reason.... But the old love was not so; ... then was love truth and faithfulness; and lo, in like wise was used love in king Arthur's days.... Therefore, all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenever, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." (p. 419).

The sun of May has entered the author's heart and all that is bright and young and true is fine to him.

Sir Ector mentions Sir Lancelot's love among his virtues: "Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights and thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand.... And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman." (p. 486).

The stern God himself allows a loving smile to dispel his frown, for Sir Lancelot is heaved up to heaven by angels and the gates open before him.

What has Tennyson made of the three great figures of the old legend, the great leader, his lovely queen and the noble knight? It has often been remarked that, to serve his moral principles, Tennyson wrenched the old romance out of its hinges. Lancelot and the queen had to appear tainted by sin, and their love was denied, not only purity, but also genuineness. Arthur was idealized and Tennyson would not have believed that a critic of the generation following his own ¹⁾ would see in Arthur "the wrong sort of man".

Much of the fascinating beauty of earlier versions was preserved and fresh sources of beauty were added under the poet's handling. Who can read without emotion the delicate passage in *Geraint and Enid*, when the horse neighs and Enid treads lightly on her husband's foot to mount into the saddle behind him? She feels like a little child who, after being unjustly rebuked, is fondled and loved with a warmer love; and happy and grateful, she enters the new life, where kindness and confidence will have a place again.

Now and then, too, we come across a passage eloquent with a wisdom that is not quite of this world:

"The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour that brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be".

(*Merlin and Vivien.*)

But the crowning glory, to me, is the description of the love that takes possession of Elaine's heart.

"And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it."

(*Lancelot and Elaine.*)

She is too pure and too innocent to think of reserve, and, like Portia and Desdemona, meets the object of her love more than half-way.

One source of poetic inspiration, however, Tennyson deliberately left aside. The delight of Lancelot and Guinevere in each other's presence, the beauty of their life-long faithfulness is unable to stir Tennyson the poet.²⁾ Their

¹⁾ Oliver Elton, *English Literature* (1830-1860).

²⁾ In his youth, Tennyson wrote a fragment: *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*, in which no reference is made to sin.

passion only arouses the indignation of Tennyson the moralist and dwindles down under his hands into a vulgar instance of stolen love.

We often think, if we could forget the didactic spirit in which the Idylls are written, the reading of them would be pure delight. But Tennyson never allows us to forget it long. Whispers about "guilty love" will come to chill our raptures. Is it worthy of a poet to call one of the noblest passions of which man is capable a sin? Love in itself cannot be guilty or wicked. What makes their love defaming is that it is connected with stealthiness and hypocrisy (cf. *Lancelot and Elaine*).

Morton Luce says that the moral stage of the Idylls has been disastrous to Guinevere. In fact, if we compare her with Malory's Guinevere, we must admit that the latter is not only the more amiable, but also the finer woman of the two. The queen's wordy fit of jealousy in *Lancelot and Elaine* calls up before us the silent grief of the other Guinevere when, thinking that Lancelot loves her less than before, she has dismissed him from the court:

"The queen outward made no manner of sorrow in shewing, to none of his blood, nor to none other. But, wit ye well, inwardly, as the book saith, she took great thought". (p. 413).

"To love one only and to cleave to her", this is Tennyson's ideal for a man; Arthur is careful to say to his queen at their last meeting that he loves her still. But Lancelot and Guinevere, too, follow this moral precept. Lancelot's is the "sin" to love and cleave to one who had already been promised to another; to his king, more than that, his friend. What is the sin in Guinevere? She took Lancelot for her bridegroom (in Tennyson's, not in Malory's version) and loved him from that moment. Of course, according to our views, she ought not to have consented to marry the king, knowing that she loved another, but Tennyson, strange to say, does not speak about this. Once married to Arthur, it is all she can do to be faithful to her husband in deed. To Tennyson, this is not enough. The guilty passion should be eradicated and a virtuous love planted in its stead.

It may be remarked in passing that we find an instance of the same conception of a woman's duty in Corneille. Was Pauline in *Polyeucte* Tennyson's ideal woman? Having married Polyeucte in obedience to her father's will, though she loved a young warrior, Sévère, she gives

"*par devoir à son affection* (= Pol's affection)
Tout ce que l'autre avait par inclination." (I, II).

Her *confidante*, to whom she confesses her passion, calls Sévère:

"La digne occasion d'une rare constance!"

but Pauline corrects her:

"Dites plutôt d'une indigne et folle résistance." (I, II).

She says to her father, speaking of her husband:

"Je l'ai de votre main; *mon amour est sans crime*;
Il est de votre choix la glorieuse estime;
Et j'ai, pour l'accepter, *éteint le plus beau feu*
Qui d'une âme bien née ait mérité l'aveu." (III, IV).

It is painful to see that Tennyson's views are, in this respect, not in advance of Corneille's. William in *Dora*, who had been sent out of his father's house because he refused to marry his cousin, dies saying to the wife of his own choice "that he was wrong to cross his father thus". —

The tender care with which Tennyson has painted Elaine, the pure maiden, and Enid, the pure wife, shows his great love of them. If Lancelot had been

married and Elaine, after hearing this, had continued to love him, would this have made her feeling impure? A noble emotion cannot be made into an ignoble one by circumstances only. The power of loving is a gift, not a virtue and not a sin. Lancelot prays for the wish to loosen his bonds, and, in the poet's view, his prayer is heard at last; his dying a holy man points to this. Browning's knight would have prayed that he might keep his love and keep it pure. For the passion itself need not and cannot be conquered, but the desire to indulge it may be conquered by a nobler desire. Brave acceptance of what power of affection Heaven grants us with was unknown to Tennyson.

In the eleventh idyll, *Guinevere*, the poet's remodelling hand is best discernible. The consequences of her love for Lancelot afflict the queen heavily and she thinks she is repentant. Then we read how Arthur comes, trampling her into real repentance.... And suddenly two other, humbler creations of English literature rise before us. They are Dr. Strong (*David Copperfield*, Chapter XLV) and the plain, dull Carrier (*Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the Third), who come to teach Arthur a lesson of real goodness and real love.

Tennyson does not believe in Guinevere's repentance before she has transferred her love from her lover to her husband.¹⁾ So it is by becoming false to the great passion of her life (till then she had loved one only and had cleaved to him), by crushing what was best in her, that she is saved.

As could have been expected, the modern poet came to more precise conclusions in his moral attitude towards love and marriage than the mediaeval author. Tennyson gives us something to go by: the object of our love once chosen, no doubt, no wavering should be admitted into our heart. But Malory, who does not preach or theorize, is fairer to the lovers; he is braver, too, for he allows no "social ties to warp him from the living truth".

Yet, what might is there in Tennyson the poet that almost wards off criticism from his moral views? What mysterious power in the man made the poem *Guinevere* so fine? The charm is, I think, not only in the verse, but also in the strength and the moral earnestness of him who wrote it. It was the poet's conviction that the individual should make his interests, his desires, nay, his emotions, subservient to the interests of society. But he forgot that we cannot choose our emotions; they come to us unasked and unsought for. We may swear that we will always be faithful, we cannot swear that we shall always continue to love.²⁾

It was part of Tennyson's altruism and benevolence that his moral conceptions were dogmatic and conventional. But in his few poems which treat, not of our relation to one another, but of our relation to eternity (*De Profundis*, *The ancient Sage*, *The higher Pantheism*), he soars high above convention and dogma. Striking the root of all religion, he sings the wonder of wonders, which, through our familiarity with it, will seem a matter of course: the gift of life, the ever unexplainable, which has come out of the deep.

De Profundis! has not the gift of loving also come out of the deep?

A. C. E. VECHTMAN-VETH.

¹⁾ The same reasoned love is again found in *Polyeucte* (V, iii), where Pauline, seeing that her husband is *the greater man*, altogether loses her love for Sévère.

²⁾ "Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love."

Coming of Arthur.

"Then, being on the morrow knighted, sware
To love one only."

Pelleas and Ettarre.

Dekker and The Virgin Martyr.

With reference to the questions broached by Mr. van Doorn in *English Studies*, Vol. III, No. 3, pag. 88, the following remarks may be of some value. There is first of all his query about the authorship of *The Virgin Martyr*. Now in: A. W. Ward, *Old English Drama*, 1901, Appendix A, contributed by F. G. Fleay, page CLXIX, this statement appears:

"When the Admiral's men acted in London we find among the old plays revived by them *Dioclesian (The Virgin Martyr)*" and in a footnote to this:

"When my *Life of Shakespeare* was printed I had not tracked this play so far and it was mentioned as an exception. It reappears in Germany in 1652 (see Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany*, CXVIII) as "a comedy of the emperor Diocletian, with Maximinus and the shoemaker. Hirtius is a shoemaker in *The Virgin Martyr*, and Diocletian and Maximus are principal characters in the play. Dekker's original play seems to have been called Diocletian, or Dorothea, and the play, as revised by Massinger: *The Virgin Martyr*".

A statement to the same effect is made by F. E. Schelling in: *The English Drama*, 1914, page 196: "The appearance of Massinger's name with Dekker's in *The Virgin Martyr*, licensed in 1620, and reckoned among the earliest of his plays, and with Middleton's and Rowley's in *The Old Law*, doubtless marks his revision of the older original work of these playwrights."

So it seems to be an accepted fact that Dekker was the original author of the play in question, though it may have borne another name. This settled we may now deal with the origin of the story. Mr. v. D. says: "In my opinion this drama owes more than a little to *El Mágico Prodigioso* by Calderon de la Barca. Were any translations of this play available, in English or in French? Are there any indications that Massinger or Dekker knew Spanish?"

With respect to the latter question, I will only quote what Schelling says in the above-mentioned work, page 188:

"Spanish authors upon whom Fletcher levied with his collaborator Massinger for their tragi-comedies, are Lope de Vega for *The Pilgrim*, etc..... Spanish, too, are underplots, episodes and personages in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, etc..... It is of interest to note that in the list of some 18 plays of Fletcher which have been referred to Spanish origin..... not one is derived from a Spanish play, but all come from Spanish prose fiction. Secondly there is not one of these Spanish stories that had not been translated, by Fletcher's time, either into French or into English; so that the assumption that Fl. was acquainted with the Castilian tongue is as hazardous as the assignment to Shakespeare of a familiar knowledge of Italian." On pag. 256 he remarks: "...it is not necessary to infer on Fletcher's part — or on that of Massinger or Rowley, either an acquaintance with the Spanish language or any knowledge of the Spanish stage."

And as to Mr. v. Doorn's suggestion that *The Virgin Martyr* should owe not a little to *El Mágico Prodigioso*, a simple comparison of dates will prove that it is not tenable, since Calderon (1600—1681) wrote this play in 1637. Now Dekker's *Diocletian* (or *Dorothea*), according to Ward, must have been written before 1592, and Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* appeared in 1620, so how could they have availed themselves of the Spanish play or of a translation? No, both these plays spring from a common source and I venture to suggest that it was especially due to Massinger's revisions that this Faust-motif was added to Dekker's play, which provided him with the comical element, also present in Calderon in the shape of the two

gracioso's. And we can easily understand Massinger appropriating this motif, since it gave him an opportunity to write a Roman Catholic play.

The question now to be solved is: Did C. and M. use the same source — a well-known mediaeval story of martyrology, to wit the legend of St. Cyprian, which had already been used as early as the beginning of the 5th century by the Græek poetess Athenais († 420 at Jerusalem) for an epic poem in 3 cantos. But there was also a later Latin version, as see Busse, *Das Drama*, I, page 80 (1910).

"In *The Virgin Martyr* bemüht sich der glaubenseifrige Konvertit, ein neukatholisches Mirakelspiel zu dichten, wie es gleichzeitig die Jesuiten in lateinischer, die Spanier in ihrer Muttersprache schufen."

Was this perhaps the story to be found in: *Breviarum Romanum*, die XXVI September, in festo S. S. Cypriani et Justinae? This question must for the present remain unsolved.

Rotterdam.

W. A. OVAA.

Critical Contributions to English Syntax.

XI.

Form and Function of Sentences.

In analysing sentences it is usual, and proper, to consider *form* first, *function* in the second place. Sometimes form and function disagree completely. We find

1. apparent simple sentences, which are double or compound in function.
2. apparent coordinate sentences or parts of sentences.
3. apparent compound sentences which are simple or double sentences in their function.
4. apparent subordinate clauses which have the function of independent sentences.

Apparent Simple Sentences.

Sentences with free adjuncts are usually treated as simple sentences. But the absence of a finite verb is not really a final test in deciding whether we have a real sentence, and as far as function goes the free adjuncts may very well be considered to be parts of a double or compound sentence. When the relation between a free adjunct and the rest of the sentence is one of attendant circumstances the whole may be considered a double sentence. In other cases it is rather a compound sentence.

We have a similar case in sentences with some adverbs. In the sentence *Unfortunately he could not speak a word of German* the adverb *unfortunately* does not qualify any part of the sentence, nor does it qualify the sentence as a whole, but it expresses an independent thought: *It was unfortunate*. These adverbs may be called *sentence-adverbs*.

It is impossible to say whether sentences with such adverbs are double or compound sentences. When they are connected by *and* the effect may be that of a parenthetical sentence.

He has protested, and rightly, against the inability of biographers, notoriously Macaulay, "to conceive of conduct except as either right or wrong". *Times Lit.* 10/2, '21.

Apparent Coordination.

It is not always easy to decide whether we have a double sentence or a simple sentence with a double subject or predicate. The following two sentences show how gradually one construction passes into the other.

He is a nice man, Tom Granger.
He is a nice man, is Tom Granger.

The second sentence may be formally considered to be a double sentence, although in function it is as much a simple sentence as the first. The same applies to the cases of repetition of the auxiliary instanced by these two sentences:

John can do it, cannot he?
I've been kind to you, have I?

Sentences connected by *and* are often not coordinate in function. Very often the first is subordinate to the second sentence. The construction occurs frequently with an imperative in the first sentence. Also with the auxiliary *let*.

Let a girl talk with her own heart an hour, and she is almost a woman. Meredith, *Harrington*, ch. 18.

Let England be imperilled, and Englishman will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. Gissing, *Ryecroft*, XIX.

The imperative may be so frequent in this construction that it is equivalent to a preposition.

Bar one or two, they all want to make the omelette without breaking eggs. Galsworthy, *Freeland*, ch. 8.

We have occasionally a similar construction in sentences connected by *either . . . or*.

Either you go with us, or we won't go at all.

The coordination of two imperatives, infinitives, participles, or finite verbs (usually in the preterite) may express a relation of purpose or result.

Mind and put in those wraps and waterproofs. Garvice, *Lorrie*, p. 58.

Try and write the letter to-night.

He was writing a short story, a very tricky thing to try and do. Temple Thurston, *City*, I, ch. 5.

You must mind and not lower the church in people's eyes.

In fact poor Boxer (a dog), as Mrs. Carnaby exclaimed, was bleeding like a pig; and the grateful animal acknowledged her kind notice by going and rubbing his shot side against her shot silk. Sweet, *Element*, no. 76.

So I sat and mused. Conan Doyle, *Sign of Four*.

Sylvia felt keenly interested. She could have stopped and watched the scene for hours without wanting to play herself. Lowndes, *Chink*, ch. 5.

I wanted to get out and walk. Cotes, *Cinderella*, ch. 17.

There is practically only one kind of play that we care to go and see; and this is what we may describe as the comedy of drawing-room manners.

Its chief use seems to be to serve as a prop for the village idlers — something to lean against and gossip all day long. Sweet, *Spoken English*, p. 72.

She should learn and indulge his habits.

He never said he hoped you would come round and see it. Sweet, *Spoken English*, p. 79.

When the second of two coordinated verbs is negative, the relation is frequently one of result. The construction is then equivalent to *without* with a gerund.

Mark Roberts' mistake had been mainly this, — he had thought to touch pitch and not be defiled. Trollope, *Framley*, ch. 42.

Sometimes it is impossible to decide whether we have coordination or subordination.

To seize her husband at home, therefore, might be no impossible task; though here, in the heart of the village, a troop of horse might make the attempt and fail. Stanley Weyman, *Red Robe*.

The Government could never yield and survive. *Times W.*, 23/5, '13.

It imposed a problem which we either solve or perish. *Times Lit.* 24/17, '19.

The subordination of the first of two parts of a sentence connected by *and* is often shown by the stress.

ə ɪt əv smɑ:t futmən -keim ən stæd -æt əs. Sweet, *Spoken Engl.*, p. 64.
 ən wɪj -went ən :stʊd sɑm -wei ɔf. *ib.*, p. 56.

Formal coordination when there is subordination in function is especially found of sentences and of verbs. But in some expressions we also have coordination of two adjectives, the first of which is an adjunct to the second.

It's nice and sweet now.
 It's nice and warm.

Apparent Compound Sentences.

If we tried to analyze a sentence like *It is yesterday that I saw him* according to its form, we should call *It is yesterday* the head clause, the rest the subordinate clause. But it would be impossible to define the function of this subordinate clause, for in fact it contains the complete statement the sentence is intended to express, to which the 'headclause' only adds an adjunct of time. We have, therefore, a simple sentence in spite of the form, which seems to be used to give front-position to the psychological predicate. The connecting word is generally *that* (a), less often *where* (b), but very often there is no conjunction (c). The construction is also used to give front-position to a subordinate clause (d).

a. It was from a monastery that sounded forth the voice which, when all others had been hushed, still continued that tale of our national history in our old national speech. Gardiner and M., *Introd.*, p. 51.

She said that it was not every day that she could write. Gaskell, *Life of C. Brontë*, ch. 15, p. 243.

It is thus that young men occasionally design to burst from the circle of the passions. Meredith, *Harrington*, ch. 18, p. 184.

It is when he looks to the future that we find him least satisfactory. *Times Lit.*, 4/10, 18.

We can now see why it was that the political conflicts of the seventeenth century often raged round the position of the judges. Dicey, *Law of the Const.*, Lect. VI.

b. Yet it was in Venner's office where Michael found the perfect fruit of time's infinitely fastidious preservation, the survival not so much of the fittest as of the most expressive. *Sinister Street*, p. 636.

Where she, Kitty, loses by comparison is in simplicity of nature. Cotes, *Cinderella*, ch. 11, p. 126.

Where the French were really important was in their ideas and in the forms of their poetry. Ker, *Engl. Lit.*, p. 16.

c. It is not often we have snow in the middle of May. Sweet, *Element.*,⁵ no. 62.
 Dearest Lucy, what is it makes your head ache so often now? Trollope, *Framley*, ch. 26.

It was priest told me to come here. *Sinister Street*, p. 257.

d. It was only when Oswald was within two days' journey of Luba Fort upon Lake Victoria Nyanza that his letters reached him. Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 6, § 1, p. 126.

When the word emphasized by *it is* is a noun the clause resembles an adjective clause. Hence we often find a relative pronoun in this case.

In all their walks it had been Michael who flashed the questions, she who let slip her answers. *Sinister Street*, p. 457.

"It's not usually the wife who decides where to live", said he. Meredith, *Amazing Marriage*, ch. 4, p. 41.

The clauses with an introductory *it is* to emphasize a noun are equivalent in function to compound sentences containing a subject clause, thus showing once more that the form of a sentence does not decide its meaning.

But the doctor's case was what struck me. Stevenson, *Strange Case*, p. 7.
(= It was the doctor's case that struck me.)

All through the time between the Norman Conquest and Chaucer one feels that the Court is what determines the character of poetry and prose. Ker, *Engl. Lit.*, p. 102 (= It is the Court that (which) determines, etc.).

In these sentences the first (head) clause may be looked upon as the predicate clause, both grammatically and psychologically.

Among the sentences that are compound in form but contain two coordinate sentences as far as function is concerned, the continuative adjective and adverb clauses of time are too well-known to need discussion. But other adverb clauses may also really be coordinate.

The children would have been juster, as they were kinder. *Times Lit.*, 12/4, 18.

This difficulty is only increased if, as does Professor Moore, we date the composition of the Homeric poems as late as 800—750 B. C. *History*, IV. no. 14, p. 62.

As every man was a judge, so every man was a soldier. Gardiner and M. *Introd.*, p. 18.

But let it not for an instant be doubted that they were nice, kind-hearted, well-behaved, and delightful girls! Because they were. They were not angels. ¹⁾ Bennett, *Old W. Tale*, I, ch. 1, § 2.

If he strengthened the king's hands, his relation to the king gave him strength. Gardiner and M., *Introd.*, p. 33.

The next day George Featherly went with me to the station, where I took a ticket for Dresden. Hope, *Zenda*, ch. 2.

The rapid growth of an unlimited reading public in India, while it encourages indigenous talent, also provides an ample circle of readers and buyers of good works by European or American authors. *History*, IV, no. 14, p. 73.

It is in style the most perfect, as it was in respect of influence the most effective of Mill's writings. Dicey, *Law and Opinion*, p. 423.

The interpunction, as well as the meaning, in the following passage shows that in the first sentence *because* is a coordinating, in the last a subordinating conjunction.

The day sanctioned by custom in the Five Towns for the making of pastry is Saturday. But Mrs. Baines made her pastry on Friday, because Saturday afternoon was, of course, a busy time in the shop. It is true that Mrs. Baines made her pastry in the morning, and that Saturday morning in the shop was scarcely different from any other morning. Nevertheless, Mrs. Baines made her pastry on Friday morning instead of Saturday morning because Saturday afternoon was a busy time in the shop. Bennett, *Old W. Tale*, I, ch. 3, § 1.

Sentences like *Hardly did he see me when he ran out of the room* or *No sooner did he see me than he ran out of the room* are, no doubt, compound sentences. But what is formally the subordinate clause (because introduced by a conjunction) is not a part of the rest of the sentence (the headclause). On the contrary, the opening clauses of both sentences, although not containing the conjunction, are in function adverb clauses of time. In these cases we have a contrast between form and function.

Apparent Subordinate Clauses.

Some sentences have the form of a subordinate clause because they are introduced by a conjunction, but there is no headclause. Such are the sentences expressing wish (*Oh that we too might stand*, etc.: *Handbook*, II,

¹⁾ The coordinate function of *because* is also shown by the fact that it can be used as an adverb.

Why Peetickay? I am afraid the only answer is Because. Because it cannot be anything else. W. Perrett, *Peetickay*, p. 45.

§ 91), and such as are introduced by *if*. Also the sentences opening with *not but that, not but what*.

If he had only told me!

Our ancestors had suffered from isolation; they had a literature in their own tongue such as no other nation could boast, but on the religious side they had little else. Not but that they were below the general level in regard to faith or life, but that they had been in a back-water, unaffected by modern currents of progress. Watson, *Church of England*, p. 36.

But I rather wished that she might choose not to sit in Tom's company, though she might be introduced to him. Not but what he could behave quite as well as I could, and much better as regarded elegance and assurance, only that his honesty had not been as one might desire. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*, ch. 46, p. 321, (*ib.* ch. 31, p. 207 and ch. 36, p. 239).

E. KRUISINGA.

WARD in the Christmas Carol.

When editing the Christmas Carol I was unable to give a satisfactory explanation of the passage in the first stave in which the word *ward* occurs: "The Ghost, on hearing this set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance". — An attempt to obtain light on the passage by inserting a question in the *Berichten en Mededelingen* elicited no satisfactory reply. The new instalment of the Oxford Dictionary supplies the answer i. v. *ward*. As some readers will have no easy access to the work, we quote section 19 with some of the examples: "An administrative division of a borough or city; originally, a district under the jurisdiction of an alderman; now usually, a district which elects its own councillors to represent it on the City or Town Council. Also the people of such a district collectively.

1751. *Engl. Gazetteer*. There are four wards here, in each of which are a constable, and two church-wardens. 1824. Chalmers, *Caledonia*. By an Act of Parliament, in 1800, for regulating the police of Glasgow, that city was divided into wards".

It is clear that the ward was at one time a unit for police supervision. It is also shown by other quotations that a ward was under the care of its alderman as a police magistrate. Whether this state of things still existed in Dickens's time seems to me more than doubtful. But the interpretation of the passage is now clear.

K.

Notes and News.

English Studies. We have pleasure in announcing that the next volume of our journal will be enlarged by one or two sheets. To begin with, the February number for 1922 will consist of forty-eight pages instead of the usual thirty-two, and, if possible, another such number will be issued in the second half of the year. That we are able to do so is largely owing to the support of our subscribers and contributors, both of whom are coming forward in steadily increasing numbers. We feel sure that this upward tendency will continue during the year 1922, and reinforce the position of our journal as a stimulus to English studies in Holland.

English Association in Holland. The Association has started work early. Whereas last year our first lectures were not held until the very end of November, this year we have had two series completed before the close of its third week; and whereas then some of our branches did not begin their session before the second part of January, this year all the branches had their first public lecture in the first half of October. As a consequence, all branches report a strong increase of membership, the Nijmegen branch heading the list with about 230. The total membership of the Association is now something between eight and nine hundred.

Mr. Allen Walker's tour had been timed to begin on October 5th, but owing to an accident to an airplane of the K. M. L. N., which was to take him across, he did not arrive in Holland till the next day. The Groningen branch thus had a serious disappointment. On October 28th, Mrs. Postma-Love lectured to its members on *Tennyson*.

The lectures at Utrecht, Haarlem, The Hague, Amsterdam and Rotterdam went off very well. Everywhere Mr. Walker drew large audiences. He dealt with his subject — *London, the Capital of England, the Story of its Birth and Growth* — in an entertaining and popular way, and his excellent slides helped him to hold the attention of his hearers. The point of view which he called upon them to adopt was that of the tourist and sightseer — shall we say that of the London Holiday Course? — rather than that of the student of art and history. It is, however, neither possible nor desirable to exact that all our lectures shall satisfy the expectations of the scholar and the expert.

As Mr. Walker's tour had to be given in two parts with a three days' interval, and the airplane experiment would have to be repeated on Oct. 11th, the Nijmegen branch preferred to cancel the engagement with the lecturer's consent. Three days later, on October 14th, it shared with the *Rotterdamsche Kunstkring* and the *Genootschap Nederland-Engeland, Afd. Amsterdam*, the privilege of receiving one of the greatest of English Shakespeare actors, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. It seems worth while to give some passages from a letter by Mr. J. B. van Amerongen, of Alkmaar, which we regret lack of space prevents us from inserting entirely. The writer saw Forbes-Robertson act in London years ago: "Possessed of a tall, imposing, yet supple figure, a face with large, dreamy eyes, a noble, fine-cut mouth, gestures at once graceful and commanding, a deep, sonorous voice, which made all his splendidly articulated sounds a delight to listen to He dominated the stage, not because everything was made subsidiary to the personal success of the 'star-manager', but by virtue of his own strong personality, and his powerful gifts." "No doubt the years had told upon him in many respects, and it was evident that his throat could hardly bear the strain of a few hours' quiet talk with occasional recitation, and yet even those who did not see and hear everything glorified by remembrance, must have been captivated by this wonderfully refined and gifted man." The leading theatrical critics in Holland have written of Forbes-Robertson, and praised his lecture on *Romance and Reality in Shakespeare's Plays*; but a few words on him should not be absent from the annals of the English Association.

The second series of lectures was given before the local branches at Haarlem, Nijmegen, Utrecht and Groningen, where Mr. E. R. Adair, Senior Assistant in the Department of History of University College, London, lectured on November 19, 21, 22 and 23 respectively. For once the Committee,

instead of accepting the subject proposed by the lecturer, had suggested one themselves, viz. *The Influence of the War on England and English Life*, and the event proved that the suggestion had been a happy one. Himself one of the younger generation whom he spoke about, his lecture must have come as a surprise to many of those who had the old idea in their minds of an England insular, self-satisfied, contemptuous of the foreigner. The reaction against the John Bull spirit had sprung up in England before the war, but the war first gave a chance to the new ideas and ideals. If it initiated little, it accelerated existing tendencies.

Mr. Adair dealt with the effects of the war on the Englishman as a social, a national, a political and an economic animal. There has been a widespread breaking down of old conventions; at the same time Englishmen have lost some of their old solidity, they have become more sensitive; and, on the other hand, there has been a blunting of sensibilities, resulting in a higher rate of criminality. The Englishman has attained to a sense of international selfconsciousness; a desire for friendship with other European countries, whether allied or ex-enemy, has sprung up. The war had a disastrous effect on the state of things in Ireland; at its outset, the English statesmen missed their greatest opportunity of solving the Irish problem. No solution will now be possible so long as there is a strong party in England, prepared to back up Ulster.

On the political side, there has further arisen a distrust of Parliamentary government, a dislike of capitalism, state socialism and bureaucracy. Labour has taken to direct action, strikes have got a political as well as an economic character.

The stimulus that war has given to science and literature could only be touched upon. As regards the latter, the war certainly has brought writers in actual contact with what they wrote about, though Sir Walter Raleigh's phrase "The new Elizabethans" is perhaps rather too optimistic.

Particulars of the next series, which is being arranged to take place in January or February, will be communicated by the branch secretaries.

Modern Studies at Amsterdam University. "Zooals bekend is, geeft het nieuwe Academische Statuut voor het eerst aan de studie van de moderne talen een plaats in het geregelde onderwijs- en examensysteem der Universiteit. Er zal diensgevolge ook aan de Universiteit van Amsterdam gelegenheid zijn tot het afleggen van candidaats- en doctorale examens voor moderne talen, waardoor in de toekomst, naar zich laat aanzien, het meerendeel der docenten in het Fransch, het Duitsch en het Engelsch tot de voor hen noodzakelijke bevoegdheden zal komen.

Tot dusver waren de eenige bevoegdheden daarvoor de zoogenaamde akten M. O. A. en M. O. B. Bepaaldelijk voor het laatste examen vonden de studenten in het Fransch, het Duitsch en het Engelsch in de aan de Universiteit gegeven colleges een belangrijken steun; *de opleiding voor het A examen geschiedde in hoofdzaak buiten de Universiteit; de eigenlijke practische vorming, het zuiver leeren spreken en schrijven van de taal, het begrijpen en interpreteeren van proza en poëzie en de kennis van de schoolgrammatica werd in privaattlessen of cursussen buiten de Universiteit verkregen.*

Daar thans deze practische vorming noodzakelijk is geworden als onderdeel van academische examens, ligt het voor de hand, dat aan

de Universiteit aan de studenten gelegenheid wordt geschonken, zich deze vorming te verschaffen. Het universitair onderwijs is tot dit doel uitgebreid met onderwijs van *assistenten in de moderne talen*, die met kleine groepen van leerlingen in de aangeduide richting werken.

B. en W. van Amsterdam hebben voor den eersten keer als *tijdelijke assistenten* voor het loopende academiejaar benoemd bij het onderwijs in de Fransche taal den heer L. Delibes; bij het onderwijs in de Duitsche taal den heer dr. G. G. Kloeke en bij het onderwijs in de Engelsche taal den heer J. C. G. Grasé." [Press cutting; italics are ours. Ed.]

The appointment of "Assistants" in the teaching of French, German and English at Amsterdam creates a novel position in our Universities. It seems to be intended to be like the position of Assistants in the Faculties of Medicine and Science. If this should prove the case, we may say that the authorities have completely failed to understand what is required. The post of assistant is usually given to young men who are on the point of completing their studies, or have just completed them. For such young men to be examiners or members of the Faculty would be absurd. Yet the task of the Assistants for modern languages will be to prepare students for the 'most important part, indeed the only really important part, of their first examination. Will they be members of the examining Board? Even if this should be the case we are afraid that they will be expected to give an exclusively practical training: they will be *maîtres de langue*. The scientific part of the training will be supposed to be in the hands of the professor and lecturer. We believe that this arrangement, faithfully copied from the German prototype, will have the same result: the study of the modern language, looked upon as an unavoidable concession to practical utility, will be relegated to an inferior position, to the disadvantage both of practical knowledge and of the scientific study of English. That the scientific study of the living language is a necessary part of Modern Studies, and, together with the practical training, deserves to be entrusted to a member of the Faculty of equal status with those in charge of the literature and the older stages of the language, seems a truth that is not fully understood yet in Amsterdam.

Translation.

1. When Alfred was twelve years old, his father — who was passionately fond of hunting — had, while hunting, a quarrel with one Captain Smith, who had served in the body guard of the king of Poland. 2. Alfred's father, irritable and hot-headed, considered himself insulted and, on meeting the old Captain some time after the quarrel, drew his sword and wounded him. 3. The sentence was: a fine and three months imprisonment. 4. But he considered the sentence unjust and, rather than submit, he settled for good in a little village in Alsace. 5. His children he left behind him, a brother of his wife's was to look after them.

6. Alfred was placed at board in a clergyman's house, he learned to play and to get into mischief and for the first time was really a child.

7. After two years his youthful mind received the great shock from which it never quite recovered. 8. The clergyman, whom he had revered, punished

him unmercifully for an offence he had not committed. 9. Something snapped within him, his confidence was shaken and he experienced impotence against injustice. 10. From that day, whenever he saw people or animals ill-treated or read stories of injustice triumphant, his blood boiled and his hands clenched. 11. And this was to grow stronger until the time came when he poured forth, in burning words, his indignation against the universal cause of all oppression and injustice.

12. The charm of the peaceful life in the vicarage was broken — Alfred soon returned to the town. 13. The question now was for which profession he should be trained, that of solicitor or clergyman. 14. The latter attracted him but the inheritance of his mother proved insufficient to defray the expenses of studying. 15. He became a clerk in a solicitor's office, but he disliked the work and his master thought him too stupid for the business. 16. He soon discharged him. 17. Then Alfred was apprenticed to an engraver. 18. His master undertook to initiate his pupil in all the secrets of the trade. 19. Alfred was thirteen years old when the misery of apprenticeship began for him. 20. He was at the mercy of hard-hearted strangers who did not understand the sensitive lad; he suffered from their taunts and unkindness; he always felt hungry and was treated like a slave.

21. His only joy was reading: he read anything and indiscriminately, he was insatiable. 22. When his money was spent he pawned his clothes so as to be able to hire books.

23. Fortunately his apprenticeship did not last long. 24. It came to an end by chance. 25. On free days he used to wander about with his playmates outside the town. 26. Already once or twice, on returning, they had found the gates shut and had spent the night in the open air. 27. His master had punished him and had threatened him so fiercely that the boy became afraid and did not dare to return a third time. Thus he set out into the world in his sixteenth year.

Observations. 1. *A keen sportsman.* — The word *hunting* is applied to the killing of larger animals, fox-hunting, elephant-hunting (elephant-shooting). *Shooting* is the general term. — *Ardently fond of the chase.* *Passionately devoted to hunting.* — *Had some words with.* After having some rather high words with her mother (Sweet, *Elementarbuch*, 37). "Well, sir, we had some words together" (*Strand Magazine*, 1899, 521). After high words on both sides he had struck him (*Tom Brown's Schooldays*). Hot words were passing between the two men (Patrick McGill, *Glenmornan*, p. 153). Also *hard (sharp) words.* *Come to words* was not to be found in our dictionaries or notes, perhaps the phrase was coined on the analogy of *come to blows*, which does not suit, of course. *Fell out with.* *Began to quarrel* [begon te twisten]. — *A certain (A) captain Smit.* — *Life guards.*

2. *Touchy* is too colloquial. *Hot-tempered.* — *Offend* differs from *insult* in that it need not imply intention. See Günther. *Ran across the old captain.* — *He drew the sword:* Unusual because the possessive pronoun is found, as a rule, when the possessor is the subject of an active sentence. — *Injured him* should be *wounded him*. In a railway accident people are *injured*, in a fight *wounded*.

3. *The verdict* = de uitspraak van de jury. The *verdict* had been manslaughter. (Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, *Jane Oglander*). A coroner's jury returned the verdict of "Accidental death". (*Times Weekly*, Jan. 2. 1920). The jury's verdict was "not guilty". The verdict of the public = the opinion pronounced by the public. *Sentence:* decision given by the judge. — *Three*

months' imprisonment. The genitive is not usual in this phrase. Four months imprisonment is a mere fly-blow. (*Twenty Five Years in Seventeen Prisons*). *He was awarded three months imprisonment.*

4. *He thought the sentence unreasonable.* *Unreasonable* is more often used of the relation of people to each other; it implies less discredit to the understanding than *absurd*, *silly*, *foolish*, but more to the will, indicating an unwillingness to conform to reason: "My cousin Clym, too, will be much wounded". "Then he will be very *unreasonable*" (Hardy, *Return of the Native*, I, 69). Two impetuous and *unreasonable* young people (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1904, p. 648). — *Rather than to submit.* After *rather than* the rule is to omit *to* before the infinitive. I had rather die than do it. Rather than risk the condemnation of one innocent man I will allow twenty scoundrels to go unpunished. Rather than submit I resolved to die. We were willing rather to die than submit. (Krüger, *Schwierigkeiten*, § 2474). — *He settled for ever* = voor altijd, voor eeuwig. *He settled permanently* is right. *He settled in a small village in Alsace for good.* The adjunct of place had better come last.

5. *His children he left behind. To take charge of them.* A brother of his wife is correct (See Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*, § 352.) *Would take care of them.* Agreement is better expressed by *to be* + infinitive with *to*.

6. *Alfred was boarded (out) with a clergyman.* — *Minister.* The use of *minister* as the designation of an Anglican clergyman has latterly become rare, and is now chiefly associated with Low Church views (*Oxford Dictionary*.) — *To play pranks (mischievous tricks)* is correct but less suitable on account of the preceding *play*. *Do mischief* does not convey the same meaning. "Well, I don't suppose it took very long for the mischief to be done". (Belloc-Lowndes, *Jane Oglander*, Ch. VI). *A child in the strict sense of the word.*

7. *His childlike mind. His heart of a child* is absurd. *Recover of or from. Entirely (completely) recovered.*

8. *The clergyman he respected* = dien hij eerbiedigde. The words *adore* and *worship* are applied to acts and words of homage (aanbidden). Outward signs are but secondary in the act of adoration. *To worship* is to pay homage by outward forms or in customary places. *Worship* is offered by heathens to stocks and stones. *Reverence* is upon a plane a little different from that of *venerate*, there being sometimes more *fear* suggested by the former and more *sacredness* by the latter. We should *reverence* position, ability and character, we should *venerate* old age. *Revere* differs from *reverence* chiefly in suggesting rather less solemnity or awe (Crabb, and *Century Dictionary*). — *A fault he had not committed.* — *Mercilessly.* He did so *mercilessly* belabour me that the memory of it sets me writhing even now (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1899, p. 110). They beat the animal *unmercifully* (*Strand Magazine*, 1903, p. 284).

9. *His confidence was shocked.* *Shock* in the sense: "destroy the stability of something" is obsolete (N. E. D.) *Powerlessness.* *He felt what it means to be powerless against injustice.*

10. *From that day onward. He saw men or animals being tortured* is too strong [folteren]. *Tease*, on the other hand, is much too weak. — *Triumphant* is often placed after the noun (especially in standing expressions: Church Triumphant) but may precede it as well. There is no reconciling Goodness with triumphant evil (Browning, *La Saisiaz*, 267). A triumphant smile (a smile of triumph). A triumphant general. "Woman Triumphant" by Vicente Blaso Ibañez translated from the Spanish by Hayward Keniston. — *Boil* may be used both in a figurative and a literal sense, *seethe* can only be

used in the former. It had made Lingard *seethe* with indignation (Belloc Lowndes, *Jane Oglander*). *Seething* internal dissensions. (*Strand Magazine*, 1915, p. 250). The water breaks into a *seething* mass of froth (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1904, p. 470). — *His fists (hands) clenched*.

11. *And this was to grow on him*. The current meanings are, according to the *Oxford Dictionary* 1), to increase so as to be more troublesome to: From that hour another phase of his misery began and *grew on* him (Charles Reade, *Cloister and Hearth*, LXV). 2) Of an affection or feeling: to acquire more and more influence over a person. Hence in recent use of an object of contemplation: to gain more and more of a person's liking or admiration. Miss Bennet's pleasing manners *grew on* the good-will of Mrs. Hurst (Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*). Hampstead grows on one and improves with acquaintance (*Harper's Magazine*). *Grow greater*: East of Irkutsk discussions among the Anti-Bolshevists are growing greater (*Times Weekly*, Jan. 30, 1920). — *He poured forth in burning words*. Not expressed, this would mean in measured language. — *Glowing words*. — *The general cause*. *General* is mainly used in three senses 1) universal within the limits of the class or group of things considered: a general law of nature; 2) applicable to many or most of a class indefinitely: a general custom, the general opinion; 3) comprising the whole, opposed to *partial*: a general departure of guests (algemeene uittocht). *Universal* and *general* are related to each other, but the former word takes in every individual and admits of no exceptions.

12. *Had been broken* would suggest an agent. — *Alfred soon returned to town*. Wrong! *Town* without the article means the town where we live or the large town, often the metropolis, referred to in our daily conversation (Poutsma, II, 539).

13. *For what calling*. A choice is offered between two professions, hence *which* is the proper word. — *Notary (public)*. The duties of notaries public differ considerably in different countries. The English notary's chief duties are to note and protest bills of exchange (in our country this is done by a "deurwaarder", a "notaris", or a "griffier"), to authenticate copies of private documents and deeds, to draft and attest instruments like powers of attorney about to be sent abroad, and receive affidavits of mariners, and administer oaths. A great many of the functions of a notary are, however, in England performed by *solicitors*, e.g. the preparation of wills and contracts. Notaries public are appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (in America by the state governor).

14. *The last interested him*. Quite wrong; use the comparative when speaking of two things or persons, besides *interest* is hardly the word we want here. — *He felt drawn to the latter*. — *The legacy left him by his mother*. A *legacy* is merely a bequest, *inheritance* is any property passing by death to those entitled to succeed.

15. *On a lawyer's office* would mean "on the roof of the office"! *He loathed (abominated) the work*. These words express the strongest form of dislike and aversion. *To loathe* is primarily to have great aversion to food, and hence to have like disgust toward that which is offensive to the moral nature or the feelings. *To abominate* has generally reference to what is offensive to moral and religious sentiment. (*Century Dictionary*).

16. *He soon dismissed him*.

17. *Bound apprentice to an engraver*.

18. *His master engaged to instruct him in the mysteries of the trade. Let his pupil into all the secrets of the trade*. Before I was *let into the secret*, as 't is called, which is indeed nothing but the knavish part of the sport

(of horse racing). It 's a good trade let a lad but be diligent and do what he 's bid, he shall be *let into the secret* and share part of the profits. (Quoted N. E. D.) [Dutch in 't geheim nemen.]

19. *Alfred was thirteen or thirteen years old.* We may say: a boy of thirteen years. A girl of twelve years (Bennett: *Anna of the Five Towns*, Ch. I).

20. *He was handed over to harsh strangers.* — *Impressionable* [gevoelig voor indrukken, impressionabel.]. Attentions such as these must have driven a more *impressionable* man out of his sense (W. Black; *Pr. Thule*). — *He always suffered hunger.* Not current, so far as could be ascertained. We suffered so terribly from hunger that we looked for potatoes. (*Times History of the War*, II. 147). — *Treated as a slave* though not strictly in accordance with iron grammar is yet often written. Perhaps *as does not stand here for like, but for as if*.

21. *He read without choice.* This sense of *choice* viz. judgment or skill in distinguishing what is to be preferred is rare. — *Read at random.*

22. *When his money gave out.*

24. *It was finished* does not render the Dutch text. *By an accident* should be *by accident*.

25. *Rove* involves the idea of a future purpose, and is commonly associated with search or wandering in quest of an object.

26. *Two times* is not English. See the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. J. P. P., Rotterdam; Mr. H. S., Leeuwarden; Miss A. v. W., Sliedrecht; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maarlant, Brielle, before January 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Het kantoor van de firma Vermeert en Co. in de Warmoesstraat was een laag vertrek op een eerste verdieping. Vroeger waren het twee kamers geweest, maar de breede porte-brisée was weggenomen, zoodat het nu één langwerpige ruimte was geworden, met drie ramen vóór, aan de straat, en één groot vierkant raam, een raam met negen ruiten, achter aan de binnenplaats. In de achterkamer was de ingang voor het publiek.

Onder dit kantoor was een ander kantoor, en boven waren de magazijnen van de firma, die handel dreef in allerlei goederen voor export.

Vermeert & Co. was een van de voornaamste huizen in deze branche. Het was een oud, soliede huis.

Het was nog zoo'n echt ouderwetsch huis, zeiden ze op de Beurs, zoo'n huis met onbegrensd krediet, maar anders geen chic. Aan luxe op 't kantoor was geen geld besteed, maar er was nog nooit een wissel teruggestuurd als de trekker soliede en het bedrag accoord was. De patroons hadden nooit een privé-kantoor gehad, hun schrijftafels stonden op een halven meter afstand van de bedienden-lessenaars, en een bezoeker kon amper een plaats en een stoel vinden; maar in de woonhuizen van de Vermeets waren altijd vele ruime, kostbaar gemeubelde kamers geweest. En de tegenwoordige Vermeert, die kinderloos was en daarom zijn neef Bandt in de firma had opgenomen, bewoonde nu in Hilversum een prachtige villa.

Oud waren al de dingen op het oude kantoor. De lessenaars die jaar-in jaar-uit stonden te leunen tegen de muren, hadden een onbestemde, grauwege kleur, bevekt hier en daar met oude inktvlekken. Ook op de verkleurde, kaalgelopen vloerbekleding van linoleum waren inktvlekken en op het hout van de krukken en op de pooten van de lessenaars. Gaslampen met stoffige kappen stonden naast rijen inktkokers, inktfleschjes van allerlei formaten en bakken met penhouders en potlooden. Prullenbakken stonden in de schemering onder de lessenaars en in het midden van het vóórvertrek een ronde tafel vol met monsterdoozen en andere zakenrommel.

Het plafond was indertijd wit geweest, beweerde de boekhouder, de eenige, die het weten kon. En het behangsel, zichtbaar hier en daar, was benauwend vol leelijke ornamentieke bloemen van een verschoten groene kleur, op drie of vier plaatsen opgelapt met frisschere stukken die er niet bij pasten.

Aan de ramen vóór stonden over elkaar de twee schrijftafels der firmanten, hun leeren armstoelen er voor en hun prullemanden er naast, alles oud, lang gebruikt en versleten.

Dien morgen was de heer Bandt laat. 't Was negen uur en hij was er nog niet, tot groote bevreemding van den boekhouder, die dikwijls op zijn horloge keek en 't aan zijn oor hield, twijfelend of het soms niet voor liep. De andere bedienden zaten te praten en te lachen, draaiend op hun krukken, maar de boekhouder, een ernstig man ergerde zich over hun gegichel en keek nu en dan knorrig om naar den correspondent, die toch ook al een getrouwd man was en zich niet meer zoo moest afgeven met die kwajongens.

Reviews.

La Pensée de Milton. Par DENIS SAURAT, Docteur ès lettres, Professeur agrégé d'anglais au Lycée de Bordeaux. Bibliothèque de Philologie et de Littérature modernes. Librairie Félix Alcan. 1920. 363 pp. 20 francs + 20 % majoration provisoire.

When I first saw the title *La Pensée de Milton* on a bulky volume, I had a mingled feeling of relief and astonishment. The romantic light in which Masson and Macaulay had placed the man and the poet Milton has for some years past been rapidly fading. Especially the man has been subjected to severe and bitter criticism. Critics of no mean standing have maintained that Milton was a liar, a forger, a vainglorious individualist; some have even gone so far as to call him bodily deformed and mentally deranged. In one of the next numbers of our periodical I shall give a general survey of these attacks and try to weigh the arguments. But I may now already confess that I feel little sympathy for such like persecutions of dead men, and that they give me the unpleasant feeling of maligning and slander.

The title *La Pensée de Milton* lifted me at once out of this fog of back-biting into the pure air of abstract philosophy. And my great expectations grew when I read one of the first sentences of the book: "On a trop remplacé Milton dans son siècle, et on nous a trop fait voir en lui l'homme de son temps, de sorte que nous ne sommes que trop portés à nous représenter une figure raide du XVII^e siècle puritain anglais, et cette figure est peu attrayante et peu intéressante". — This high disdain of earlier and later criticism made one expect that M. Saurat had undertaken quite a new task. Milton was to be grouped together with the great men of thought of all ages, — be they called Aristotle, St. Thomas or Kant, — the man was to retire into the background, and *la Pensée* come forward in all its objective clearness, unpolluted by personal bias.

I felt relieved; but at the same time I could not help feeling astonished. I wondered how M. Saurat would manage to write a book of 360 royal octavo pages close print on *la Pensée* of a man who is known to be a great poet, a passionate writer, a remarkable or peculiar man, but who has never had the reputation of being a great and original thinker.

On looking through the book, however, one's curiosity gradually subsides and disappointment grows.

It consists of three parts.

It begins with a Life of Milton, and you feel yourself at once driven miles away from the objective consideration of pure thought. *L'homme de son temps* imposes himself from the very outset, and you resign yourself to the study of a new and revised edition of old acquaintances such as Masson, Pattison

or Garnett. — Only this life of Milton is not new nor revised. It is entirely based on Masson, and illustrated with the usual quotations from Milton's prose works. It brings the traditional versions of Milton's visit to Galileo, of his heroic return from Italy, of his splendid indignation in *Eikonoclastes*, and so on.

The second part, from p. 121 to p. 223, headed *Le Système*, exclusively derived from Milton's treatise *De Doctrina Christiana*, answers better to the title of the whole. The results obtained, however, are a little problematical. Stopford Brooke, a very competent critic, devotes three pages of his beautiful little manual (Macmillan, 1881) to a statement of Milton's religious opinions, in so far as they have any bearing on the interpretation of his poems. After reading M. Saurat's book the reader will have gone through a great many quotations and a heap of big and learned words, but he will hardly be any wiser about *la Pensée de Milton*.

The third part, entitled *l'Expression*, is the most original one; its first "Section" is even entirely new in this connection. It discusses the "Sources et interprétation" of the old stories about the fall of the angels and of man. — The second and last "Section", occupying about 60 pages, more than two thirds of which are quotations, is for the student of literature the most interesting part of the whole. It treats of the three great poems, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, as embodying M. Saurat's and partly, perhaps, Milton's ideas of man and the world.

It is of course impossible in a brief summary, to do full justice to a book of 360 pages. But this summary will at least show the reader that it is not a matter of extraordinary difficulty to write a thick book on *La Pensée de Milton*. The introductory Life occupies almost a third part of the whole. Another third part, at least, is filled with quotations, which are given twice over: in French and in English. Only the original and unexpected Section on *Sources et interprétation* demands closer attention. More of this anon.

But perhaps we are unjust in our criticism of the book as a whole by mistaking it for a scholarly contribution to the study of Milton. The author can hardly have meant it as such. For all its scholarly apparatus, it is not the work of a scholar but of a *littérateur* and of a preacher.

The author is a *littérateur*. His style is smooth and fluent, and if at first the book had my sympathy, if many another ingenuous student is sure to read it with enthusiasm, it is on account of the style. The style gives to the most hackneyed truism the glitter of a discovery, and to a halting reasoning or an unsupported contention the impressiveness of an argument. — Listen how the author summarizes in one sentence his heterogeneous subject-matter. "Je veux essayer de montrer l'homogénéité de tout Milton, l'unité de l'homme même, dans les actes de sa vie privée et politique, et du penseur, et du poète" (p. 2). How natural sound the headings of its three parts: 1o. *La Formation*, 2o. *Le Système*, 3o. *l'Expression*! And is not the title of the whole book: *La Pensée de Milton*, a good find? — As a *littérateur* he wishes to write a popular book for the public at large. Something about Milton ought to be known "dans les pays où Milton est à peu près totalement inconnu" (p. 229). Therefore he gives all his quotations in French. An alphabetical index he rightly considers as superfluous in a work of this character. Such a thing would give it too scholarly a semblance. Except in the one already noted Section, the author does not pretend to be a scholar. He frankly gives us to understand that he does not know Latin (p. 102). The long quotations from Milton's Latin works he gives in the English translation of J. A. St. John and Ch. R. Sumner, which has appeared

in Bohn's Libraries, and in his turn he translates this English translation into French. On the whole I think he has reached his own aim, and has succeeded in writing a pleasant reading-book for people who know little of Milton and who are in sympathy with M. Saurat's philosophical views. Only, Dutch readers will require some acquaintance with the conditions and ideas existing in certain circles in France, before they will grasp how a work of this nature could find a place on the shelves of a *Bibliothèque de Philologie et de Littérature Modernes*.

In any case sympathy is necessary to enjoy this reading-book, just as sympathy is necessary to enjoy a sermon. For the author is not only a littérateur, but he is also a sermonizing pantheist, a pantheist of a decided and combative character. The stories of the Bible are to him merely "des mythes" (p. 231 and passim). "Nous avons perdu le sens des vieilles croyances" (p. 357) he declares with a majestic plural. Spinoza appears to him as the greatest philosopher of the seventeenth century, and George Meredith is not only one of the greatest novelists but also one of the greatest thinkers of our own times. (p. 358). The desire to vent, and win adherents for, his metaphysical opinions must have inspired the whole work. This tendency is not revealed by the producing of arguments. The author is far too cute to give himself away. Except in the Section on sources, he avoids arguments. He is a littérateur. He knows the force of suggestiveness and does not lose a single opportunity to call his pantheism "la science moderne." This expression, varying with "la pensée moderne", "l'homme moderne", "la philosophie moderne", recurs on nearly every page. In one respect this glowing conviction is an advantage. It instils his book with palpitating life. — But when we hear the author in the first sentence of his book enunciate its purpose as being "de déterminer ce qu'il y a d'humain et de durable dans la pensée de Milton" (p. 1), we cannot help thinking that a zealot of strong subjectivity is not the best qualified for such a research.

Down to the time of Chateaubriand Milton could be regarded as a Christian author and *Paradise Lost* as a Christian epic. But shortly afterwards this illusion was dispelled. Towards the end of his life Milton had been preparing for the press an elaborate theological treatise. Death prevented him from publishing it, and political intrigue snatched the MS. from Elzevier's Amsterdam press in 1675. Since then it had remained hidden in one of the presses of the old State Paper Office, until it was disinterred again in 1823. Two years afterwards it was edited and translated by C. R. Sumner and published at the expense of King George IV. under the title: *Joannis Miltoni Angli de Doctrina Christiana libri duo posthumi*. Cantabrigiae, 1825. ¹⁾ It now appeared that only by courtesy could Milton be called an orthodox Christian, that his theology was open to a great many charges besides the old one of Arianism. The book is supposed to have rendered great service in the interpretation of many veiled allusions in Milton's poetical and other works ²⁾, but it has hardly enhanced his reputation as a profound thinker. Even his most generous admirers have not been able to extend their admiration to this collection of biblical texts torn from their context and interspersed with superficial argumentations. — Its principal doctrines are concisely summarized

¹⁾ Mark Pattison even calls it "a prose counterpart of the epics". I am inclined to think, however, that its value as a commentary is somewhat exaggerated. Milton was an extremely subjective man of strong moods and passions; and such men often pursue incompatible lines of thought. The poet with his singing-robcs about him and the crabbed prosewriter may very well have lived in different worlds.

²⁾ Another edition, *Brunsvigæ* 1827, is in the Groningen University Library.

by Stopford Brooke in the above cited booklet.¹⁾ The well-known quotation: *Non solum a Deo sed ex Deo sunt omnia* has offended many orthodox ears as sounding dangerously like pantheism. And on account of such like utterances have the intricate reasonings of *Paradise Lost* V, 472 ss. indeed been interpreted in a vaguely pantheistic sense ²⁾.

Let us try for a moment to find a wider outlook.

The Revival of Learning caused a resuscitation of the study of philosophy. The adherents of Scholasticism had killed their own system by their disquisitions of sterile abstruseness and even more by the clumsiness of their style. No true son of the Renaissance could be expected to acknowledge himself a Scholastic; and therefore each tried to find a new source of inspiration in one or other of the innumerable Greek or Roman systems: A wild flight of heterogeneous theories were let loose over Europe. Platonism, Alexandrism, Stoicism, Atomism, Scepticism, even Cabbalism were in turn applied to the solution of the great problems, until the best wits began to recognize that first and foremost a well-defined scientific method of research had to be found.

Before Bacon and Hobbes the English Renaissance made no real contribution of its own to philosophy. Bacon's Great Instauration was a methodical one. His disciple proved its inadequacy by elaborating in *Leviathan* an original system of thought — the first in England — along deductive lines rejected by the master. But before these two pioneers philosophical writings in England were mainly controversial, about Ramus's new method of knowledge. Yet the continental huddle of theories must have been reflected in the English universities, in spite of their exclusiveness. The language of learning throughout Europe was the same, and in England, if anywhere, the Renaissance, cooperating as it did with the Reformation, must have produced a welter of theories.

In this comprehensive interchange of opinions it is a matter of extraordinary difficulty to trace any one idea to its real source. The principal writings of that time have probably reached Milton from the whole continent; and just for that reason it is rash to conclude from some casual reference or other that he had more than a hear-say knowledge of any of the old works of original thought, classical or Christian; and for the same reason it would require a detailed and intimate knowledge of the vast philosophical and theological literature of the period to say with any degree of probability which theories expressed by Milton are original and which were derived from others. — But if there is one system more than another that found adherents in England, and which, therefore, is likely to have influenced Milton, it is Platonism ³⁾. Platonism, as it was then understood, was mostly Neo-platonism, and Neo-platonism meant pantheism. Pantheism was in the air. The two most typical philosophers of the Renaissance were Montaigne the sceptic and Giordano Bruno the pantheist, half a century before Spinoza built up the system as a whole and thus became the father of modern pantheism, just as Hobbes was the father of materialism. Pantheistic influences upon Milton, therefore, are not far to seek.

¹⁾ More fully in Masson VI, 817—838.

²⁾ Cf. Anna von der Heide, *Das Naturgefühl in der englischen Dichtung im Zeitalter Miltons*. Heidelberg, 1915. Masson VI, 825. 839.

³⁾ Cf. Kurt Schröder, *Platonismus in der Englischen Renaissance*. Palaestra LXXXIII. Berlin, 1920. — *Cambridge Hist. of Engl. Lit.*, VII, 278.

To M. Saurat, however, everything pantheistic in Milton is original and ingenious. Milton's most splendid idea is "l'idée de la matière divine, impérissable et bonne, part de Dieu, et dont tout sort spontanément¹⁾, de sorte que l'âme séparée du corps n'existe pas; que tous les êtres sont en leur substances des parties de Dieu, organisées en une gradation évolutionniste, sans différence entre les choses, les animaux et les hommes" (p. 212). And he adds enthusiastically that this idea "contient les germes d'une conception de l'univers en harmonie complète avec les vues de la science moderne (!), et les principes d'un panthéisme rationaliste d'un intérêt encore actuel" (ib.). Elsewhere this Neo-platonic *materia divina* tempts M. Saurat to the declamation: "C'est ici le point central de la conception miltonienne (? perhaps rather Sauratienne) du monde physique et de la création entière, et c'est le point le plus original (!) de son système, la base substantielle de la plupart des idées qui le séparent de ses contemporains et lui donnent droit au titre de penseur original!" (p. 146). Towards the end of his book he tries to make out that Milton agrees in some of the most fundamental questions with Spinoza and with Meredith. He finds himself happy to have discovered in Milton some passages that may be construed so as to agree with the author's own convictions. And he concludes: "Ses points de contact avec Spinoza nous donnent la mesure de sa force; ses points de contact avec Meredith nous donnent l'assurance de sa solidité; et ces deux grands esprits si différents nous sont témoins, à des époques si diverses, de la valeur, et de la valeur permanente, de la pensée de Milton" (p. 359). This is the last sentence of his book, and it makes us suspect that he has chosen his title *La Pensée de Milton* because to him it was synonymous with *Le Panthéisme de Milton*. A more truthful title for the main part of the book (indirectly only for the introductory Life, and not at all for the "critical" section) would have been: *Modern pantheism praised and commended with quotations from Milton*.

According to the fly-leaf M. Saurat has also written a work entitled *Blake and Milton. A study of the relationship between the two poets' characters and systems of thought*. Bordeaux, 1920. Small wonder. A visionary like Blake may even better than Milton serve as a starting-point for pantheistic enthusiasm.

The author seems to feel himself spiritually related to Milton; perhaps his spirit has even a closer relation to Blake's, after due allowance made for the difference of scale. He is a skilful man of letters but in matters theological and philosophical he has yet to learn the meaning of words. For instance, Milton says (*Doctr. Christ. I* cp. 1) that God has revealed himself "non qualis in se est, sed qualem nos capere possumus", which is simply the old scholastic doctrine, in perfect harmony with the strictest orthodoxy. But our author makes a good deal of these expressions and thinks that they cast a lurid light on Milton's faith in the Bible (p. 132), and he even dares to conclude *from these expressions* that according to Milton "ce que Dieu dit de lui-même ne doit pas être pris trop au sérieux" (p. 289)!

To dabble in theology is an alluring hobby but to understand Milton's theological and philosophical terms, even in an English or French translation, presupposes more knowledge or requires more caution than a hasty French littérateur can afford.

In the last "Section" the littérateur is in his own domain: *Les Grands Poèmes*. But of course he can see those poems only in the light which his own little bull's eye lantern throws upon them. In this light he sees little

¹⁾ M. Saurat (p. 153) has completely misunderstood *Doctr. Christ. I*, c. 8 towards the end.

if anything of God or Christ or of Christian or Biblical doctrine in *Paradise Lost* and the other poems. If they are there, they are not worth his attention, they stand outside the essence, the real meaning of the poems. They are mere poetical embellishments, "pure littérature" (p. 288).

The essence, the real meaning of the three great poems is an every-day phenomenon: the conflict between reason and sensual passion in the human heart. Milton thinks mainly of the conflict in his own heart, and what he really wants to give us is merely a psychological analysis of his own self in various allegorical forms. Every movement of his spirit is represented in a speech or a description, but the main personifications in each poem are sensual passion and, hostile to it and triumphant over it, human reason.

In *Paradise Lost* sensual passion of course must be Satan. Of passion there is plenty in Satan, but the author experiences some difficulty in finding sensuality in him. We shall presently see how he does find it, however. — Reason is occasionally personified by God, occasionally by the Angels, but on the whole Reason finds utterance in the words of Milton himself, because he describes Satan as he describes his enemies. He heaps insults on Satan's head and "traite Satan comme l'anonyme Gauden et le célèbre Saumaise, en ennemi personnel" (p. 313). Therefore Milton himself is the true hero of the epic, and not, as critics have hitherto believed, Lucifer, nor Christ, nor Adam (p. 300). In this respect *Paradise Lost* resembles the *Divina Commedia* "que dans les deux épopées le poète est le principal héros" (p. 302).

In *Paradise Regained* Passion is Satan again, and Reason is represented by Christ. Christ stands for "l'homme qui triomphe de la tentation" (p. 336). His divinity is an "accessoire poétique" (ib.). The whole poem is a sort of dialogue between "l'avocat de la passion" and "le représentant de la saine raison humaine" (p. 337), so that it resolves itself into an allegory or at least "est aussi près que possible de l'allégorie" (ib.).

In *Samson Agonistes* we have the final battle between Reason and Passion and at the same time Milton's complete liberation from the trammels of dogma! — In his first great poem "il entend faire entrer tout ce qui relève de la littérature" (p. 291), though even then he "méprise les vieilles superstitions" (ib.), just as M. Saurat. In *Paradise Regained* "Milton fait un premier pas pour se débarrasser de la mythologie . . . Dans *Samson*, Milton fait le second pas et se libère complètement du dogme [this is a synonym of "mythologie"]: il n'en retient plus qu'un Dieu-Destin" (p. 344).

In this way Milton's poems dwindle down to something like Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. I do not doubt but that, if the same method is applied, nearly every work of literature can be reduced to an allegory on the conflict between Passion and Reason, from Shakespeare's plays and Vondel's *Lucifer* down to Thomson's *Hound of Heaven*.

In quite an unexpected rôle M. Saurat appears in his "Section" entitled *Sources et interprétations* (p. 225—279). Here he indulges in "higher criticism". He is going to explore Milton's sources, and he does it in a very thorough-going way. The usual references to Du Barbas and others are dismissed in a contemptuous footnote (p. 228). M. Saurat goes farther afield. He traces Milton's stories to their very origins and studies the fall of man and the fall of the Angels as they first appear in the Bible and in Jewish or Christian tradition. French scholars have always shown a marked predilection for the "histoire des dogmes." M. Saurat manages to drag the subject even into a book on Milton. But one would think this branch of study a rather risky undertaking for a man who knows neither classical nor oriental languages.

M. Saurat is aware of it. He warns the reader: "la plus grande prudence est nécessaire sur ce terrain", and in a little footnote he modestly adds that "les chances d'erreur sont multipliées par l'inexpérience et la témérité" (p. 231). Témérité indeed! We might perhaps appreciate this modest confession in a hidden corner but for the presumptuousness of the whole book.

The Section contains three chapters: *Sources Hébraïques, l'Ere Chrétienne, Les Pères de l'Eglise*.

The data used in the first and second Chapters have been indicated to the author by the well-known Orientalist of the Sorbonne, M. Ad. Lods (p. 231), those for the third chapter by M. de Faye. — But scholarly references are double-edged weapons in the hands of an unscholarly writer.

For the story of the fall of man M. Lods has referred him to Gunkel's *Genesis übersetzt und erklärt* (Göttingen 1901). With the help of this 19th-century pupil of the radical Wellhausen school, who begins his book with the inscription: "Die Genesis ist eine Sammlung von Sagen", M. Saurat finds in Milton's biblical story of the fall of man little more than a description in legendary garb of the growth of sexual passion in the age of puberty!

The significance of sexual passion is traced further in *l'Ere Chrétienne*. Bousset's *Die Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter*, which he has borrowed from M. Lods, has shown him mainly that St. Paul agrees pretty well with (Saurat's) Milton in his presentment of the conflict between reason and sexual passion. Only "Milton avait en plus un sens profond de la nature humaine normale" (p. 249). Poor St. Paul!

For his chapter on *Les Pères de l'Eglise* M. Lods has left him in the lurch and he has asked the advice of M. de Faye, who has sent him his book on *Gnostiques et Gnosticisme* (p. 260). Therefore his method changes entirely. He does not now try to penetrate into the deeper underlying meaning of the works of the Fathers in order to find there his favourite conflict. He ignores their meaning and their works, and only summarizes "l'opinion générale des premiers Pères" from *Le Catéchisme Romain* (Montréjean 1905) of Canon Bareille "une des autorités les plus récentes de l'Eglise romaine"! (p. 260) and the only authority on catholic theology he seems to know (cp. p. 229). — Instead of this he collects all Milton's references to the Fathers, shares his "mépris peu voilé pour les excentricités des premiers Pères" (p. 253), and feels himself happy to discover that Milton had more sympathy for the doctrine of the Gnostics than for that of the Fathers, for now he can produce from De Faye some Gnostic indications of his Reason-Passion conflict.

The way in which M. Saurat makes this discovery is characteristic. In his *Areopagitica* Milton haughtily refers to Irenaeus, Epiphanius and Jerome, saying that they "discover more heresies than they well confute". And now M. Saurat at once draws his conclusion. For two of those Fathers have written against the Gnostics! (p. 258, 261). This is clinching!! M. Saurat does not investigate whether Milton had ever read a word of the Gnostics, nor whether he remembered or even knew more of Irenaeus and Epiphanius than the often cited title of one of their works: *Adversus Haereses*. Whatever Puritan makes a skit at this title may be hailed as a free-thinking Gnostic!

St. Augustine fares a little better at Saurat's hands than the other Fathers. He is granted a few quotations from a French translation of *De Civitate Dei* (p. 264 ss.), and he even seems to deserve the honour of being placed almost on a level with Milton. For the author speaks of the two as of "les deux théologiens" and "les deux penseurs" (p. 270, 269). But this is mere appearance. When Milton rejects St. Augustine's "crabbed opinions", then,

according to M. Saurat, "le poète exprime sur le Père le jugement de l'esprit moderne" (p. 267). And after having brought the Saint into contradiction with himself by a bold "par conséquent" (p. 271, cf. p. 268), the author triumphantly concludes "Milton s'avance bien au delà d'Augustin, jusque dans la science moderne" (p. 271).

The reason why the great Doctor of the Church for the rest finds grace in M. Saurat's eyes, is that in the *Confessiones* the conflict between reason and passion is represented in about the same way as in M. Saurat's explanation of *Paradise Lost*.

The same motif as in the story of the fall of man can with some good will be detected in that of the fall of the Angels. M. Saurat wants it for his theory, as we have seen, and although critics have hitherto failed to find it in the Satan of *Paradise Lost*, he insists that sexual passion is really there (p. 166, 239, 240, 296). He finds it in the allegory of Bk. II v. 760 ss., in which more sober-minded readers have always seen nothing but a bold paraphrase of the Apostolic text: "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death". Nowhere else in *Paradise Lost* is Lucifer said to have committed any sexual sin. Yet M. Saurat has managed to discover a second proof for the presence of his indispensable sensuality in Milton's Satan.

The question is discussed in the chapter on the *Sources Hébraïques* under the auspices of M. Ad. Lods. This explains the remarkable discovery. M. Lods has edited some fragments of the well-known apocryphal *Book of Henoch*¹⁾. In the Book of Henoch sexual transgressions are ascribed to some of the Angels. And M. Saurat now discovers that Milton knew and made use of a fragment of the Book of Henoch, preserved by Georgius Syncellus, and published in 1652 (p. 237). — This is interesting, and the author knows it is. Thrilling with excitement he produces his first and decisive argument.

Paradise Lost I, 530 ss. says that Lucifer commands his mighty standard to be upreared;

that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall

and the standard forthwith

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd.

"Or," says M. Saurat, "Azazel n'est mentionné que dans le livre d'Hénoch comme l'un des chefs des anges tombés . . . Les commentateurs ont éprouvé des difficultés à expliquer l'Azazel de Milton, aucun n'ayant eu recours au *livre d'Hénoch* . . . Même Masson ne trouve aucune explication satisfaisante d'Azazel . . . Les commentateurs se sont demandé souvent la raison de l'expression "as his right", "par droit". Le livre d'Hénoch fournit l'explication probable. Azazel porte l'étendard par droit parce que c'est lui qui l'a fabriqué. En effet (Lods, p. 73 chap. VIII, v. I.) "Azazel apprit aux hommes à faire des épées et des armes, . . ., et il leur montra les métaux et l'art de les travailler, . . ., et les objets de parure, et l'antimoine, et les diverses pierres précieuses, et les substances colorantes." Milton dit:

With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed.

Dans l'ordre même d'Hénoch, "diverses pierres précieuses" est traduit

¹⁾ *Le Livre d'Hénoch*. Fragments Grecs, découverts à Akhmim (Haute-Egypte), publiés avec les variantes du texte Éthiopien, traduits et annotés par Adolphe Lods. Paris 1892.

par "gems", et "substances colorantes" par "golden lustre rich emblazed" (p. 238 s.).

Then follow a few less striking arguments which the author calls "ressemblances générales" illustrated with quotations in French and in English, too long to be reproduced here. (p. 239—245).

And the author concludes (p. 245): "Ces ressemblances générales, jointes aux détails précis du nom et des attributs d'Azazel, semblent prouver de façon décisive que Milton connaissait le fragment d'*Hénoch* du Syncelle. L'importance particulière de ce fait pour cette étude est dans une conception plus arrêtée du rôle de la sensualité dans le caractère de Satan et dans la chute en général. Car le motif de la chute dans Hénoch, la source de tout le mal sur la terre, est la luxure Et c'est bien là un des courants principaux de la pensée de Milton."

In its simplest form the reasoning seems to be this:

Milton knew the Book of Henoch. — In the Book of Henoch the fallen Angels were sensual. — Therefore Milton's Satan was sensual.

Stripped of its wordiness the argument is not even specious; I should offend the reader if I tried to explode it. Let M. Saurat ride his hobby to death.

But the first premiss is of literary importance; and the author is probably very sanguine that future commentators of *Paradise Lost* will quote his book and adopt his explanation of Azazel. — Unfortunately he has weakened his position by a tactical mistake; for after the last quoted sentence he continues in the following manner (p. 245): "Il est un détail intéressant du *Livre d'Hénoch* que Milton n'a pu connaître ce trait n' étant pas dans le fragment du Syncelle, et cependant il résoudrait une des contradictions les plus évidentes et les plus critiquées du *Paradis perdu* Milton nous présente Dieu intronisant son Fils:

This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son (V, 603 s.).

Or, ce Fils n'avait pu être conçu "en ce jour" et présenté aux anges, puisque c'était lui-même qui avait, dès l'origine, créé et le monde et les anges. Le *Livre d'Hénoch* nous propose une solution ingénieuse de la difficulté: le Fils existait bien dès avant la création, mais Dieu l'avait tenu caché jusqu'au jour choisi pour sa révélation."

This explanation from a passage "que Milton n'a pu connaître" of a simple paraphrase of Psalm II, 7 ("Thou art my Son; this day I have begotten thee"), explained by every commentator, is bound to stir misgivings about the other arguments.

Indeed, the whole display of M. Saurat's learning evaporates at a closer scrutiny. — I shall briefly produce the facts and texts and let the reader judge for himself.

The *Chronographia* of Georgius Syncellus was published at Paris in 1652 by a Dominican Friar Jacobus Goar, and this work contains an extract from the Book of Henoch. — So far M. Saurat is right. — The Greek text with the Latin translation was published again and more critically by Wilhelm Dindorf in the *Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantinae* vol I. Bonnae 1829. — This also M. Saurat has learned correctly from M. Lods. Only by a slip of the pen he writes (p. 237): Bohn 1829; for I hope he does not think that it has appeared in Bohn's Libraries, just as his translation of *De Doctrina Christiana*? — The book of Henoch itself had got lost in Europe and was first discovered again in an Ethiopic version towards the end of the 18th century. Since 1800 it has been published a great many times;

most recently and best by R. H. Charles (Oxford 1906; English translation, Oxford 1912.) An old Greek version of a rather long passage of the Book of Henoch, differing in many details from the Ethiopic version and still more from Syncellus' extracts, was found in an old Egyptian tomb in 1886 and published in 1892 by M. U. Bouriant in Greek, and more elaborately and critically by M. Ad. Lods in Greek and in French.

The fatal error now into which M. Saurat falls is that in his ignorance of Latin and Greek he quotes M. Lods' French translation of a text discovered in the 19th century as having inspired our 17th century poet. If he had turned, — if he *could* have turned to the version published by Goar and Dindorf, which is the only one that Milton *can* have known, he would have found something different. — Goar's edition is rather scarce; but Dindorf's is to be found in every public library. In both ¹⁾ there is the same Latin translation:

"Primus Azael (sic!) qui gladios, thoracas, et omne bellicum instrumentum, et terrae metalla conflare, aurum quoque et argentum qua tractarent arte muliebrem mundum composituri adinvenit; qua polirent etiam, et electis lapidibus nitorem adjicerent, et colores fucarent, instruxit. Ista sibi filiabusque suis comparaverunt filii hominum."

The Greek original shows still clearer that the object of Azael's teaching was for men the implements of war and for women the objects of adornment. In a word for word translation from the Greek the crucial sentence runs: "And they made finery for the women and silver; and he [Azael; another form of the name, says Goar, was Azazel] taught them how to assume a radiant and beautiful appearance and to use precious stones and cosmetics."

Where is Milton's Azazel? And where is the standard, which he claimed "as his right", and which was "with golden lustre rich emblazed"? — One could wish that M. Saurat had merely committed a blunder, because Goar's or Dindorf's text was inaccessible to him. But even in M. Lods' text he found the name "Azael" for which he has silently substituted Milton's "Azazel"; even in M. Lods' translation the context makes it sufficiently clear that the subject spoken of is feminine adornment; but M. Saurat has carefully omitted the context. Here is M. Lods' French translation.

"Azaël apprit aux hommes à faire des épées et des armes et des boucliers et cuirasses, enseignements des anges; et il leur montra les métaux et l'art de les travailler, et les bracelets et les objets de parure, et l'antimoine et le fard pour teindre les paupières, et les diverses pierres précieuses et les substances colorantes." ²⁾

Who ever will maintain that Azaël's invention of these "substances colorantes" can justify Milton's Azazel to claim as his right the honour of rearing Satan's standard, merely because the description of this standard includes that it was "with gems and golden lustre rich emblazed"?

Dishonesty is worse than ignorance.

M. Saurat may well give up all hope that the Book of Henoch will ever

¹⁾ Dindorf p. 20; Goar p. 12. In a footnote on p. 1 Dindorf says "Interpretatio Latina Goari est, quam ego plane non attigi"; on p. 20, where the extracts from Henoch begin, he adds: "In libro Henoch sequor interpretationem Silvestri de Sacy, quae addita est Laurentii editioni". — The Frenchman De Sacy and the Englishman R. Laurence were among the first editors of the Ethiopic version. I do not know what translation they have given. But my friend Mr. A. Bernaerts has been good enough to copy out the above passage from the original Goar copy in the British Museum and I find that Dindorf has in no way deviated from Goar's translation.

²⁾ Lods l. c. p. 73.

be adduced again to explain the words of Milton, and that his one great discovery will ever be adopted by a serious commentator.

Some good friend should advise him to leave Henoch alone, to leave theology and philosophy alone, to leave Milton alone. And if he aspires again to the glories of authorship, let him write a Pindaric Ode on "la science moderne" and he will find some real admirers, or let him prepare a Morality-play on the conflict between Reason and Sexual Passion, and it may be brought before the public with some hope of success.

Heerlen, 2 October 1921.

FR. A. POMPEN.

A Note on the Teaching of 'English Language and Literature', with some Suggestions. By R. B. MCKERROW, LITT. D. English Association Pamphlet no. 49. 1921. 1/— net.

The former Lecturer in English Literature and Bibliography at King's College (University of London), after a few introductory remarks about the wide-spread dissatisfaction with the teaching of English in his country, analyses 'The English Course as it is' (pp. 6-16) and makes 'Some Suggestions for Reform' (pp. 16-32). Some of the criticisms apply especially to England, especially the unsatisfactory character of the teaching of the older stages of the language, but most of them apply to the study of English in other countries as well, at least if we assume that 'the English course shall be as good an instrument of general training as the classical course'. For this classical course affords when at its best 'a very fine all-round education, not only in literary appreciation and technique, but also in clearness of thought and in reasoned exposition, in the understanding of a most interesting and important period of the world's history, in art, and in philosophy'.

Although the criticisms of current methods may not be so interesting as the suggestions for improvement, a few quotations may be in place. 'No sane person would try to teach English to a foreigner ignorant of the language by the aid of a book of selections consisting of snippets from Chaucer, Burns, the Authorized Version of the Bible, Anstey's *Voces Populi*, the Sam Weller passages of *Pickwick*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy*, and yet such a procedure would be only a little more absurd than to place in the hands of a beginner in Old English a Reader containing examples of the language taken from periods some four centuries apart, and from dialects extending from north of the Humber to Kent and from East Anglia to Wessex.' The author wisely acknowledges that 'if a man is to be trained as an expert in Old English, there is no harm in his studying it on the lines at present followed,' but suggests that for the beginner it would be far preferable if he made himself thoroughly familiar with some definite dialects, say King Alfred's, Chaucer's, and Shakespeare's.

In the study of English literature the writer complains that far too little attention is paid to the study of English and European history, social and intellectual rather than political. He also points out that the history of English literature cannot be divorced from that of classical and continental, especially medieval, literature. 'In the first place it is absolutely essential that a student of English literature should have read the important works of the Latin writers. It is not in the least essential that he should read them in the original, but a student to whom Virgil, Cicero, Ovid, Terence, Juvenal, and Horace are no more than names cannot hope to attain a real understanding of the development of modern literature'. These quotations will probably suffice to convince our readers that the paper is worth considering seriously.

E. KRUSINGA.

Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association.
Volume VI. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1920.

The fifth volume (1914) was the last of the studies by members of the English Association that appeared before the outbreak of the war. The series has now been resumed and there does not appear any sign of a break, either in the outward appearance or in the substance of these studies. The only difference, but a difference that has nothing to do with the war, is that it is the first volume that presents a purely philological study.

Dr. Henry Bradley opens the volume with an interesting essay on the Caedmonian Genesis. He reviews the well-known story of the theory of Sievers, proved to be correct some twenty years later by the discovery of a Vatican manuscript containing fragments of the Oldsaxon poem postulated by Sievers. His chief purpose, however, is to discuss the original part of the poem (Genesis A) with respect to its source, and to compare its spirit with that of the author of the interpolation (Genesis B). Of the elder Genesis he says that "we ought to regard it as an attempt to supply the need for a vernacular translation of Holy Scripture . . . The author of the Low German poem which is the origin of the 'Later Genesis' was a man of a very different type from his Northumbrian predecessor. If he was not illiterate, at least he gives no decisive evidence of scholarship; and he was unmistakably a genuine poet."

Professor Ker contributes a short article on 'The Humanist Ideal', commenting on the terms romantic and classical and the value of the Aristotelian unities for the French drama. He notes that the classical Greek drama was not really known to the Renaissance writers, though scholars might read the plays.

'Trollope Revisited' by Professor Saintsbury may result in some readers following the professor's example, although his style seems to please English readers better than it can do us. The very first sentence seems to be an admirable example of his method of using long sentences, made intricate by parenthetic clauses, which seem to be full of important matter, but on closer examination prove to be practically meaningless. Here it is: "A good many years, and even more than one or two decades, ago, the present writer, in a little book now for some time out of print and forgotten, attempted a 'Corrected Impression' of Anthony Trollope's novels, with which he had then been acquainted for an even larger period than that which has elapsed since." Comment seems superfluous.

Mr. George Sampson contributes a lively defence of Stevenson's originality as a prose-writer, and there is an essay on Joseph Conrad by Mr. F. Melian Stawell.

The last study already alluded to is by Professor Wyld on South-Eastern and South-East Midland dialects in Middle English, an attempt to localise some Middle English texts. The result is that we must assume a far more intricate system of dialects than scholars are generally prepared to do. The old fashion of labelling texts as Southern, Midland or Northern, however necessary it may have been, must be recognized as a very rough distinction. The ME. dialects differed from place to place just as anywhere else in countries where the dialects are still living forms of speech.

It will be seen that the volume is a contribution to English studies worthy of English scholarship.

E. KRUISINCA.

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Beiblatt zur Anglia. 32, No. VIII and X (August and October 1921). These two numbers are entirely occupied by Professor Fehr's article: Zur zeitgenössischen englischen literatur, and a couple of reviews. — XI (Nov.) Ekwall on Allen Mawer, *The Place-Names of Northumberland and Durham* (p. 249—264). — For no IX see the October number.

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Neuere Sprachen. 29, V—VI (Aug.-Sept. 1921). Includes: Strohmeier, Dualismus in den französischen Sprachgesetzen (The author of the well-known French syntax discusses the use and absence of the article, explaining its absence before predicative nouns from the adjective function, as is well-known to students of English grammar. He applies the same principle to other cases, some of which are also found in English. What is new, at least to students of English, is the suggestion that the presence of the article may sometimes be due to the same cause: it prevents the noun from having an adjectival function. This explanation is proposed for the article before class-nouns representing the class (*le cheval est un animal délicat, j'aime les fleurs*), before abstract nouns, names of seasons and parts of the day (*l'été, le jour, la nuit*), etc. It is a pity that the author has contented himself with stating the principle. With regard to singular class nouns it would be necessary to compare the use of the indefinite article, which was up to now supposed to have the special function of characterizing class-nouns as such: *un cheval est un animal délicat*. In spite of any objections, however, the suggestion is worth considering.) — Notes. — Reviews.

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1) The other sections of the Bibliography will be brought up to date in our next issue.